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DAUDI KASAGAMA OF TORO—"EVERY INCH A KING" (*see p.* 55).

[*Frontispiece.*

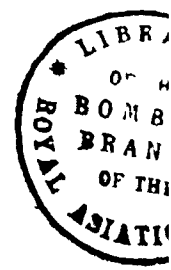
TRAMPS ROUND THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON AND THROUGH THE BACK GATE OF THE CONGO STATE

BY

T. BROADWOOD JOHNSON,

M.A., F.R.G.S.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
T. F. VICTOR BUXTON, F.R.G.S.



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PREFACE

ON a first furlough one is asked very many and varied questions as to life out in Central Africa, and one is sometimes rather overwhelmed by the interest of warm-hearted friends.

Amongst my first recollections of such expressions of interest was that of an old lady who, on hearing that I had been living for five years on the African Equator, drew me under the chandelier, and, after a close inspection, exclaimed in an almost disappointed tone of voice, "Why! you are not black yet!" The questions are usually of a very kindly human character:—"What do you live on out there—roots like the natives?" "What is the climate like, and the language?" and "What kind of a house do you live in?" or, with sometimes a sudden after-thought pull up at the end, "Do you dress like the natives?" and the like.

After telling of the dignity and courtliness of the King, one has been asked, "And does he cut off people's heads as he used to?" and "Do you go down on your hands and knees to him?"

It is always a keenly interesting occupation to be engaged in answering keen questioners, and it is in the hope that it may prove of interest to many such questioners that this book has been written.

Questions which have thus been asked as to the customs of the people and their religious ideas, the prospects of the country and its future development and so forth, I have endeavoured to answer in the course of the narrative rather than by devoting separate chapters to them.

In describing the "Tramps" I fear that there has been a more frequent use of the first person singular than one would have wished, but in telling much that was personal it has seemed inevitable.

My warm thanks are due to Mr. H. Meadows for generous labour over the maps and sketches; to Mr. F. A. Knowles, Sub-Commissioner of Toro, and the Rev. A. L. Kitching for photographs; to Mr. W. G. Rushbrooke for help in correcting the proofs; to Mr. Edward Unwin, jun., but for whose counsel and help the MS. would hardly have got beyond a circle of private friends; to the Rev. T. Furness Smith and Mr. Walter Hensman and others for many helpful suggestions; and to Mr. T. F. Victor Buxton for his Introduction.

It is in the hope that it may, in some small measure at least, throw fresh light on the problem of the future of Central Africa, and arouse fresh interest in the task of lifting the African into fuller privileges in the brotherhood of man, that the volume is commended to its readers by

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

HAVING lately returned, for the second time, from a brief visit to Uganda, I turn with special interest to Mr. Broadwood Johnson's book. His subject is fitly introduced by the romantic story of Stanley's letter and a survey of the subsequent progress of events. Then follow descriptions of the outward journey which bring back all sorts of delightful memories to one who, like myself, has travelled in Mr. Johnson's steps to the capital of Uganda. Thus far I can witness to the fidelity of his descriptions; but when he carries us away from the beaten track to the far westerly parts of the Protectorate, I can only lament that the claims of home prevented me from seeing with my own eyes the people and the landscapes which this book brings so attractively before us.

Few are so well qualified to tell us about the country which is here described. For five years Mr. Johnson has worked in the kingdom of Toro, and his devoted labours have endeared him to its people.

Much has already been written about the Uganda Mission, but the story of Toro—its most important offshoot—well deserves separate treatment. The victories of the Gospel among these remoter people have been hardly less remarkable than among those who

were once their dreaded foes, and perhaps the greatest triumph is the fact that the Christians of Uganda and of Toro are now united in one Church organisation, with the object of spreading the light into regions beyond.

Mr. Johnson's travels have not been confined to British territory, and what he writes about the Congo State will be read just now with particular interest. He is careful to explain that his remarks apply only to a small area on its eastern border which he has seen for himself, but his very temperate account is sufficient to show that the system which has produced such terrible atrocities in other parts of Congoland is not without baneful effects where the State marches with our own Protectorate.

The story of these rambles about the great mountain range of Central Africa cannot fail to foster interest in this distant outpost of the Empire, and it may be hoped that the writer's unaffected sympathy with its simple people and longing to make known to them the love of Christ will serve to kindle in other minds a desire to take some part in the evangelisation of Africa.

T. F. VICTOR BUXTON.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

THE ROMANCE OF STANLEY'S LETTER AND ITS SEQUEL

Stanley's visit to Mtesa's Court—Mtesa's appeal to England: the letter—Destruction of the caravan—Recovery of the letter—Excitement in England—A party starts—Early disasters—Murder of Shergold Smith and O'Neill—Arrival of Mackay—Barbarous massacres—Mtesa's death—Mwanga's accession and dark days of persecution—Murder of Bishop Hannington—Coming of the East Africa Company—Captain Lugard's work—Bishop Tucker's arrival—The Company's withdrawal—Hoisting of the Union Jack; danger averted—The Soudan problem—Regulation of the Nile—Government administration—Social development—Growth of the Mission.

H. M. STANLEY, whose reputation had already been made by his journey through Africa to find Livingstone, was again exploring in the heart of the "Dark Continent." It was in the spring of 1875 that he arrived at the Court of Mtesa, the most powerful and civilised king in all that region, whose great kingdom stretched along the north shore of the vast Victoria Nyanza. Mtesa, to whom the reputation of the white men for a more than human skill was somewhat like the "Romani nominis umbra" to the old German tribes on the borders of the Roman

Empire, was eager for anything that might make him more like the European. When he learned that the White Man knew the "words of God," nothing would satisfy him until he too had been taught, and Stanley set about writing for him the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. But the time came for the traveller to be packing up, and Mtesa, in grave concern at the loss of his friend, and feeling that the White Man's wisdom was perhaps due to his religion, desired the traveller to write an urgent letter home asking for permanent teachers to be sent without delay.

The letter was entrusted to a Belgian officer, Colonel Bellefonds, to convey down the Nile to Europe. But in those days, before the influence of Gordon and Emin had thoroughly made itself felt, when the Egyptian posts in the Soudan were in a very unstable position, such a journey was an undertaking full of peril. The caravan was attacked and the whole company destroyed. The officer, to save the letter from being lost, thrust it into his top-boot, and when the body was found later on by a search party, the letter was brought to light. That letter was destined to make history, for on November 15th the newspaper boys were shouting through the streets of London, "*Daily Telegraph*—Letter from Mr. Stanley!" The urgent request that it contained created considerable sensation; the appeal could not be disregarded, and was earnestly discussed by the Committee of the Church Missionary Society. Many counselled caution and were in favour of first occupying with stations the intervening hundreds of miles that stretched between the coast and Uganda. But the conviction prevailed of those who believed that this call to advance without delay into the interior was

the voice of God, and as such ought not to be unheeded.

By the middle of the next year a party of eight missionaries were at Zanzibar making preparations for the long journey of seven hundred miles up-country to the south end of the Victoria Lake. But only four of the party were destined to make the start, for of the eight one died at the coast, two were invalided home, and one, who was afterwards to become famous, namely, Alexander Mackay, was too ill to proceed further as yet. Fresh disaster was awaiting the remaining four, who started under the leadership of Lieutenant Shergold Smith, for after arrival at the Lake Dr. John Smith died. Lieutenant Smith with the Rev. G. T. Wilson, leaving Mr. O'Neill at the southern end of the Lake in charge of the loads, sailed across to Uganda in the little boat they had brought with them in sections up-country, and were received with a right royal welcome by Mtesa. But having seen these first arrivals, the eager King, who was now at last, after more than two years, experiencing the fulfilment of his long hope, could not rest until the party was complete and he had seen the large caravan of loads they had brought with them. Lieutenant Smith was therefore despatched to fetch Mr. O'Neill with the rest of the loads.

But further disaster was in store. An Arab trader had taken refuge with Mr. O'Neill, and when the native chief, who accused him of fraud, demanded that he should be given up, the Europeans, finding it impossible to ascertain the true justice of the case, refused to surrender him. The Station was attacked, the missionaries murdered, and their loads scattered and partially destroyed. This was towards the close of 1877.

It was not till November of the next year that Mr. Mackay arrived from the coast and proceeded across the Lake to join Mr. Wilson, who had been left quite alone. He had been the only European in the country for more than a year, and had been dependent on Mtesa for everything, even for a supply, which was not always regular, of daily food. Early in 1879 another party arrived in the country, having journeyed up the Nile under General Gordon's care.

To hasten on in the narrative, the Mission party were soon at work translating and setting up in type passages from the Gospel, and numbers of the natives, eager to acquire the new teaching, were to be seen busy learning to read. Then followed times of difficulty from the opposition of the French Roman Catholic missioners, who had arrived in the country shortly after and had caused Mtesa much bewilderment by openly denouncing the Scriptures as a lying book. In spite of the difficulty thus presented many still persevered with their reading and were beginning to get a grasp of the meaning of what was taught them.

But though Christianity was gaining a hold on some of the people, their old barbarous practices still continued. On one occasion, for instance, the King collected together about two thousand stray wayfarers gathered up from the roads, and had them all butchered on a great festival in honour of the spirit of his dead father, and nowadays, in digging round some of the old sacred trees, immense collections of bones are found, which are believed to be the remains from some of these massacres.

In 1884 King Mtesa died, and was succeeded by his weak and worthless son Mwanga. To him, wishing for the unbridled licence of the old days, the presence

LITTLE KING DAUDI CHWA, SON OF MWANGA, AT HOME.

[*To face p.* 5.

of Christians around was a continual and intolerable protest; and yielding to suggestions from the old heathen priests, who found that their reputation and influence were in danger of passing away, he started a brutal persecution of the Christians. The well-known details may be read in the "Life of Mackay"—the hacking to pieces of his page-boys and casting them into the fire, because they were known to be people of "The Book" and refused to give it up; and any one who realises the extreme arbitrariness of a savage African monarch with unbridled power can understand how great was the peril of those standing around him when his anger was aroused. Those were dreadful days of apprehension and sorrow for the missionaries as the news would be brought to them of this native friend or that being done to death, and they were very anxious that no unnecessary risks should be run through the readers showing themselves at the Mission Station. And yet, in spite of the danger, fresh candidates offered themselves for baptism.

In the midst of this time of anxiety news was brought to Mackay that Bishop Hannington was on his way to Uganda, coming through Usoga, but before a messenger could be got to him warning him of his danger, on account of the growing distrust of the King, emissaries from Mwanga had executed orders given to them and murdered the Bishop.

Varying fortunes followed during the next four years. Mwanga was driven out by subjects who would no longer endure his cruelty. Then for a while the Mohammedans gained the upper hand. But the Roman Catholics and Protestants, uniting for the purpose, brought back the unworthy King, who was ready to make any promises in order to recover his lost position.

In 1890 came the great epoch in the country's history. At Christmastime of that year Captain (now Sir Frederick) Lugard, acting for the old British East Africa Company, arrived in the country. He was followed about ten days afterwards by Bishop Tucker, who found that nearly three hundred of the Baganda had been baptized, and large numbers of others were reading the Gospel. Captain Lugard, after negotiating a treaty with Mwanga, in which the King acknowledged the suzerainty of the Company, directed his attention to bringing peace and order to the distracted country. With the help of his Maxim gun and small body of armed Swahili porters, who were assisted by his new Baganda friends, he defeated the Mohammedan party. With their defeat was decided the wavering issue of the future of the country. But much remained to be done. There were the independent kingdoms of Ankole, Bunyoro, and Toro still to be dealt with. Ankole was to be united by a separate treaty, Toro was to be wrested from Kabarega's chieftains and its loyalty assured by an honourable agreement, leaving the native government to its restored prince, Kasagama; Kabarega of Bunyoro was himself to be reduced to subjection, but from that time forward British domination was assured, and the British East Africa Company's flag waved at the capital of the chief kingdom of the whole of the great district. A few words are needed to complete the brief survey of the political history of the Protectorate. In 1891 the Company, feeling themselves unable to bear any longer the drain of a country which of necessity contributed so slowly to its own upkeep, were obliged to express their intention of withdrawing. Captain Lugard, to whose marvellous energy and tact had been so largely due the bringing of order out of

chaos, at once hastened home to lay before the country the situation, and to arouse public opinion against a step which he felt would be nothing less than a national calamity.

At a great meeting of the adherents of the Church Missionary Society held in Exeter Hall an urgent appeal was made, through which nearly £20,000 was subscribed to meet a similar sum offered by the directors of the East Africa Company for the administration of the country for yet another year. Thus time was gained for the Government to consider the value of the country and of the civilising work already done by the missionaries, and pressure was brought to bear that the country might be preserved from returning to the old barbarous order of things. Sir Gerald Portal was accordingly sent out to report, and on April 1, 1893, the Union Jack was run up in place of the old Company's flag at Mengo. And thus England made herself permanently responsible for the administration of what had hitherto been described only as a "sphere of influence" stretching from the east coast over a thousand miles up-country westward right to the "Back Gate of the Congo."

The final decision was very momentous and far-reaching. Apart from the fact that the country was thus preserved from sinking back into the condition of a region torn with internecine feuds among the conflicting tribes—apart from the fact that it was thus shielded by a strong arm from the wily, grasping Arab so strongly established on the Congo just to the west, and ever seeking for fresh supplies of slaves—this decision had a far-reaching influence on the regions beyond. For it must be remembered that at this period the whole vast Soudan to the north was in the possession of the Mahdi. The Belgian power

had not as yet established itself so far eastward in its advance up the Congo. The whole country was open to the Mahdi's troops with their firearms, and our task of reducing the Soudan once again to order, and rescuing Egypt from danger, would have been immensely increased but for the strategical position of Uganda as an anvil upon which to hammer them as we advanced in 1898.

It also prevented any other nation from stepping in at the head-waters of the Nile, who might by their presence have continually hampered our position in Egypt, and hindered those great works since accomplished or proposed for the further regulation of the water supply of the rainless land of the Pharaohs. Our unbroken control of the whole Nile valley from the great lakes—the Victoria, the Albert, and the Albert Edward—to the Delta has enabled our great Egyptian statesmen like Lord Cromer and Sir William Garstin to make such researches into the conditions of the water supply of the Lakes as to lead to plans, within just the last three or four years, though it may take twenty years to see them through, for the reclaiming of yet a further eighth of the total cultivable lands of Egypt. Such measures would have been impossible but for our position established in Uganda on April 1, 1893.

The character of the administration then entered upon, as seen in its working to-day, cannot but be regarded with admiration and pride. The single aim of those in authority has been to administer the country truly and justly, to safeguard the old rights of the people, and to terminate the wrongs.

There has been none of that paternal legislation of which one hears so much in British possessions further south, which has destroyed the backbone of the people

and robbed them of anything like a national spirit. The ideal of the Administration in the Uganda Protectorate has been a generous one—that of stimulating the native Parliament to legislate for justice and progress, and introducing to the native races the means by which they may work out their own social salvation. To this end cultivation has been encouraged, seed introduced, the experience of other lands generously brought to bear on the local problems, and guidance given which would have been quite beyond the people if left to themselves. Social security has been assured and private property safeguarded, so that a peasant can no longer be fleeced by his chief or a district raided by its neighbours, and a new incentive has consequently been given to private enterprise.

And behind it all and through it all that which had already gained a hold half a generation before the appearance of the material arm of power, namely, the Gospel, with the now added blessing of a settled society, has gone on gaining fresh victories, planting fresh desires and aspirations in the hearts of the people, so that things once desired are now despised and hated.

The spiritual progress of the country has been more than remarkable; it has been marvellous. When Bishop Tucker arrived in 1890—the first bishop to live to reach Uganda, Hannington and Parker having died on the way—he found barely three hundred baptized Christians and only one Protestant Mission Station, the Roman Catholics having another. Since then extension has been rapid, east and west and north having been occupied in succession.

Our missionaries now number just on 100, and the baptized Christians in connexion, over 60,000. If

these were spread equally over the whole Protectorate it would mean about one in sixty or seventy of the people, but inasmuch as large tracts have not yet been touched, the proportion is really far larger in the parts already reached, amounting sometimes to one in three or four. In addition there are the Roman Catholic Missions, in whose ranks are many devoted workers. With their looser standards and more mechanical methods they appeal more readily to some, but do not lead their converts on to much independence of thought, and their adherents comprise few of the influential.

The heathen around, though still very far from being won generally, are strongly influenced—more strongly probably than they realise—by the presence of Christian neighbours and example, and the beneficent working of such institutions as the Christian hospital and Christian Sabbath. Out of the total of 60,000 converts, which may be said to comprise roughly 20,000 male adults, 2,000 (or one in ten) are teachers, and of these the very large majority are purely voluntary. Some are serving devotedly in countries far from home, where the food they love is scarce and a strange tongue is encountered, and one couple have of late volunteered for the long, cheerless journey to the Seychelles Islands, to carry the gospel to their old King, Kabarega, formerly the terror of his neighbours, in his distant exile in mid ocean.

Such is the country and such are the people who have been saved from their old barbarism by the grasp of the long arm of the British Empire and the transforming power of the gospel of Christ. The transforming may be traced back in its origin to one bold, courageous letter of a man of conviction out in the heart of the Dark Continent—it may well be regarded

as the sequel to that letter appearing in London on November 15, 1875.

And as one reads the letter and feels the throb in it, one understands it better in the recollection that it was from the man who had been with Livingstone, from the man who had read his heart of earnestness in Central Africa, and had since stood by his grave in the Abbey, from one who, as he wrote, was recalling old memories and longing for another "Livingstone."

"Therefore, Christian, small beginnings
Pass not by with lips of scorn;
God may prosper them."[1]

. . . . .

With this brief introduction to the country I would turn to the party of missionaries with whose going out this book is more especially concerned.

[1] Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Silver Store."

CHAPTER I

THE VOYAGE OUT TO MOMBASA

The party—Port Said—Floating conjurors, diving urchins—Red Sea discomforts—Aden and the wonderful water tanks—Ancient Mombasa—Xerxes' sailors—Portuguese adventurers—Releasing slave-boys—Shopping—Diversions of cycling—Mounting a native—Mohammedan scoffers—The Mission Hospital—A leper—Preparations for the railway picnic.

WE were an exceptionally large party of missionaries on board the German East African steamer *König* in October, 1901—probably the largest missionary party ever bound for Central Africa. Besides our ten selves going to Uganda, there were nine of the Universities' Mission for Zanzibar and Nyassa, and four others belonging to the Basel Mission, also bound for Nyassa. To complete the party was one going on further into Rhodesia, who proved quite like a father to us all (whilst joining also in all the simple recreations and occupations, whether of deck-quoits or chess or Bible reading), namely, the veteran Dr. Hartzell, American "Bishop of Africa."

The voyage in the Mediterranean furnished an occasion for one of the party to experience a sample attack of malarial fever, although we were all carefully

primed with the latest researches of Major Ross and the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. The mosquito, in its two chief kinds of Anopheles and Culex, was often under discussion, especially by the new recruits, and we knew quite well what we were going to do when we got within reach of them. But one of them must have taken advantage of "mortal's chiefest enemy," and in our "security" have got in a pop visit when we touched at Oporto or Lisbon, and a few days later the victim had to suffer many physicians and the thermometer and quinine.

At Port Said came our first glimpse of Africa, and the voyager is provided with various little items of mild excitement. A conjurer took up his position in a lighter over the ship's side, causing his tiny lop-eared rabbit to disappear and reappear in marvellous fashion, to the quaint accompaniment of his voluble expressions, "Yes, Sah! See, Sah! Rabbit, he gone! He come back! See, Sah! I say! Very funny!"

Another element in the sport comprised frisking little black mortals diving for coppers—a trifle too exciting when the snout of a hungry shark appears!

The mention of the Red Sea still recalls to me the odour of carbolic lotion with which we endeavoured to allay the irritations of prickly heat, after which we were glad to get a change and a little exercise on shore at Aden. The cool of the evening there and the glorious moonlight invited a drive out through the rock gateway and beyond the Indian military lines to those wonderful cisterns hewn in the rock. Though capable of storing so many millions of gallons of the precious rain-water, they were then quite dry; but they evidently tell of a day when there was still a rainfall worth catching.

Whether due to the Queen of Sheba, as has been

suggested, or to some much more modern or even more ancient worker, they certainly impress one with the greatness of the mind that conceived and carried out the difficult task of so storing the precious water. In the bright moonlight the white stone glistened like hoar-frost, and the effect was charming.

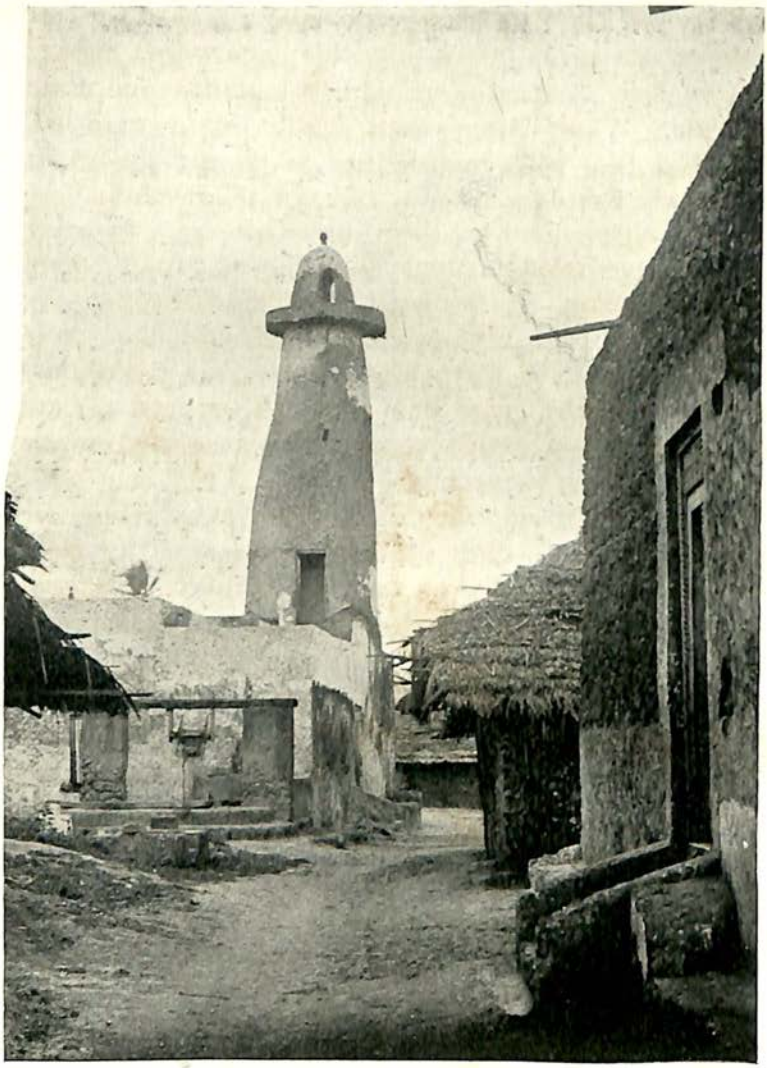
Starting again, the steamer, with its barnacle-covered bottom, sluggishly ploughed its way southward at the rate of about eight knots an hour, and in the afternoon of Friday, November 1st, after a long month's voyage, we came at last in sight of the coast again, with its dull green hills dotted with low trees, and learned that our journey by sea was at an end. The Port doctor, a jolly, burly Scotchman, came off to pass us out of quarantine, and we went below for our parting meal.

Meanwhile, our luggage was being deposited in a lumbering old lighter pitching about alongside, and after dinner we men managed to scramble in safely on top, thanks to the hauling and steadying of the black crew, the ladies having places provided for them in the ship's little pinnace under the charge of the doctor.

Mr. Burt, of the Mission, kindly met us, and, after our luggage had been deposited in the Custom House, took five of us off to his house, the rest being drafted off to other hosts.

That night we slept with unmistakable soundness till aroused about six o'clock by a Soudanese messenger with a merry, smiling face. By seven o'clock we were together for breakfast, and one could appreciate the wisdom of the early start when, an hour later, we found ourselves gradually melting away.

Our first task was to go down to get our baggage cleared from the Custom House, declaring anything dutiable, such as field-glasses, bike, and harmonium,



A BIT OF NATIVE MOMBASA—MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE AND SACRED WELL.

[*To face p.* 15.

and then, learning that the English mail went out at two in the afternoon, there was a rush for pen and ink for our first letters from African soil.

Mombasa is an interesting old place with a history attaching to its massive, forbidding-looking white stone fortress. When Xerxes sent off his mariners down the Red Sea with instructions to go straight on, it must have been an arduous task for them, and a very plucky achievement in their miniature craft, to make that terrible journey right down the east coast round The Cape and up the west coast and through the Straits of Gibraltar, thus voyaging round the whole continent back to Egypt; and amongst the harbours they would need to put in at for fresh supplies of food and water must almost certainly have been Mombasa with its sheltered anchorage.

But they left no trace of their visit to prove it, or historical note of their dealings, commercial or otherwise, with the population they found there, no account of the beads, or copper wire, or cloth, or goods then in fashion for buying food with, so our curiosity as to their doings must remain unsatisfied. But after long centuries (close on two thousand years) other intrepid seamen, sailing in the opposite direction, came coasting round The Cape from Portugal. Sailing away over the broad ocean to the discovery of India, they came back from their trading loaded with ivory and other precious hauls, to strike again the coast of Africa on their homeward course.

Thus it came about that the port of Mombasa was brought to the notice of Europe at the end of the fifteenth century, and the Portuguese, to establish for themselves a safe harbour of refuge and trading centre, built the present fortress, as testified by the Latin inscription over the gate. It must have seen many

vicissitudes of fortune, and doubtless witnessed many terrible scenes in its dungeons, especially after passing later on into the hands of the slave-raiding Arabs of Muscat, before becoming British in the partition of Africa twenty years ago.

In the earlier days many a shipload of slaves must have been run out from the shelter of the island for Muscat, or for the clove plantations in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba belonging to the Arab sultan.

There is a story of an Arab dhow being held up in the neighbourhood by a British gunboat, and an officer going aboard to search for slaves.

"What have you on board?" asked the officer.

"A cargo of rubber," was the Arab captain's reply.

As the officer made his way between the sacks down below a casual poke with the scabbard of his sword produced a strangely active wriggling of the rubber, and, in spite of all protests, the officer was relentless in his request to be shown the contents. When the sack was opened a poor slave was found tied up within; over a score of others of his kind were similarly discovered and handed over to the Mission at Zanzibar. They had been persuaded to keep quite still, and after capture refused at first to take any food, through having been told that, if discovered, they would be taken off by the English to be fattened and eaten.

On the mainland just opposite the island of Mombasa is the village of Frere Town, established by Sir Bartle Frere in 1873 for such released slaves, and we were invited over there by the missionaries to spend the afternoon. Very enjoyable it was in the shade of the majestic cokernut palms to watch the boys at cricket under Mr. Binns. He has charge of an orphanage, and bestows upon them much loving care. They proved as brimming over with fun and good

SWAHILI BEAUTIES OF MOMBASA—POUNDING AND GRINDING CORN.

[*To face p.* 17.

spirits and as ready for a romp as any children in the old Homeland.

Mr. Binns is not only a trainer of children, but a very keen cultivator of flowers, and he has transformed the bit of wilderness round his house into a beautiful garden, rejoicing in its rich collection of tropical blossom and foliage.

In the few days we spent here, before starting by rail up-country, there was a good deal to occupy us in remaking some ill-packed loads, and reducing each to a maximum of 65 lbs. for carrying on men's heads. A certain amount of time also had to be spent over bargaining in the Eastern fashion for khaki clothing for tramping in, cooking-pots for the boys, and the like. The cooking-pot secured by one lady would, I think, have amazed some of her friends at home, measuring I know not how much across, and weighing 43 lbs. (I ought to add that it was intended also as a copper in which to boil clothes).

After the bustle and rush of Saturday, Sunday's quiet and rest proved all the more refreshing. One could not but be impressed with the greater difficulties of life out here among the European community than at home—the relaxing influence of climate and the limitations of society.

It was also an awe-inspiring thought to us on the threshold of our missionary life that very few of the passers-by think anything whatever of the Unseen unless in fear, and they know nothing of the love of a Father in heaven. On Tuesday nearly the whole company of resident missionaries, together with us visitors, set out (some on bicycles and the others on foot) for the weekly open-air meeting.

Fresh and unaccustomed as we were to the narrow streets and bell impervious porters and pedestrians, the ride was as strange to us as the service after-

wards proved. Strings of porters were streaming along, droning the dull refrain "Maoto menge, Maoto menge" ("Plenty of heat, plenty of heat."), and at times, as they caught a glimpse of us, there were sudden starts amongst them and warning cries to those in front. Bending over the handle-bars under the low eaves of the houses, and turning sharp round narrow corners, we wound on over mounds and ridges into which the roadway was pounded and cut, the paths being so narrow that in places the walls could be touched on either side, and the corners so sharp and sudden that as you swung round one it was to find the man in front already lost to view beyond the next. Pavements were undreamed of, and the distinction between road and footpath unnecessary in the absence of vehicles. Arriving at length at the large open space encircled with native huts, where the service was to be held, we took up a position with our backs to a long shed; a circle was drawn in the sandy dust, and a couple of hymns sung, by which time a crowd of about two hundred had gathered round.

But what a crowd to address! Never will that scene be blotted from my memory; that terrible contrast between the speakers and listeners. The speakers stood there with solemn earnestness and longing stamped on the face as he or she proclaimed "the coming of the Son of God," whilst the mixed multitude as they listened were incited to scoffs by the sneering remarks of a little group of contemptuous Mohammedans, respectably dressed in long, white, flowing robes and embroidered hats, but with hard hatred written in every line of their features. Yet some there were who seemed to be listening with earnestness, and in separating afterwards to scattered homes, perhaps they carried with them the memory

of the words then heard for the first time, and repeated them to other wondering listeners.

It was quite a relief to get away from the scene of conflict for a run round the harbour and through the native village in a corner of the island, and we enjoyed the fun of mounting one long native of the running crowd on the bike, much to the amusement of his neighbours. I expect he has often since narrated the incident to others squatting with him round his fire at night, and told of the "donkey worked with the feet," as the bicycle has been described by them.

Coming back to Mombasa, we visited Dr. Edwards' Hospital, comprising several wards, each with twelve beds ranged closely side by side. The beds consisted simply of strips of hide stretched from side to side over a strong wooden frame, with other strips interwoven from top to bottom, and just a plain straw mat thrown over to serve as a mattress. At a short distance a fine tall man was standing waiting to greet us, but a leper, poor fellow! with several toes and fingers gone.

On Thursday all was ready for starting by the train, which was provided for up-country travellers three times a week, though passengers were not always forthcoming. The prospect of making a home of the train for four days was somewhat relieved by the comfort of the carriages, the broad, leather-cushioned seats providing three admirable sleeping couches when supplemented by one let down from above.

By midday we had made our farewell to Mombasa, leaving behind its glistening white villas, that lined the shore and prettily dotted the park-like suburbs, its giant baobab-trees, its graceful cokernut-palms, and the nightly experience of its fiercely screeching frogs.

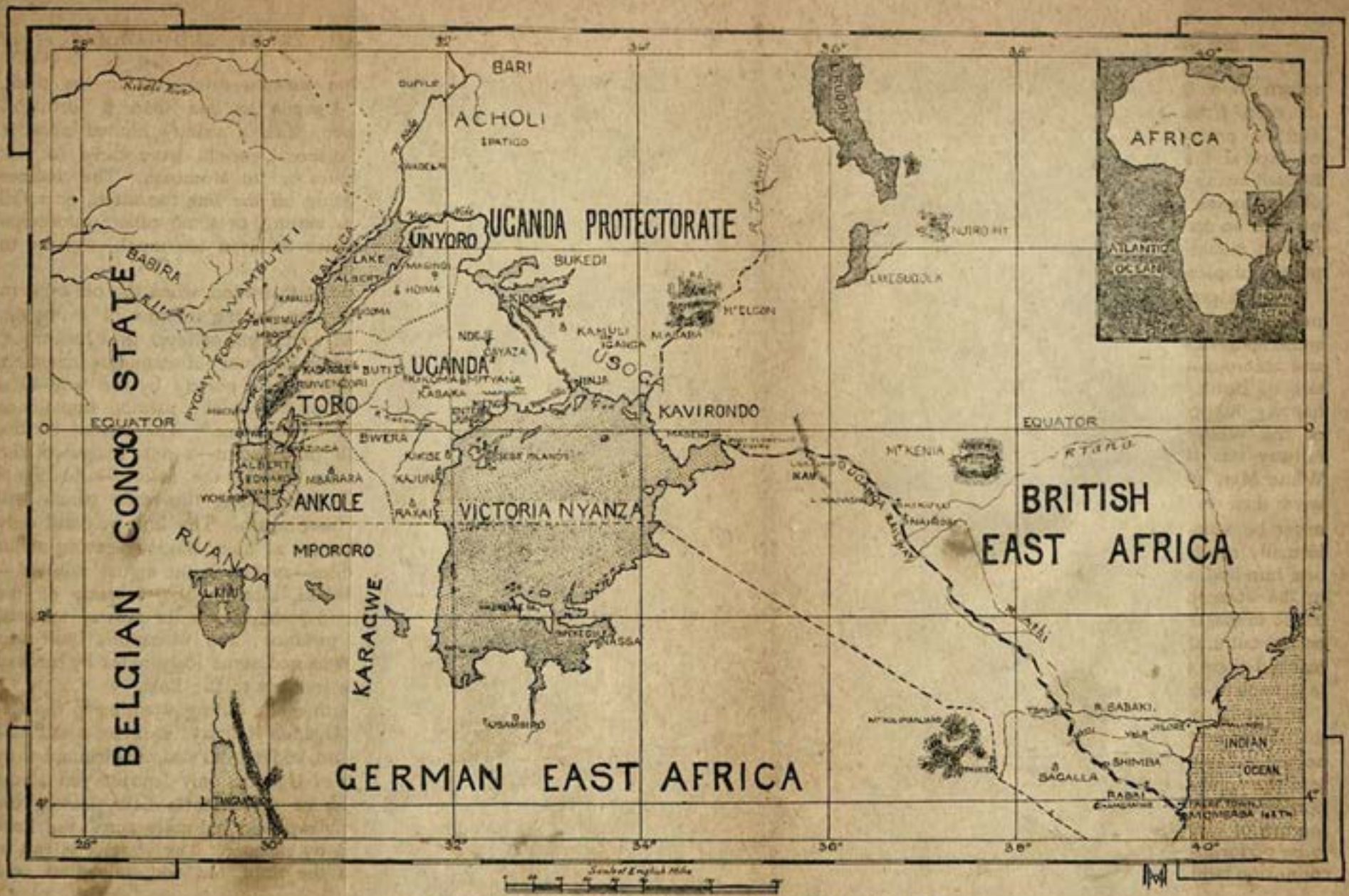
CHAPTER II

INTO THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT—BY RAIL, TRAMP, AND CANOE

Uganda railway, a misnomer—Stranded at the Lake—Meals on the railway—An ostrich-stalking lion—Hunting for lions—Record bags—A stationmaster's odd predicament—Man-eater in a railway carriage—Kilima'njaro—Nairobi, a "tin township"—Lifting the engine on—An extinct volcano—Kidong escarpment: descending the zigzags—An odd supper—Travelling by "goods"—Stranded at "railhead"—Our first caravan—Strange tribes—Deluged on the road—Church service at Kisumu—How shall we cross the Nyanza?

AFTER getting clear away from the town we settled down to take stock of our surroundings and make ourselves comfortable.

Nowadays a journey by the Uganda Railway up to the Lake is so well organised that tourists going round Africa, or travellers going further afield, or those on the way home (like the members of the Royal Association from their visit in 1906 to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi), are not infrequently dropped at Mombasa to await the next boat; they may embark on the train for the three days' run up to Kisumu, or even spend another couple of days in crossing the Lake to Uganda, and may do so with tolerable certainty of getting back again by the



MAP OF BRITISH EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Uganda Protectorate includes the Kingdoms of Uganda, Unyoro, Toro, and Ankole, and the districts of Usoga, Acholi, &c.

+ Indicates a Mission Station.

For the local tribes around Toro mentioned in the book, see smaller Map, *p.* 110.

[*To face p.* 91.

return train from Kisumu safely within the week, or even from Uganda in less than a fortnight. But no one then, with a strictly limited number of days at his disposal, would have cared to risk himself many miles out of Mombasa. The chances of the engine going off the line too often, or a fall of rock across a cutting, or some other unforeseen mishap would have involved too much suspense to permit of pleasure.

It was a period of transition, when the old caravan march—with its long, weary months of tramping, sometimes varied with spells of fever in a hammock, and accompanied with its sad but seemingly inevitable tale of death among the porters by the way—was happily disappearing before the panting impatience of the Western "iron horse." The advent of the railway was still only recent—a new marvel of the White Man in the eyes of the natives—and sights were then to be seen along the route which will never be seen there again. The line was still only formally open as far as Lake Nakeru, leaving about one hundred miles—as far as the actual railhead—to be accomplished, through the courtesy of the traffic manager, in some wagon for railway material or agricultural produce; and when this limit was reached there remained some forty miles by caravan to complete the journey to the Lake.

It may be worth while calling attention to the fact that the name "Uganda Railway" is rather a sad misnomer, as the train, so far from steaming triumphantly into the capital of Uganda, only deposits you at the north-east corner of the Victoria Lake, leaving the journey of nearly two hundred miles across the Lake to be performed by steamer. The steamer is run in connexion with the train, but odd difficulties even

nowadays may arise; for instance, when we came down-country the other day, we found at the embarking-place at Entebbe a notice to the effect that the steamer was laid up across the Lake with something wrong in its inside, and were seriously informed at the office that it was not possible to book a passage by the little boat put on in the emergency to carry over the mails. Thus our berths were booked at the coast by steamer for Europe. The train was waiting across the Lake to convey the mails down on arrival, but we passengers were in danger of being stranded, because the protectorate owning the steamer was different from the protectorate owning the railway, and the one could seemingly come to no terms with the other to tide over the difficulty.

Fortunately, one of our party was on intimate terms with the captain of the steamer, and so the difficulty was removed. But on arrival across at Kisumu we found one poor lady, less fortunate than ourselves, who had arrived there a week before, unaware of the indisposition of the Railway steamer; she had been kept waiting till the arrival of our little boat gave her an opportunity of negotiating with good-natured Captain Martin.

But in those earlier transition days of five years ago arrangements were inevitably much more casual than even the worst state of things now, for then the passengers by the train, after getting out at railhead and coming on by caravan the remaining portion to the Lake, had no idea till arrival whereabouts the one little steamer then existing might be located, and, if wishing to cross by it, had no option but to sit down patiently till it steamed into sight.

The organisation, too, for feeding was in its simplest stage, an evening dinner being provided somewhere

along the line, and the rest being left to chance; consequently we needed to come furnished quite as a picnic party, with pots and kettles, plates and dishes, cups and saucers, and a varied assortment of tinned things, together with a large supply of bread. The compartment set apart for our ladies henceforth became our rallying-point continually, and as we came to a stand at stations approaching a meal-time, we were often popping out to see how far forward were their preparations for the next spread. The answer was sometimes worthy of a Roman oracle!

The first meal provided for us by the Railway was at Voi, at night, at the end of a hundred miles. The run was full of ever-varying interest, due to the abundance and variety of the large game. Antelope, in countless herds, and greyish-striped zebra skipped away amongst the low shrubs and grass, or simply raised their heads to gaze at us as we panted past. It is a famous district also for lions, and just after sunset we passed a fine lioness, standing barely thirty yards away, sniffing at what must have seemed like a strange, new centipede.

A friend of mine one day watched from the window a lion crouching near a herd of ostriches. Very stealthily he crept nearer, when the birds, in seeming apprehension, darted off to a little distance. The lion began again his patient hunt for a meal, but the train went on, leaving him still unsatisfied.

In those days of African methods and leisurely travelling, when the next train was two or three days behind you, famous bags were made—before the prohibition to shoot within two miles of the railway. If the passengers encountered at some station news of lions having raided near at hand, guns would be seized and a start made in the direction indicated, whilst the

train settled down for a rest, and it would be time enough to go on and not difficult to make up lost time on the return of the hunters. Our Scotch engine driver had won for himself a reputation as holding the record, having shot thirteen lions in four months.

But the hunting was not all on one side. It is recorded of those days that one man-eating lion, which had for a long time terrorised the railway camp of Indian coolies near Tsavo, was responsible for carrying off thirty-nine of the workmen.

An amusing story is told by an old resident in Uganda of the traffic being disorganised at a place called Shimba (meaning "lions") and the station being held up by a troop of lions. The station-master desperately held on to his telegraph instruments, and kept up brief but intense correspondence which ran as follows :—

"URGENT : TRAFFIC MANAGER.—Lion on platform. Please instruct guard and driver to advance cautiously without signalling. Guard advise passengers not get out here."

"LATER.—One man injured six o'clock by lion, sent to hospital by trolley. Please send ball cartridges ; blank cartridges no good."

"EXTRA URGENT.—Pointsman surrounded by two lions—has succeeded in climbing to top of telegraph pole near water tank. Immediate succour imperative."

Some months before our journey up-country a party had been out tracking lions, but returned towards evening unsuccessful and settled themselves down in their carriage. Suddenly there was a great crash ! One of the hunted beasts had sprung in through the broad window extending down the whole length of the carriage, and, without a moment's warning, seized one of the huntsmen and sprang out again, leaving the

poor fellow's companions alone in the carriage. The recollection of the incident was still vivid amongst officials along the line as we travelled down five years later, and any slight reference was sufficient to recall it.

After a comfortable dinner at Voi, in the little bungalow just outside the station, we settled ourselves down for the night in our berths, and awoke next morning to find ourselves speeding over the famous Athi plain, with its boundless herds of game. In the early morning we were abreast of the giant mass of Kilima'njaro, in German territory on our left, now enveloped in haze, but, on our journey down-country later, standing out grandly in the light of the setting sun. It appeared rising above the plain like some majestic domed cathedral. On its northern slope lay a thin crusting of snow or ice, whose glistening silver deepened into a rosy hue as the great orb of fire sank behind it. The whole plain was aglow with rich colour, the dying away of which left a peculiar sense of loneliness and solitude.

By the afternoon of Friday we had pulled up, or rather broken down, at Nairobi, the headquarters of the district and of the Railway, consisting of a few corrugated iron houses, with a very small handful of settlers. Mr. Wood's store furnished us with a comfortable asylum for rest and a good meal and the local news. The chief item of interest was evidently the settlers' dance, to come off in the evening, about which the men were expressing concern as to where their partners were to come from. Strangely does the old land reproduce itself; and, as it has been quaintly put, the first thing a British settler does on arrival in a new district is to appoint a committee and elect a chairman!

Five years passed, and the train again dropped me at Nairobi for a week-end. Fortunately it deposited me in the hands of a friend to steer me amongst the new rows of gleaming iron houses and along well-made roads, out into pleasant dotted suburbs rejoicing in the name of Parklands. All was stir and bustle—buggies and rickshas, horsemen and cyclists, and a company of native troops with a band, the rendezvous of all being a nicely laid-out piece of ground near by, and the occasion—the local races! In the place of the old settlement with a score or so of houses had arisen a "tin township," with between three and four hundred white settlers and a couple of thousand Indian workmen and traders from Bombay. On the morrow was held in the church a Harvest Festival and a Children's Service!

To proceed with the journey. The engine having been lifted on to the line again by the application of screwjacks, we steamed out of Nairobi for our second night of travelling. Further along, the great extinct volcano, Longonot, rises from the plain a mile or two from the railway, its threatening crater thrusting itself out half-way down its slope and standing like a sentinel to the most charming little lake imaginable; the bowl of bright blue water with a fringe of emerald green was encircled on all sides except that of the railway with a fine ridge of cliffs, through which a natural gateway, formed by a clean-cut gap, led away into the country beyond. Viewed from the railway it was strikingly like a miniature Galilee.

Another day, Saturday, passed in travel, at first through somewhat dreary country—a great waterless wilderness, dotted with low scrub and thorn bushes and without a sign of life. This was one of the arduous stretches for thirsty porters in the caravan

days just past. But arrival at the Kidong escarpment brought fresh interest, for there the plateau falls away suddenly in a remarkable drop some 500 ft. into the plain below. At the outset of the construction of the railway this descent had been made by passengers by means of a temporary rope-railway, to the bottom where a fresh train was boarded, but the difficulty was now being got over by the train, with a locomotive at each end, running down a series of steep inclines into reversing stations; at the foot of each it came to a stand and steamed out the other way, about to accomplish a fresh descent, thus finally reaching the bottom by a series of sharp zigzags and cuttings. In one of these cuttings just ahead a large crowd of workmen were clearing away the earth which had fallen to block the line, so in the interval of waiting we dropped down the track of the old rope-railway and climbed again to rejoin the train; then, as there still seemed little prospect of a start, we walked along the line, to be picked up by the train when overtaken. The tramp proved a change after the confinement of the carriages, but was not easy-going over the sharp stones laid between the rounded iron sleepers, iron-ware being laid down instead of wood to resist the penetrating power of the destructive little white ant.

Our supper to-day was in the drollest of surroundings. An Indian's shop, very fully stocked with cloths of various shapes and colours, had been roughly cleared down the centre on the spur of the moment, and planks laid across boxes served as a table and seats. Thus sitting, with cloths hanging down upon lines over the table and packets of soap, salt, candles, and a hundred and one other things peeping at us out of every corner through the dim light, we were

served a really very passable meal and fortified for what was in store.

Late at night we arrived at the end of the formally opened line, and by the kindness of the traffic manager were allowed the use of a covered iron material wagon to proceed in. As we hauled in our hand-bags and small luggage and deposited ourselves upon them as conveniently as possible in an oval round the interior, we must have looked a very odd party—rather resembling a company of country folk bound for Covent Garden market squatting on their baskets. The only alternative, after vain attempts to get comfortable on one's own baggage, was presented by a kind of chaff-cutter; after carefully adjusting the knives below the edge it was possible to recline upon it, but sleep proved uneasy when a knife became too much in evidence.

Sunday morning broke upon us in the midst of a lovely bit of parkland, the hills down which we were so rapidly hurrying being dotted with broad-spreading majestic acacias. 'Twas a strange Sunday but very beautiful as we sped along in our little iron sanctuary!

Pulling up sharp this side of a little bridge we learned that this was as far as the track would take us. Inquiry elicited that our luggage needed for the road and sent on in advance was still at rest somewhere back along the line, and tents were pitched for a stay indefinitely whilst the telegraph was got to work. The conveniences here, right up-country in the wilderness, with no sign of habitation for miles, except the little shelters of the Indian coolies and others engaged on the railway, are really surprising. Near at hand is the tent of a Goanese clerk for Post and Telegraph, and across the field an Indian has

set up with an aerated water machine, though the colour of the contents of the bottles is not inviting. Still microbes are perhaps just as well taken down aerated!

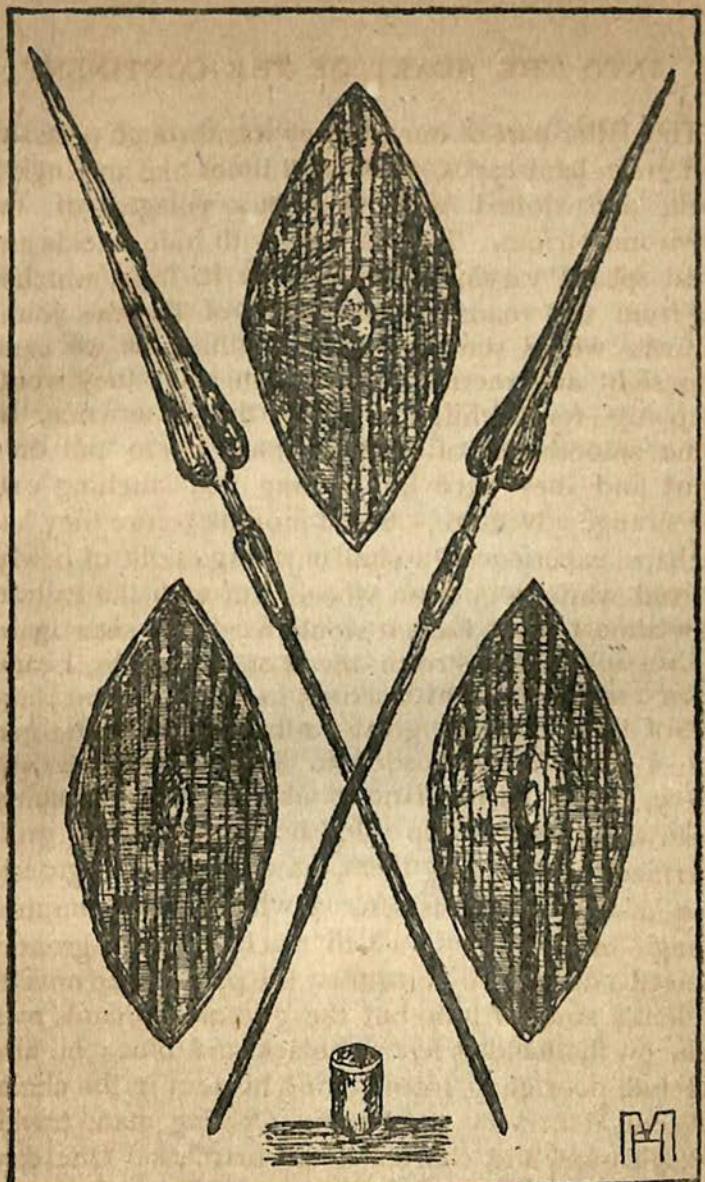
The next three days were occupied in inquiring for news of our luggage and walking out to meet every material train appearing or expected; but the great sight of the day was the start of the workmen first thing in the morning. Up steamed the material train, the engine's shrill whistle spluttering with all its might. As it came to a stand, from every quarter hurrying, scrambling hundreds of shouting coolies boarded the trucks and engines amid the wildest scene, and in a few moments every square inch of their bare outline had been covered with a confused mass of human forms and fluttering cloths. After the engine driver had made the necessary evictions for safely blowing his whistle, the train (!) with its piled-up human statuary steamed off to the scene of operations.

On Wednesday our baggage arrived, and plans were made for moving on the morrow. Eight more miles of line being now safe for travelling over beyond the bridge, Mr. Preston, in charge of the work, kindly arranged to take along the ladies with Mrs. Preston in a covered wagon, and those who came along by road arrived to find a cup of tea awaiting them. The task of being left behind to superintend the filing off of 170 Swahili porters with their loads was strange in its novelty, in a journey where so much was new, and it was strange also to find that they were all being trusted to arrive safely sometime or other without further protection or supervision. Later on one came to find out how very much like a machine a Swahili caravan becomes.

This latter part of our journey was through pleasant, soft green landscapes, wooded at times like an English park, and dotted with populous villages of the Kavirondo tribes. Tall warriors with hide shields and great spears, varying from 6 to 12 ft. long, watched us from the roadside, or crowds of lissome young runners would start out from a village as we came into sight and merrily chatter alongside; they would keep up for awhile, enjoying the experience, till some smooth bit of path tempted us to put on a spurt and they were left puffing and laughing over the strange adventure. Some months before they had perhaps experienced a similar strange sight of newly-arrived white people on wheels, but with the railway now almost at the Lake it would hardly be seen again.

Crossing a little stream ahead of the others, I came upon a small group of warriors in full war paint; and one of them showing great curiosity, I offered to give him a lift. As he needed to tie up his tassels and finery, I held out my hand to take his spear and shield meanwhile, but at the offer he shrank away quite horrified. Depositing them, however, on the ground at a distance, he was after a while safely mounted, though his long legs, which reached to the ground, showed a disinclination to trust the pedals; the novelty evidently amused him, but the grip of his hands over mine on the handles left me black and blue; he also suffered, poor chap, from getting his foot in the chain, but took it in very good part. Cycling made travelling pleasant, and shortened the marches. One day, however, we were forced to dismount through a chill, drenching deluge, which converted the broad road into a lake with dotted islands, and gave us an experience of a tropical downpour.

Kisumu was reached early on Sunday morning, as



RELICS FROM TRIBES MET WITH ON THE RAILWAY.

Kikuyu spear, over 6 ft. long, of solid beaten iron, but for the 6-in. handle of hard wood connecting together the massive blade and the shoe.

Small wooden shields obtained from Uganda.

A Wills's cigarette box found stuck through the lobe of a Kikuyu man's ear as an ornament—a simple way of carrying a cigarette case.

we had had to pull up a few miles short of it on the Saturday in our drenched condition. Tents were pitched amid a fine group of trees, and our wardrobe attended to.

In the little service for Holy Communion in the afternoon one of the Government officers joined us; he had been at Kisumu for ten months, but this was his first religious service. Surely our Church, in obeying the command to go to the heathen, needs to be ever so much more devoted in caring also for those of its members whose duty calls them to posts of isolation in the service of the Empire.

The first stage of our journey was now over. We were standing on the shore of the great north-eastern arm of the vast Victoria Nyanza, the lake which Speke had discovered just forty years before. It is the second largest lake in the world; this arm alone is about fifty miles long, and many miles broad, longer than Geneva, and two or three times as large, though so shut in with islands across its mouth that Stanley, when coasting round the lake, failed to discover its existence.

To cross the lake, and reach the capital of Uganda, nearly two hundred miles away, was our next concern. The one tiny steamer, with no cabin accommodation, except what the captain might vacate for the occasion, and very little space for beds on deck, was quite inadequate for the ten of us. An Arab dhow might have been obtainable to take us over in a few days, but voting was in favour of the Baganda canoes awaiting us, though it meant nine or ten days' paddling. Some of us, indeed, welcomed the opportunity, as an experience likely soon to belong only to the past.

CHAPTER III

CANOEING ACROSS THE VICTORIA NYANZA

The dug-out, a disappointment to hippos.—The slender fishing-craft, a study in equilibrium—Uganda canoes—At Kisumu: the Administration, market, Missions—Sese Island paddlers—Racing a storm—Camping under difficulties—Blowing crocodile's eggs—Our "boys"—At Mengo—Native shyness!

OF the many kinds of canoes I have since spent anxious moments in on these great Central African lakes, the Uganda ones certainly proved the least tiring and most comfortable, furnishing the gentlest preparation for the experiences of the future. On the Albert Edward Lake the best kind of boat obtainable is the familiar "dug-out," the simplest of crafts imaginable, being merely a section of giant tree-trunk hollowed out with fire. The great advantage of this kind is the want of distinction between fore and aft, both ends being alike, so that it is immaterial which end goes first. A hasty retreat can therefore be taken in hand at once, if a shoal of hippopotami thrust their heads out of the water just across your course, making further advance precarious. And, again, the very weight and unwieldiness of the craft is in itself some safeguard against one of these beasts coming to the surface for a breath of fresh air just under its bottom, and lifting it bodily out of the water.

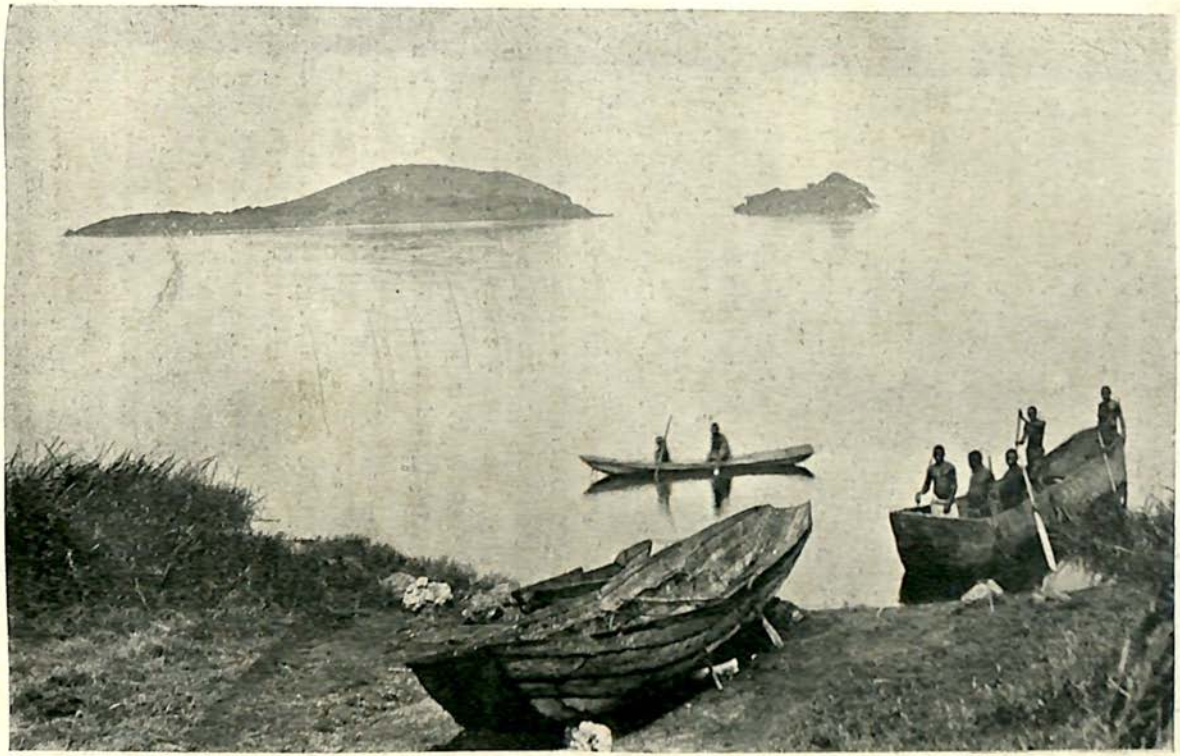
As another favourite frolic of these playful brutes is to snap a boat through its middle between its capacious jaws, and call in the crocodiles to complete the mischief, the solidity of a dug-out is a distinct element in its favour; but no one could regard them as satisfactory racing craft.

The opposite extreme to these transport canoes is the little fishing craft, consisting of narrow strips of boards lying one overlapping the other, pierced with holes where they overlap, and sewn together with grass. The grass is usually decayed and rotten—if not wanting altogether—and the boat often seems to be prevented from falling out flat by the piece of string stretched across the two sides in the centre of the boat, or to hold together just for "old acquaintance' sake." The equilibrium of these latter may be disturbed without the help of a hippo!

The Uganda canoes surpass these two primitive kinds, as most Uganda things surpass those of their neighbours. They also are composed of strips of wood, but broad ones, solid planks, overlapping one another and fastened together securely with cane; they are built, too, upon a keel, and with a picturesque outstanding prow, carved, perhaps, with some design. With their complement of seven or eight to a dozen or a score of paddlers, they travel with a pleasant gracefulness and ease.

Over the bows of the canoes reserved for passengers was erected a framework of branches, covered with strips of green Willesden canvas as a protection against the sun or rain, and the party was divided up amongst five boats, the remainder of the fleet being loaded up with our luggage.

But just a few words of the Kisumu of those days before paddling away.



A "DUG-OUT" ON THE ALBERT EDWARD LAKE WITH ONE OF THE "CRAZY" KIND.

[*To face p.* 34.

A Government administrator, Mr. P., was stationed here with an assistant, engaged on the day of our arrival in prospecting for some more healthy site, whither the station has since been transferred across the Bay.

Dr. D.-B., with a dispenser, found interesting work amongst the natives, and the transport officer, with his very necessary mule wagons, completed the staff. To his kind thought we were indebted for our first fresh milk since leaving Europe.

The ubiquitous Indian trader, Alidina Visram, had a well-stocked store of Indian cloths, though only the imported element of the population cared to encumber themselves with clothing.

To-day the old extreme simplicity is disappearing, and quite a large and varied native market exists where smiths are busy making on the spot hoes, woodmen's knives, axe-heads, and other everyday implements.

A few hours away American Quakers have an industrial Mission, and the Church Missionary Society have also recently established work of a more roving and aggressive kind, to meet the wave of Mohammedanism advancing with the Swahili traders from the coast; but as we came up-country in 1901 the last trace of a Christian teacher had been left hundreds of miles behind.

After three days at Kisumu all was in readiness for a start, and by Wednesday at daybreak tents were coming down and a move was made to the shore. We were soon afloat, Mr. Allen Wilson and I having one of the covered-in canoes between us. The paddlers started off in good spirits with their boats homeward turned, and chorus after chorus enlivened their work. In their scale the intervals were strangely

un-Western, but very pleasing in their weirdness, and we were soon joining heartily in the refrains.

Many of them belonged to the Sese Islands, lying along the north shore of the Lake, and long famous for their paddlers and their songs. But the dread sleeping-sickness has since made such terrible ravages amongst these islands that many of them are now deserted and silence reigns.

Before mid-day biscuit tins and jam pots were under contribution for refreshment, as our island camping-place was not to be reached till the middle of the afternoon ; but our hardy crew indulged in no such weakness, paddling the eight or nine hours on end without a respite.

Things went on fairly comfortably from day to day, whilst the lake was smooth, but at times it could be ruffled and disquieting, and half-way through the voyage we had such an experience of it.

Late one afternoon the sky became overcast, a breeze sprang up, the water became choppy, and the waves battered the sides of the canoe and threw their spray over upon us. A far-distant island was pointed out as our destination, which an hour's paddling seemed to bring little nearer.

Another hour went by and then we could see great banks of cloud rolling up from the horizon ahead of us. Paddling was heavy work against the wind, but the island had been getting nearer, and the paddlers were straining every muscle in their race with the advancing storm.

Length by length the canoe was driven through the water, nearer and nearer came the shore, and at last we ran into the little bay, and landed just as the edge of the cloud discharged its first heavy drops upon us. We had won the race, but were none too soon. With

Photo by] [*F. A. Knowles, Esq.*

A HUNGRY BRUTE.

[*To face p.* 37.

all haste some of the tents were unrolled and erected in the darkness, but the whirling hurricane and deluge of rain made them a precarious shelter as we stood to the poles and wondered if they would weather the strain. It was well indeed for us, and a cause for thankfulness, that the storm had held off so long and had not overtaken us on the water, or our position must have been a critical one. Later on in the evening one of the party was found to have fever, and it was resolved to rest on the morrow and take the opportunity of drying our drenched clothing.

Daily on touching shore, those members of our party who were armed with guns were off at once, before the paddlers had had time to scatter for wood for their camp-fires and scare away the game; and thus guinea-fowl and duck often furnished the table with a fresh delicacy. Sometimes other delicacies arrived at table unbidden, in the form of innumerable flying insects, and the humorous sporting instinct was called out one night as we endeavoured to get our carefully-strained spoonfuls of soup to our mouths in safety. Our boys standing by amused themselves by catching them and swallowing them alive.

In the course of a tramp round one of the islands a crocodile was discovered stretched near its nest of eggs. A bold paddler advanced, but with some caution, and with one blow of his keen knife severed the tail from the body, and dispatched the then helpless brute. For hours afterwards our one absorbing occupation consisted in the admirable lung exercise of persuading the insides of the eggs to evacuate as quickly as possible, but in spite of all our energy the haul proved too great, and many had to be left behind.

To vary the fare a sheep was procured on one

occasion, to the considerable satisfaction of our boys. The price of three rupees (four shillings) having been paid, the cook-boy led it off to skin, and in an hour some of it was stewing for supper.

In mentioning boys I ought to explain that, for our assistance in the unfamiliar difficulties of tent life, a boy had been sent across for each member of the party from Mengo, and very admirably they did their work. About 4 a.m. my boy would be poking around with the lantern and bringing water for the bath; by the time the little company of three of us, who were messing together, had turned outside the tent in the flickering light of the camp-fire, porridge and tea were ready on the table. Whilst we were busy stowing away as good a meal as possible, the bed-clothes were being rolled up, down came the tent, and off went the paddlers with it to the canoe, by way of hurrying you from the table, whilst the first beautiful colours of the early dawn were lighting up the sky. When the sun came peeping up he found the paddlers already singing a chorus as they dipped their paddles in the Lake, but mounting rapidly into the heavens, he soon reminded us how he held sway over the Equator upon which we were travelling.

On the tenth day the stir and excitement at breakfast was more than usual, for there remained but a short morning's paddle to bring us to the landing-place for Mengo. Though glad to be so near our destination, it was yet with some regret that we watched for the last time the deepening of the lovely colours over the water as the sun rose.

Arrived at the landing-place, we were soon joined by a band of cyclists, who had come out the eight miles from Mengo to give us a hearty welcome and the refreshment of a picnic meal. Not least welcome was

the batch of letters from home which they brought us, and which were the first we had received since leaving England more than two months before.

In Mengo we parted with our boys, and I remember there for the first time experiencing that charming lack of shyness (of which one has seen so much since) which characterises an African in making a request. In saying "goodbye" to my boy Yakobo, I thought I would like to make him a present of the Gospel he had been helping me to read on the journey. The offer, alas! met with sad lack of encouragement. No! He did not care to accept it, but if I would give him a Testament he would not refuse!

CHAPTER IV

UGANDA—A SOCIAL RETROSPECT AND CONTRAST

Speke's visit—Mtesa's ideas of sport—Mtesa's harem, and execution of his wives—Cutting off a page's ears—Thanking "My Lord the King"—The King's fear of witchcraft—Bartering slaves—Contrast in 1901—Slavery gone—Security of life—Administration of justice—Family prayer—The Quaker victory.

WHEN Speke visited Uganda in 1861, and first raised the veil that had shrouded the country from the eyes of Europe, he found it organised under a complete feudal system. King Mtesa is described in those days as a capricious young ruler of about twenty-five, moving about his capital or whirling off into the country like a hurricane, as a demi-god whose will no one dared for a moment to withstand; and a very graphic picture is given of his pursuits and the character produced by his surroundings. A favourite sport of his during Speke's visit was nothing more manly than shooting cows in his own courtyard with his newly acquired rifle.[1] But the victim of his sport might be varied, for on another occasion, on one of his restless excursions about the country, Speke tells how the King, noticing a woman tied by the

[1] J. H. Speke's "Discovery of Source of Nile," p. 244.

hands to be punished for some offence, took the executioner's duty upon himself, and fired at her, killing her on the spot.[1]

In such little respect did he hold the life of his people, that on first acquiring a carbine he "gave it full-cock to a page and told him to go out into the outer court and shoot a man; which was no sooner accomplished than the little urchin returned to announce his success, with a look of glee such as one would see on the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's nest, caught a trout, or done any such boyish trick. The King said to him, 'And did you do it well?' 'Oh yes, capitally!' He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the King, but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard," added Speke, "and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the urchin had deprived of life."[2]

Amongst the Court customs are mentioned the harem of three or four hundred women, which, whilst continually being added to, was also almost daily undergoing a draining process, for, incredible as it may appear, it was a common sight to see one, two, or three of the wretched women led away to execution, tied by the hand, and dragged along by one of the bodyguard, crying out as she went to death, "Ai munange! Kabaka! Ai Nyawo!" ("Oh my friend! My king! My mother!"), at the top of her voice in the utmost despair and lamentation, and yet there was not one soul who dared lift hand to save any of them.[3]

The poor pages around him must have paid heavily in anxiety for the honour accorded to them. The head boy amongst them one day, rather guessing than understanding the message sent to his royal master,

[1] P. 312. [2] P. 241. [3] P. 289.

distorted it. The King, not believing the boy's story, sent other pages to ascertain the truth of the case, bidding them listen well and beware of what they were about. The second lot of boys conveyed the story rightly, whereupon the King promptly cut off the ears of the unfortunate young defaulter for not making a proper use of them, though the lad was the son of one of his own chiefs.[1]

Nor did the position of the great men of the kingdom seem much more secure, and the more respect paid to the majesty of the King, the safer for the subject. Two of them having been received in audience and approved in the news they brought, are described as thanking their lord in a most enthusiastic manner, and kneeling on the ground in an attitude of prayer—for no one dare stand in the presence of his Majesty—and throwing up their hands as they repeated the words "Nyanzige, ai Mukama wange," &c., &c. ("I thank you continually, my lord!") for a considerable time; when this had been continued long enough, they threw themselves flat upon their stomachs, and floundering about like fish on land repeated the same words over and over again, and rose doing the same thing with their faces covered with earth. Such is the respect accorded to this Pharaoh by the worms, his subjects.[2]

But he, too, was not without his fears. When presents were offered, his servant "smoothed them down with his dirty hands, or rubbed them against his sooty face, and handed them to the King to show there was no poison or witchcraft in them."[3]

The power exercised by the "medicine-men" and witches was unlimited, and when any disaster occurred they were never backward in pointing out the victim

[1] P. 318. [2] P. 238. [3] P. 239.

who ought to be visited with vengeance for uncannily causing the trouble.

Another horror arose through the curiosity and cupidity which the Arab traders excited in the native chiefs by continually shewing them new wares; as the traders would accept only human barter, when ivory could not be produced, the worst possible incentive was given to the chiefs to raid the neighbouring countries for the sake of procuring fresh means of purchasing the coveted goods.

The picture to Christian civilised eyes was as sadly black as could be—unbridled cruelty, drunkenness, witchcraft, and slavery; but at the close of 1901, when we arrived in the country, there was, thank God, hardly a trace (at least in the capital) of the old order remaining. Life was as secure as in England. The status even of the modified domestic slavery had passed away on the initiative of the chiefs themselves eight years before, and a man was at liberty to serve what master he pleased. It was a strangely uncommon thing now to meet a man protected with a charm. Women cultivated their husbands' gardens or walked along the roads without fear; peasants brought their produce into the market, and went home in possession of the lawful price without having it seized by the chief. Every Monday and on other occasions the chiefs might be seen in their court-houses hearing cases and punishing offenders, the meanest suppliant having this right to plead his case; gatherings of people in many places might be heard spelling out the words of the Gospel; and, as one passed by huts at sunset or in the early morning, the sound of familiar hymns might be heard from within, and words from the Bible and prayer, as the head of the household led his family and dependants in daily worship.

A later English traveller with a nobler ideal than that of Speke had visited them and prompted in them a longing for the words of the true God. In response to their appeal, missionaries had come in 1877 and had received a warm welcome from king Mtesa; and now, on our arrival in 1901, only twenty-four years later, the Protestant converts numbered 30,000, and there were many thousand adherents of the Roman Catholic Mission. "The people that sat in darkness had seen a great light. . . ."

It was, indeed, a wonderful social order that we found in Mengo—wonderful in organisation and in the spirit that prompted and regulated it—wonderful in its contrast to the old order, and very fascinating to watch and to try and catch the spirit of. The sensation in the church on Sunday was a strangely thrilling one when kneeling with hundreds of black men in glistening khansus and women in bright brown bark cloth, all joining in "Our Father" and thankfully remembering the death of Christ for them "until His coming again"; and these were men and women whose interest in the eyes of the white man in former days had chiefly lain in their providing slaves to cultivate his plantations. What a marvellous moral revolution had been wrought through the great struggle against slavery engaged in by those few simple Quaker folk and their friends *contra mundum!* Here, if anywhere, one could appreciate the grandeur of their victory—and how much happier and nobler for the civilised world has been the change!

CHAPTER V

THE LAST STAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

Visiting the first Knight of Central Africa—A caravan headman, a masterpiece—Disquieting questions—The mighty hum of billions—Defects of University training—The chief's visit—Aggravations of a native path—The King of Toro's messenger—Starving villagers—Butiti—A native deacon—Wrestling with Toro salutations—Measuring a rectangle—First signs of elephants—The tea-basket—Native substitute for a matchbox—An overwhelming welcome—The Queen's visit—Daudi Kasagama, every inch a king—His forceful Katikiro.

GOOD as one felt it to be amidst the sights and sounds of Mengo, it was not to be one's home, and all arrangements having been completed for my new caravan to take me on the last stage of nearly two hundred miles westward to my destination in Toro, on Wednesday I was off. It was with regret that I bade farewell to the old Cambridge friend, Rev. Ernest Millar, whose kind hospitality I had been enjoying, and who had taken me on a round of interesting visits in the capital. Especially interesting was that to the Katikiro Apolo Kagwa, the first Central African to receive the honour of knighthood. (He will be remembered by many in England through his having come for our King's coronation.) Very delightful also was his secretary, Hamu Mukasa, known

through his charming book describing their experiences during their stay.

The existence of a good cycling road for the former part of the journey had enabled me to despatch the caravan the day before, and when I reached it on the following day in the afternoon, it was to find the camp ready pitched and everything comfortably in order. This was to be my first experience of an independent caravan, and it was with some trepidation, I must confess, that I cut adrift from Mengo; all my worldly goods in Africa had been entrusted to thirty carriers and a headman, of whose language I had acquired but a very faint glimmering, and of whose ways of going on I knew less. So many questions about the unknown would thrust themselves upon one's mind. How were the men to get their food on the journey—and suppose they couldn't, what then? Or if they got quarrelling, or if some of them fell ill, or cleared off, or if anything happened to the headman himself? Or suppose all sorts of indefinite evils happened and one were a week's journey away from either end, what was to be done? Fortunately, Mr. Millar had found for me a boy named Yosiya, who knew a little English, a fact which brought me some relief and the hope that in any difficulty one would at least understand something of the situation; and, most fortunately also for me, Mr. and Mrs. Rowling were going back with their little girl to their station at Mityana, which lay two days' journey along the same road, so that in the initial unfamiliar surroundings one could turn to them for counsel.

I had not then learnt that in Uganda travel a good headman keeps everything in perfect order; he sees that all his caravan are safely off with their loads in the morning before he himself leaves camp; if any carrier is unfit, a substitute is enlisted from a village

close at hand; if in the middle of the march any one knocks up, the headman will hoist the load on his own head and bring it in; in the event of a carrier falling seriously ill, the headman will procure a permanent substitute—though the sick man will endeavour to drag himself along behind the caravan till fit to reclaim his load, or if left behind in friendly hands will rejoin the caravan as they repass on their return home. As I saw this in operation and was able to appreciate it better in later days, one could not but respect the value of the feudal system, by which, immediately a man is placed in any authority, and perhaps given a new cloth or a fez cap to wear, or a gun to carry, his character seems changed and the recognition of his authority follows as a matter of course.

Hospitality for the night under the Rowlings' roof at Mityana proved very delightful, and the inspection of all Mr. Rowling's ingenious contrivances for comfort quite an education. The house was rendered mosquito proof by perforated metal plates and shutters covering the windows. (In speaking of a window, I would remind you not to think of an English window with panes of glass, but a wooden frame covered with calico, which is swung on one side during the day to permit of an outlook.) At night we understood the value of these precautions and of sealing up all openings against intruders, for with the setting of the sun there came rising from the great swamp down far below, a wonderful resounding hum of billions and billions of mosquitoes.

One ordeal at Mityana I shall always remember and may as well record. My shoes had shown signs of wear and tear, and it seemed to my host a good opportunity for me to repair the damage. He consequently brought me a last, with a hammer and nails, and left me with the shoes and leather for company. How

sadly one felt the defects in the ordinary education of one's school and university; a few hours during one term would be quite sufficient to make a man something of a cobbler and give him, as he stood on his own soles, the self-reliance of a Napoleon or an Alexander about to conquer an empire. (Certainly one doesn't feel that delightful confidence when confronted with one's first pair of shoes to sole, especially if they have to be shown to a friend afterwards.) I suppose the answer to this plea would be that such an innovation would lead to the abolition of Greek, and education would henceforth degenerate into mere instruction! I have often wondered what the experts mean by education and why they seem to have such a horror of anything likely to be practically useful! Perhaps one may be pardoned for such hard thoughts about one's old classical masters under such an experience; for the old adage about the "bad workman" never seems to occur to the mind at the right time, and one didn't see then how those old classics might after all be the best possible "tools" for a cobbler!

The task being finished, I was summoned away to meet the local chiefs, who had called to welcome back from their holiday their friends and to greet the stranger. Very hospitable are these Baganda and desirous of pleasing a guest, and their visit is always accompanied by a present of food—plaintains, bananas, sweet potatoes, cyder, fowls, eggs, and the like, and sometimes a sheep or a goat for the table. The head chief, Paulo Mukwenda, is a Christian of long standing and a man of considerable influence, and his people have built a beautiful church, under the guidance of a former missionary here.[1]

From Mityana the road was broad and the surface

[1] Rev. H. W. Tegart.

good, and very fair for cycling but for that aggravating inability of the natives to realise that the handle of a bucket leads from one side round to the other by as short a route when horizontal as when arched up in the vertical plane; consequently when a stiff hill lay across the route, up went the path to the summit, and down it pitched the other side into the swamp which was always to be found at the foot. When asking one day in that lumpy district the distance to the camp, the answer was "emitala etano"—"five hillsides;" (the distance between a pair of swamps is called a "mutala," and the people reckon distances by the number of mutalas); on timing it I found that the five occupied fifty minutes; in the march of two and a half hours I was able to ride just ten minutes. That old route has since been superseded by a new line, more humane for loaded carriers and less exhausting for poor perspiring Europeans.

At the Toro boundary I found a very pleasant fellow awaiting me with letters from Kabarole. Besides containing messages of welcome from the missionaries to whom I was going, there was one from the King telling how he had sent the bearer, a chief named Hamu Dwomire, to escort me through his country. Hamu's pleasant smile and the sparkling twinkle of his eye attracted me to him at once, and the happy impression of him gained then was deepened as I got to know him better during the next five years. He and Yosiya became very good friends, and when in camp were often sitting together at my tent, Yosiya helping me out with the meaning of Hamu's ever ready, chatty talk.

It soon became obvious that his coming was not without fruit, for, it being the dry season, food was scarce, and the presence of the King's emissary with us secured for the porters a more ready supply of food

than would otherwise have been the case ; at one camp even his influence was insufficient to procure much, and the cry of the people was "enjara nyingi" (much famine). Several of the villagers had died of hunger. These poor folk, finding that they had no food ripe in their plantations, and that there was none to be spared round about, had just sat passively in their huts, and in nine or ten days life had flickered away. As they raise no cereal food for storing, except a little millet, which rarely lasts many months after harvest, the whole population are simply dependent on the plantains that may be ripe for cutting in the gardens, or the sweet potatoes ready for digging ; but, as only too often happens, the former may be terribly devastated by a hurricane or demolished by a mischievous herd of elephants, or the whole crop of the latter sadly thinned in a single night by wild pigs. When I got to know the country better later on, I found it desirable to avoid evangelistic itinerations with a caravan through a district in times of dearth, so that one's coming might not fall as a burden on inhabitants already suffering scarcity and want ; but the large caravans of the Indian traders and others that pass to and fro are not so regulated, and the poor unfortunate villagers are often compelled to sell the food they can so ill spare from their own needs. Letters recently received from this same part tell how many of the people have migrated to the more fruitful districts westwards, because of the dearth brought about through lack of rain and the passing of large caravans. Some of those who were unable to move have been sustaining life in a feeble condition, living on wild roots as best they could, and over eighty have just simply died of starvation.

Having arrived at so poor a place for foraging in on the Saturday, it was impossible to stay there a second

day, so the Sunday had to be occupied with marching as usual, and by midday we arrived at Butiti, the last camp before the final march into Kabarole. Here I found the Rev. A. L. Kitching, who had come out to meet me, and slipped in upon him by surprise just as the congregation had scattered after service. The native deacon, the Rev. Apolo Kivebulaya, also over from Kabarole, had been spending a few weeks here to arouse the readers who had been slackening in diligence; a few sentences of admiration from my fellow-missionary gave me my first insight into the character of this man, whom I have since come to regard as second only to the King in influence. Bishop Tucker, on a visit two or three years before, had written of him: "He has suffered much for the cause of Christ. He has had false accusations more than once made against him; he has been in the chain gang as well as in prison; he has been beaten and suffered the loss of all his property. While in prison he taught his fellow-prisoners to read. He has given up the comforts of home and the comparatively luxurious life of Uganda for the isolation and hard living of a strange land, and all in order that he may bear his part in evangelising the heathen."

My first recollection of him in looking back is associated with his wonderful pertinacity in trying to teach me the native salutations. Hitherto I had been studying Luganda, as the language which would be most needed as a basis and as the one in which I expected to be required to pass a first language examination; my porters and interpreter had been Baganda, and with it I had been quite content; but now I was on the eve of meeting new neighbours who would at least want to be greeted in their own tongue, so Apolo felt he could do me no better service than give me a first lesson. From

the pleasant musical Italian-like greeting of the Luganda, "Otyano, munange" ("How are you, my friend?"), I was led off to the Lutoro "Oraire ota?" (pronounced as one word and meaning "How have you slept?"); and then, to be ready for afternoon callers, again and again he repeated for me, with the broadest accent he was capable of taking on, "Oirirwe ota?" ("How have you passed the day?") to which the answer was "Ndabanta?" (vaguely translated "How shall I be?"), returning the question "Oirirwe ota" again on the questioner. Thus the salutation in the morning ran:

"Oraire ota?" ("How have you slept?")

"Ndabanta? Oraire ota?" ("How? Well, how have you?")

"Nangwa." Meaning "No!" and sounding rather like a gruff "No; I haven't slept at all," but meant only to pass back the question to the inquirer.

It took me a long time to get rid of my prejudice against the language after that first lesson.

On Monday Mr. Kitching wished to occupy himself marking out a site for the house he was preparing to build, in view of coming over here from Kabarole to settle permanently. So, with measurements ready, we went out with our boys, who followed our every move, skipping about with sun umbrellas for our protection in the broiling heat. I should like to recommend to friends, as a mental, moral, and physical exercise, sticking in, on an irregular piece of inclined ground, the corner-posts for a rectangular building. After pegging out your first angle and getting the three corners fixed, forming what you believe to be a perfect right angle, the place for that fourth stick is horribly bewildering. You plant it at the right distances from its neighbouring corners and the most

clumsy eye shows you the angle is far from right; you pull it up and plant it next according to your eye to get a right angle, and find that you daren't attempt to call the result a rectangle. It seems so ridiculously easy, but all I would say, without wishing to appear impolite, is "Just try it!"

A cup of tea inside the cool thatched reed temporary house was most welcome afterwards, and one thing an African boy knows how to do is to "chumba chai" (cook tea). It peculiarly agrees with the genius of his nature to sit down by a fire of sticks, blowing it up with his lungs for bellows. He can usually be trusted to bring the water to the boil, and he knows better than to keep the tea standing long before bringing it to his impatient master. I think I have never tasted better tea than some brewed out by the roadside in Central Africa.

The next day we were off together for the final march of twenty miles into Kabarole. I wish I could adequately describe the scene as we went along. Before we reached the stretch of forest which lay midway on the route we were met by running messengers, sent out a dozen miles by the King with his greetings, and in correct native fashion they were despatched back again with our own compliments to him. Entering the forest we found trees and bushes beaten down, showing how a herd of elephants had recently preceded us. Shortly afterwards boys were encountered with a welcome tea-basket from Mr. Fisher. The shade of the forest being so inviting, we promptly settled down for refreshment. The things were unpacked and a fire about to be made when the boys came very sheepishly to confess "Kibiriti busaho." They had left the matches behind! So off we went again, and when through

the forest came across a man carrying some fire tied up in his bundle on his head. It is a very simple practice with the people when they start for a journey to pick out of the fire two or three pieces of the glowing charcoal and wrap them closely round with dry grass, and wherever they stop they have only to open out the bundle and, with a steady application of the human bellows, in a very few seconds they have a blaze.

After the new start fresh messengers, robed in their long white khansus, came bounding along the road, each expressing his own hearty greetings or conveying those of his master, who was following, like Jacob going to meet Esau, and bent on making a good impression beforehand. By the time we had reached within a mile of the station we were surrounded by a throng of enthusiastic chattering chiefs, headed by the Katikiro, with their attendants, inquiring about the journey, and exclaiming, "Webale okuija. Ayebale Ruhanga" ("Thank you for coming. Thank God"). As we came nearer, and passed into the banana plantations around the station, another little company were to be seen coming down the road with white sun umbrellas, and these were made out at once to be the Mission party—the Rev. A. B. Fisher with the two ladies, Miss Pike and Miss Hurditch (now Mrs. Fisher). Nothing could surpass the pleasantness and homeliness of the welcome they gave, and after lingering briefly in the cool comfort of Mr. Fisher's neat new house, to give some account of the journey and the latest news from Mengo, I left them to carry off and read the mail they had left unopened in order to come out and give the newcomer a welcome.

After a meal and a brief respite we were drawn out into public again by a fresh set of visitors. Amongst the first came the Queen, Damali, with some of her

ladies, bringing her sweet, plump little three-year-old daughter, Lusi, in her neat little pink frock. Just as we were on the point of taking advantage of a lull in the stream of visitors, and turning out across the compound to accept the ladies' invitation to tea, in marched the King,[1] with the Katikiro and chiefs. Though about thirty years of age, he is just like a great, burly, rollicking, overgrown schoolboy, taking possession of your heart by the affable geniality and frankness of his manner, and yet making you feel that there is at the same time a dignity of bearing worthy of the first gentleman in the kingdom. He stands over 6 ft. without his sandals, out of which he slips his big toe on the threshold to leave them outside the door—a quaint warning of the presence of royalty within. In his long, flowing, spotless white robes and turban he looks the picture of youthful grace and power. The Katikiro, too, is a fine man, very rough in comparison, but strong and resolute, and brimming over with energy, a born leader, and quite admirable in his place, able to use his rhinoceros-hide whip when needed, or capable of more judiciously commanding attention and obedience by the mere shewing of it. The King and Katikiro form a very happy combination—each with quite a great respect for and loyalty to the other—and embodying in a marked manner the qualities of "counsel" and "action." No one in the country would dream of questioning the wisdom of any regulation proposed by the King, and still less would he dream of disregarding it when the Katikiro was on the track. Their visit, whilst leaving very pleasant recollections, gave a happy finishing touch to this first day's intercourse with the people, and the assurance, as one felt, of a very warm friendship in the future.

[1] See frontispiece.

VI

THE LIFTING OF THE VEIL FROM TORO—A RETROSPECT

The carrying away of the cripple prince—Death of the King of Toro—A heroic mother—Saving the infant heir—Friends in a strange land—Hearing the gospel—Lugard's Maxim gun—Kasagama restored—Emin's Nubian troops: a thorn in the side—Establishment of Imperial Government—Christianity: its coming and development—Medical work—The "medicine to put you to sleep."

BEFORE further introducing my readers to life in Toro it would be well to take a brief glance back over the history of that country, and to consider how the veil was raised that had shrouded it, till so very few years ago, in the darkness of mystery.

The story is scarcely less romantic than that of the coming of the gospel to Uganda through Stanley's letter.

Some years before Stanley's arrival in Uganda a raiding expedition of Mtesa's Baganda chiefs had swept into Toro. Amongst the captives was a young cripple boy named Byakuhambya, of the Toro royal house. In Uganda he found favour with Mtesa, and from being one of his pages, after some years he was given a chieftainship. On the arrival of the mis-

sionaries this young chief was amongst those who set about learning the new religion in the peace of his adopted country.

But far away in his old home in Toro grave things were happening. The King had died, and in the unsettlement that followed, Kabarega, the King of Bunyoro, whose people were ever ready to pounce on their neighbours at any sign of weakness, saw his chance. Down came his spearmen right across the country, from the Albert to the Albert Edward Lake, extending their sway even across the Semliki and beyond the borders of what is now the Belgian Congo State. To make their position more secure they placed on the water large "dug-out" canoes, some of which, after thirty years, are even still in use.

Of the Royal Family of Toro all who could escape took refuge in flight. The little infant prince, Kasagama, was carried off by his mother on her back, and she succeeded in reaching the Court of their friendly neighbour, the King of Ankole, a hundred and twenty miles away. But after the chiefs of the ruthless Kabarega had established their position in the country, word was sent to the King of Ankole that the infant prince was to be put to death. To escape from treachery the poor anxious mother again took to flight, and sought refuge with their influential kinsman, Byakuhambya, in Uganda. This was in the days of the coming of the first missionaries.

As Christianity gradually spread in the country Byakuhambya was amongst those who became convinced, and was baptized. A teacher named Petero Nsubuga came to live in his house, and Kasagama also heard the teaching and learned to read the Gospels. Time went by, and in 1890 came Captain

Lugard, on behalf of the British East Africa Company. When the news of the wonderful doings of his Maxim gun against the Mohammedans reached the exiles, the hope dawned upon them that perhaps the great European would go out with them to Toro and re-establish them in their old country. The request was presented by a big Uganda chief named Kisingiri, who had been doing good service, and Lugard, on hearing more fully the circumstances of the past history, became much interested. The position of Toro was also important to him as being the extreme western limit of the British "sphere of influence" which the Company had undertaken to administer. Passing through Budu he was met by the Batoro, who had rallied round Yafeti and Kasagama. The Albert Edward was reached without a conflict, but Kabarega's men had gathered to dispute the crossing of a river a little further north. The stand was a very short one, and then the whole country lay open before the conquerors. Kasagama's bearing and ability had inspired the allies, and Lugard, in order to establish him firmly against any return of Kabarega's bands, made an expedition over to the west side of the Albert Lake to fetch Emin's old Nubian troops from Kavalli. To the number of many hundreds they were occupying a fort, though quite isolated since the great Dervish rising in the Soudan, which had swept away the old posts of the Egyptian Government and brought the death of Gordon in its train. These Nubians Lugard placed in forts to form a girdle round the country for protection against its foes. Though they did indeed serve that purpose, they became a thorn in the side of those whom they had been called in to defend. Driving into their enclosures large numbers

of the poor Batoro, they used them as slaves, and some are to be seen to-day with deep marks branded in their cheeks to prevent them from running away into hiding.

Still, something had been done for the country. A native king had been established, and he administered the realm (but for the outrages of the uncontrollable Nubians) under the ægis of the British Company, which was represented from time to time by an officer visiting the country. The native Court, consisting of the King and big chiefs, heard all cases and passed sentence on offenders, so that men no longer did each one that which was right in his own eyes.

With the supersession of the old Company in 1893 by the direct Imperial control, as we have seen, a new element of stability was introduced into the country, and since that time there has always been a Government officer resident in Kabarole, the capital.

Meanwhile, Kasagama and Yafeti, besides introducing a new regime politically, had brought back with them the knowledge of God, of which the people had till then been in total ignorance, no messenger ever having penetrated into the district. With that self-expanding power which has been witnessed so markedly in the Uganda Church since, these men set about teaching their people; and in 1894, in response to an invitation by Yafeti, two qualified teachers came out, named Marko and Petero Nsubuga (Yafeti's former teacher). Reading soon went ahead, and chiefs like Paulo Tabaro, of Mboga (of whom we shall hear more later) began to build churches.

Towards the close of the following year political events happened which caused the King to visit Uganda, during which time he came under further instruction, and was baptized by Rev. E. Millar on

March 15, 1896. Returning to his capital, he was closely followed by the Bishop, accompanied by Mr. Fisher. A great service was held at Kabarole, and the first baptism performed in the country by the Bishop, when the Queen, the King's heroic mother, and several other leading spirits, were "signed with the sign of the Cross." The King and Queen were afterwards married with Christian rites, the pledge of a new holiness of home life and happiness for the country.

Mr. Fisher stayed behind to supervise the work, being thus the pioneer European missionary to Toro. Progress proved very rapid, and a large in-gathering followed.

In 1900 the first ladies arrived, namely, Miss Pike and Miss Hurditch, in response to a touching letter by the King on behalf of the women of Toro. Yet a further development was reached when, in 1903, the Bishop brought Dr. Bond out to open a hospital. Dispensary work had, indeed, been carried on for some while past by the ladies and much trouble relieved, but the arrival of "Omufumu mali mali" ("a doctor really and truly") marked a great step forward. The sight of the doctor, with ladies like Mrs. Bond, Miss A. E. Allen, Miss Attlee, and Miss Reid, ministering ungrudgingly to the needs of the humblest peasants, has proved a new revelation to them of what Christian sacrifice means, and has done more than anything else could have done to teach the meaning of the parable of the Good Samaritan. The natives naturally expect us to be teachers because of our superior knowledge; but to shew them practically the meaning of the service of others would not have been so easy but for the testimony of the hospital.

One of the most persistent amongst the out-patients is the good Namasole, who suffers a great deal, and

EXTERIOR OF TORO HOSPITAL, WITH BOYS OF THE STAFF GARDENING.
(A tremendous innovation, *see p.* 102.)

INTERIOR OF MEN'S WARD.
(With Dr. Bond, Miss A. E. Allen (at the table), and Miss Attlee.)

[*To face p.* 60.

naturally so considering the habits of the people, from "Ekifuba," a broad term indicating any chest or stomach disturbance. The King also likes to come down from time to time that he may be assured by the doctor that there is nothing the matter with him. He has been a good friend to the medical work in many ways, besides by his most generous contributions. When chloroform was first being proposed for a patient, and it was being explained that it was medicine "to put you to sleep" so that you shouldn't feel the pain, the patient was by no means satisfied that he would wake up again, and showed indications of intending to run away by night. The King, hearing of the difficulty, came down to the doctor, and, feeling the tumour under his arm, asked if he would not need the "medicine to put you to sleep" for having it removed. On the doctor assuring him that it would be so, he agreed to be the first to make the experiment. The operation proved perfectly successful. The next difficulty was that the doctor was soon besieged by all the grandees in the country, asking if they might not have the "medicine to put you to sleep," like the King!

On another occasion the ladies, in the absence of the doctor, being much impressed with the desirability of vaccination, suggested the matter to the King, but expressed a difficulty as to procuring children for the first inoculation. "You bring your medicine up to my place," said the King, "and leave the rest to me." On the appointed day, the lymph having arrived from Uganda, the ladies went up and found the King very much at home in the midst of a company of his nephews and nieces and other commandeered children, and whilst the operation was being performed he used his royal influence to quiet the cries of the poor little victims.

Native ideas of medicine and its operation are, of necessity, somewhat crude, and little respect is shown for homœopathic pilules or colourless and almost tasteless liquids. They much prefer medicine with a good "body" in it, or pills of appreciable potency. Without always telling you what is the matter, they may sometimes wish to prescribe for themselves something that takes their fancy. I remember one woman, ill with fever, asking for that "akoma" ("little iron thing") that had done her so much good before. "What 'akoma' do you mean?" I asked. "That one to put in your mouth," she answered, when it suddenly dawned upon me that the medicine that had done her fever so much good before was my clinical thermometer!

As already mentioned, the work has gone on making rapid progress, not only in numbers, but also in its very marked influence upon those not yet baptized, compelling in them a new standard of right and wrong, through the example of the Christian community. That community is still only small, numbering, at the close of 1907, about 3,500 Christians (perhaps one in fifty of the Batoro proper), half the Christians being communicants. The largest communities of Christians are to be found in the capitals of the county chiefs, whilst in other villages may be found just two or three, but in the majority of the villages none at all. There remains, therefore, much land to be possessed by the gospel messengers, and much might be added as to the work that is being done, but this brief sketch may suffice for the understanding of the "Tramps" that follow.[1]

[1] A fuller account may be found in the section contributed by the writer to "Contrasts in the Campaign," published for young people by the Church Missionary Society.

OUR DAILY BIBLE-CLASS IN AN ALCOVE OUTSIDE THE CHURCH AT KABAROLE.
(The highest head against the wall is that of the king, and under the blackboard sits the Katikiro.)

[*To face p.* 62.

CHAPTER VII

PRELIMINARY PEEP AT TORO TO-DAY

Isolation of the country—Herodotus, and the home of the Pygmies—Ptolemy and the mountains—Stanley's two visits, the snows unveiled—Ruwenzori and the Semliki valley—The two gates of the Congo—Varieties of visitors—British Museum party—Alpinists—Sportsmen—Rubber hunters—Rock smashers—Government administrators—Missionaries.

ONE is so often met with the questions, "What kind of country is Toro?" "Are there many English people out there?" and the like, that it may not be out of place to take a very general peep at the country itself.

Those who live at the foot of a giant precipice are hardly in an ideal position for attracting visitors, and for that reason we are left a good deal to ourselves. Very few of those who come out to Uganda penetrate as far as Toro, situated as it is on the very western edge of the Protectorate, and leading nowhere except into the blackness of those vast thousands of square miles of such sad repute—the great Congo forest. The giant precipice, which lies scarcely ten miles away on our west from Kabarole, the capital, seems to act not simply as a check to the traveller, but almost as a barrier to the imagination; as the eye falls upon

this great mass, the range of Ruwenzori mountains, thought seems to rest there and travel no further. For more than two thousand years, since the days when the chatty Greek historian, Herodotus, went on his enterprising travels, note-book in hand, and jotted down all they told him in the land of the Pharaohs (that wonderful land of such strange stories!), the region beyond these mountains has been believed to be the home of the Pygmies; a few centuries later, namely in A.D. 150 the Greek traveller, Ptolemy, touching at the coast, added the information there obtained that up in the heart of the continent was a country called the "Land of the Moon," containing the great range, the "Mountains of the Moon." But the mountains and the Pygmies were taken on credit through all the intervening centuries, and no traveller till Stanley, in this present generation, seems to have been sufficiently stirred by the quaintness of the name, or the love of exploring the vast unknown, to roam out into the heart of the continent and bring back a more certain account.

To those living in Toro, Ruwenzori is, as it were, a part of their daily existence, to which their eyes naturally turn for rest. And yet, inconceivable as it may seem to those at home, Stanley on his first visit to the country in 1875, passed near the end of the range, mentioned a report of it as a story which he hardly credited, and came home without a glimpse. He had passed within a few miles of a mass rising out of the plain to a height of 16,800 ft. and yet doubted its very existence[1]; his visit had been in the dry season when all was enveloped in haze.

[1] "Which proves, in my opinion, the non-existence of those Mountains of the Moon which have been drawn across Africa since Ptolemy's time" ("Through the Dark Continent," p. 501).

Photo by] [*F. A. Knowles, Esq.*

RUWENZORI, THE "MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON."

[*To face p.* 64.

In view of the fact, his description of it, on his visit thirteen years later, is especially interesting :—

"*May* 25, 1888.

"While looking to the south-east, and meditating upon the events of the last month, my eyes were directed by a boy to a mountain said to be covered with salt, and I saw a peculiar shaped cloud of a most beautiful silver colour, which assumed the proportions and appearance of a vast mountain covered with snow. Following its form downwards, I became struck with the deep blue colour of its base, and wondered if it portended another tornado ; then as the sight descended to the gap between the eastern and western plateaus, I became conscious for the first time that what I gazed upon was not the image or semblance of a vast mountain, but the solid substance of a real one with its summit covered with snow. It now dawned upon me that this must be the Ruwenzori which was said to be covered with a white metal or substance believed to be rock." [1]

"In one of the darkest corners of the earth, shrouded by perpetual brooding under the eternal storm clouds, surrounded by darkness and mystery, there has been hidden until now a giant among mountains, the melting snow of whose tops has been for some fifty centuries most vital to the peoples of Egypt.

"In fancy we look down along that crooked river to where it disports and spreads out to infuse new life to Egypt near the Pyramids, some 4,000 miles away, where are congregated swarms of men—Arabs, Copts, Fellahs, Negroes, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, English, German, and Americans; and we feel a pardonable pride in being able to inform

[1] "In Darkest Africa," p. 292.

them for the first time that much of the sweet water they drink, and whose virtues they so often exalt, issues from the deep and extensive snow beds of Ruwenzori or Rewenjura—the Cloud King." [1]

This magnificent mountain, extending about eighty miles N.E. and S.W., lies between the great lakes, the Albert and the Albert Edward. These lakes being as yet but little navigated, the gaps between them and the mountain form, as it were, two gates through which the Congo State beyond is most readily entered. As you stand on the north end of the ridge and look below, the Semliki appears as a silver serpentine thread amid the fringe of the great black forest on the edge of the Congo State; emerging thence into the open valley it twists itself in great sinuous folds towards the Albert, into which it flows through a tangled mass of papyrus swamp. At this end the mountain runs down to a plateau (whence a further dip of some 2,000 to 3,000 ft. brings you down to the Semliki ferry); at the southern end is the other gap, between the range and the Albert Edward Lake. At the foot of the range on its eastern side, at an elevation of about 5,000 ft., stretches the plateau of Toro, from every high hill of which throughout its length and breadth are visible the snow peaks—a view that makes one feel never very far from headquarters. At the north end the ridge is an almost unbroken horizontal line, covered with graceful bamboo forests, but in the centre, just on the Equator, snow-clad masses rise into glittering peaks over 16,800 ft. in elevation. This great ridge, crossed only at its lower northern end by two or three rough paths running up the steep face of the mountain-side, has proved an effectual barrier to intercourse, and to imagination almost, with the

[1] Stanley, "In Darkest Africa," p. 668.

regions beyond, and deterred the steps of visitors. But to the range itself we are indebted for expeditions like that of the scientific party which came out towards the close of 1905, under the leadership of Mr. Woosnam, for the purpose of collecting animals and birds for the British Museum; and for visitors like the President and Secretary of the Alpine Club, who came with a Swiss guide, and established a new record for the ascent; and, more recently, the Duke of the Abruzzi, who secured the much-coveted honour of mastering the whole range by surmounting the, till then, unscaled summits.

Climbers have come and gone, and there is yet a further and perhaps more lasting attraction to the adventurous in the big game hunting to be had. Toro, though largely protected against the man with the rifle, for the sake of providing a safe breeding-ground for elephants, contains unpreserved tracts of country where the tusker roams in herds, and the huntsman may almost certainly rely—given time and patience—in tracking him down; whilst in the Congo forest beyond he may find in its more remote recesses not only the elephant, but also that strangely scarce relic of the past which has been so keenly sought after since Sir Harry Johnston first brought it to light—namely, the okapi.

Another visitor who comes out to Toro of a less adventurous class is the rubber hunter, who brings up his caravan of cloth and brass wire to barter with the forest tribes roaming far and wide amid the leafy recesses in their search. In these days of motor-cars, when the demand for rubber is so great and prices so high, we may have yet more of this class, which at present comprises only a Boer and a couple of Englishmen, apart from the permanent Indian and

Swahili traders. Their occupation is in danger of failing, through the wholesale destruction of the wild rubber in the forest, or through its being superseded in six or seven years' time by the coming to maturity of the extensive plantations now being laid down in Uganda.

Occasional prospectors have been up and down the country rock smashing for minerals, but the old rocks seem unwilling to yield up their secrets to the enterprising treasure-seekers, and may succeed in putting them off altogether.

The cultivation of the land for the export of agricultural produce can hold out little hope of profit to the native either with his simple hoe, or even when in the near future he may acquire a plough; the cost of three rupees for transport of every 65 lbs. load on the head of a porter nearly two hundred miles into Uganda, must handicap it far too heavily in its competition with stuff raised nearer the Victoria Lake and the railway.

And thus it seems likely that the country will be left undisturbedly in the possession of its own native population, with only occasional visitors; a climber to whom Swiss peaks are becoming monotonous may perhaps come; or an intrepid hunter attracted by the roar of a lion, the trumpeting of an elephant, or the prospect of an okapi-skin; or an occasional rubber seeker may be attracted, or rock smasher, but very few besides.

But there is a little party of men who are in the country permanently for another purpose, namely, that of administering it for the British Government as a province of the Uganda Protectorate. Very small in number, but very great in influence, they comprise only a Sub-Commissioner, a Collector of the Hut Tax and General Administrator, and an

inspector over the little company of one hundred native police.

A final element to be mentioned, and that which brought the writer to the country, is the missionary element; and it is in the belief that there are very many specially interested in our life and work who may care to hear more about it that the writer has been emboldened to attempt to fulfil the wish of friends who have asked for a few fresh glimpses from his own experience. As the intimacy has been gained chiefly through work involving continual tramps up and down the country with a tent, and living amongst the people in their own little round reed huts as a guest and friend, hearing their disputes (not always peaceable) and trying to lend a hand in trouble, watching the people at their work and helping them to play; and as fresh experience amongst other tribes and customs has been gained in expeditions round the great range, and into the Congo forest beyond, the purpose may perhaps best be served by giving some detailed account of adventures encountered in these tramps round about the "Mountains of the Moon." But before proceeding to take the reader through the country I will try and give some idea of early experiences of life at the Station whilst settling down.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

CHAPTER VIII

OCCUPYING AN "ELIGIBLE RESIDENCE"

House hunting—Bees in competition—Much-needed doors—"Every morning these three years!"—Scarcity of meat—Native methods of bartering—Sheep "taboo"—Royal renunciation—Unpacking in public—Library in the vernacular—White ant pests—The royal feast—Our Christmas dinner—Preparing for sports—An "eligible bride."

ON arriving at a Mission Station in Central Africa a first consideration is house accommodation. This does not entail going round the district with a property register to choose what may seem the most suitable of the "eligible residences," with charming garden, &c. House hunting is one of those occupations of civilisation which is not likely to be seriously developed in Toro till the little Island at home has become much more thickly built over.

No! The power of adaptation is the quality more needed than that of taste in choice or ability to make up one's mind.

My coming to Toro being an unexpected arrangement, the surroundings requiring adaptation had been very little prepared and were of the simplest. A new dispensary had recently been built, a long erection measuring about 16 ft. across and three times as long.

It consisted, in the absence of any brick industry, of a framework of poles, with sticks tied across, filled in with stamped clay, and the floor was also of beaten earth. The dimensions proved most convenient, because the erection of a mud wall across a third of the length, and a bamboo framework covered with cloths at another third, gave me a capital three-roomed house. The apartment at one end was assigned to my boys; that at the other end served for my bedroom, and the middle apartment for general use as dining-, sitting-, and reception-room. In the centre the roof went up to a ridge about 20 ft. overhead, and the bamboo framework bearing the thatch served for ceiling.

In the bedroom were two little windows measuring nearly 2 ft. square, with linen-covered frames, for putting up when it was desired to have the windows "shut"; otherwise the frames were removed to admit all the light possible—and everything else that came in with it; in each of the other two rooms was one such window. As the thatch came down steeply to within about 4 ft. of the ground, except over the door and windows, the light admissible was very limited; the sitting-room was improved by keeping the door standing open, but on gusty days it was better to close up and live in the bedroom. The boys, according to their natural instinct, stuffed up all the cracks around the window frames in their room, for there is nothing a native abominates more than ventilation. In their own little reed huts, thatched down to the ground, the only aperture is the door; as the huts are used almost exclusively as sleeping apartments, kitchens, or shelters from storm and rain, the less ventilation there is the less the refugees shiver from the cold and wet, and the sounder is the sleep of the occupants at night.

The doors of my house were as yet "busaho" (wanting), but my senior friend would soon put that right. "You unpack some of your things," he said, "and let me have the boxes, and I'll soon knock you up some doors."

Such was the "eligible residence" awaiting my occupation. But I was not to be the only applicant.

On the day following my arrival a swarm of bees came buzzing around the place on a tour of inspection, and the residence appearing to them also to be very "eligible," one half promptly occupied, humming away in a most contented fashion in the folds of the bark-cloth partition, whilst the other half remained in suspense in the air buzzing over the matter outside. Work, in consequence, was engaged in with some caution, and in the hope of being able to capture the bees, operations against them were deferred.

The urgency of the need hastened the completion of the doors, and they soon arrived and were hung in position. Those were interesting doors, inscribed over with one's name and address, and the history of the journey as painted on by the various carrying agencies, like a portmanteau after a Continental tour. Meanwhile the bark cloth had been fully approved by the whole swarm; to secure their eviction from it one of my boys boldly caught hold of it by the corner and dragged it outside, but himself hastily decamped from the disturbed area forthwith. When we returned at night to occupy, we found that the bees, unable to get back inside, had settled on the outside of one of the doors. A box was procured and placed below the bunch, and a kick against the inside of the door knocked them off and they were caught! After that we kept our own bees and got honey from time to time at varying cost. As they were the only lot of "tame"

bees in the country, the experience was felt to be worth persevering in, painful as it sometimes proved.

Meal times during those early days were cheery times, for in the short time before Mr. Kitching departed for Butiti we three men messed together. Feeding was really amazingly good, considering the country, even if lacking a little in variety. After we had had three poached eggs each morning for some weeks, I ventured to suggest to my companion that he was rather conservative in his tastes. "Yes," he answered with a twinkle, "I haven't missed those three poached eggs daily these last three years!"

The incident illustrates also a characteristic of African boys which saves you a good deal of trouble, namely, their innate conservatism. Show your cook-boy how to make a new dish and you may be quite sure of something for dinner whilst those ingredients last, or till the sameness drives you to a new inspiration. For food you can get, besides eggs, the poor little bipeds that lay them. The Batoro, strangely enough, eat neither fowls nor eggs, and, considering the resources of the country, we have no desire to see them acquire the taste. They seem to have kept them merely for sacrificing to the evil spirits hovering about, or to the spirits of their departed fathers. (How came it that fowls seem to have been so very favourite a victim amongst so many races, whether as a life sacrificed, or as providing a means of divination?)

Besides the indigenous sweet potatoes and plantains which form the daily food of all classes among the natives, on most days it is possible to buy mutton, sheep, or goat in the market at Kabarole, and occasionally beef, or what passes for it, may be had. At first, for months together, we would go without a taste of this latter, and when it was offered for sale there

was a nasty suspicion that it had been killed to save it from dying! The bulls were driven off to neighbouring countries to be exchanged for sheep (or preferably goats) or for a young heifer. The people had hardly emerged from the purely bartering stage. One needs to remember of simple, primitive people that they live rather according to experience than reasoning, and the experience of these Batoro had hardly as yet shown them that it was easier and possibly more advantageous to sell the bull for rupees, and go off with the rupees to buy a calf, than merely to effect the exchange. There remained the old cows, past bearing, to deal with, but these were usually kept in the hope that they might once again rise to the hopes of their possessors, and in any case their owners had become so attached to them as to keep them to adorn their herd till the last moment. Some of this pastoral "Baima" race have been known, on the death of a favourite cow, to impale themselves on its horns or thrust themselves through with their spears in vexation and sorrow.

With regard to sheep and goats, even before these last half-dozen years when the goat-skin has been fetching, for export purposes, nearly half the price procured for the carcase (and four or five times as much as a sheep-skin), the goat was held in much higher estimation than its humble neighbour. One reason, doubtless, was that the sheep-mutton was "taboo" in Toro. Each family in the country has its particular animal which it will on no account eat; the characteristic has proved very useful in aiding the identity of families after years of separation, in a state of society where so much confusion used to be brought about by the perpetual raids and carrying off of local populations. But throughout the whole tribe, as also in

some neighbouring tribes, the sheep and fowl were "taboo." Soon after my arrival in the country I remember hearing, some days after its occurrence, of an incident that happened in connection with our King, Daudi Kasagama. On special occasions he had been invited down with one or two of his chiefs to dine with us, and we had always taken the precaution of procuring a goat for these occasions; but he knew quite well of our own indifference; and as to the meat, they are so much alike that probably none except one of themselves could be quite certain in distinguishing between them. (I have never met a European who could.) The idea as to the propriety of a Christian keeping up the old prejudice had evidently been agitating his mind for some while, and one day he called two or three of his most intimate Christian chiefs and told them his feeling, and invited them to join him in a feast of sheep. At the time it was viewed with very doubtful approval by some in the country, but I question whether there are many now left, even amongst the heathen chiefs, who regard the distinction.

And so with many other customs during these last few years; old landmarks have been disappearing, and most especially is it noticeable with their old religious customs, which, through their definite significance, become no longer possible of retention when Christianity is embraced.

To continue with one's personal experience of these first few days in the country and the work of settling down. The great characteristic experience of a newcomer is his visitors. From first thing in the morning they come swarming down, the chief with his train of retainers, and the simpler individual with his greeting of "Oraire ota?" on his own account; and the fact of your being busy with hammer and screwdriver, so far

from deterring, seems only to add to the attraction for these charmingly inquisitive folk. To attempt to get rid of them with the remark, "Ninkora emirimo nyingi" ("I am very busy"), seeming a little churlish, the only thing left to do is just to tolerate them as they sit on the ground enjoying the pleasure of a glimpse now and then of what is coming out of the boxes. Sometimes it is possible to set them to work and give them a box lid to tackle for themselves, and meanwhile one's ears can be busy correcting from their expressions the remarks one drops in a halting way as accompaniment.

This new experience of living in public goes a good deal against the grain of a newcomer, but it has its compensations. Hamu, my old guide, was amongst the most regular visitors, and in intervals between the work would sit down in the far room with me, as calmly as the bees would permit, and read passages out of our library in the native language. The library, I may say, consisted in those days of Morning and Evening Prayer and Holy Communion, a Hymn Book of nineteen hymns, and three Gospels, besides a typewritten Grammar and Vocabulary, the work of Mr. Maddox before going home on furlough.

The task of furnishing a house (of two rooms) when your available furniture consists of the barest necessities of camp life, plus some books, is not a very long job, the chief task consisting of so disposing your boxes on posts fixed in the ground, that there may be a place for everything, and that place especially beyond the reach of the intrusive little white ant. If not, woe betide your things if they fall in the line of his march! As he passes along he forms over his path a little tunnel of the red earth which he has worked up with slime into a kind of cement, and having arrived at his destination

he comes back to pick up, for his own purposes, a portion of the material he has encountered *en route.* When you discover his ravages and find that a macintosh, perhaps, has partly disappeared down the "white ants' lane," you may feel very angry and vow a war against him to the death, but with very doubtful success. After you have scalded your fingers with the boiling water with which you have attacked the last part of his course visible above the floor, or made your room well-nigh uninhabitable for the oilshop odour, because some senior friend tells you "there's nothing like paraffin," or mucked up the place with ashes, also given you as a specific remedy, your boy comes along and says, "Mpora, mpora, bwana" ("Gently, gently, master") "leave them to lay their mushrooms, and then they'll go of themselves," and one morning you find in your room some tiny little white umbrellas growing up out of the earth floor, and your boy tells you the ants will come back no more. He is right, and you spend your time with the next group of visitors asking for an explanation of the phenomenon, but in vain; the only consolation derivable from the experience is that your cook-boy serves you up for supper that night a pleasant piquant sauce, floating about in which may be identified the little mushrooms left by your recent pests.

As my arrival had taken place on December 17th, the memories of the task of occupying my new quarters are blended with the preparations for the Christmas festivities. On Christmas Eve Mr. Fisher had two oxen killed for distribution amongst the sick folk and native teachers and the specially deserving poor; you could hardly call any, except the chiefs, far otherwise than poor, where the majority, apart from the chief's household, possess little more than the

clothes they stand in and a share in the household cooking-pots.

The preparation for the Christmas feast reminds me of a story about Apolo in the earlier days of his coming to Toro as a simple teacher from Uganda, some half a dozen years before. He was stationed out at Mboga—on the very edge of the savagery of the Congo forest over the border—and as Christmastime came round he told the chief, Tabaro, that as Christmas was "ekiro kyekitinisa kingi muno nokusemererwa" (a day of very great glory and rejoicing), he ought to make a great feast for his people. Tabaro, wishing to do all things befitting the new religion which he was being taught, readily agreed. An ox was accordingly killed and cooked and served up, with numberless baskets of plantains and plenty of gravy, and all the peasants around had a grand inspiriting fill. It proved a remarkable way of "commending the gospel," for the poor heathen folk went away home lauding it up to the skies as a religion of very great grace and mercy to provide them with such a feast.

At Kabarole on Christmas Eve at midnight the silence was broken by the beating of drums and the firing off of guns, and we could hear our boys singing hymns in the courtyard, and with them were blended the voices of the ladies, and thus was ushered in—almost in English fashion—Christmas Day in the Toro capital.

At the breakfast-table the very "local" postman had already been making a round, and one was greeted with cards and little presents, bringing back with a rush the memory of old days at home. Soon the big church drums were sounding, and crowds were streaming down for service. A large handsome new church, to hold about eight hundred, is nearing com-

pletion—a very necessary extension, one feels, as the temporary one fills up; the overflow sit on their mats around the doors and windows outside at the expense of light and ventilation, already a little encroached upon by the decorations of graceful palm fronds and clusters of papyrus. There is always something inspiriting in a packed congregation; and very specially was it so in looking upon these hundreds of dusky men and women singing together, without musical accompaniment but with roof-lifting energy, the hymns they know so well, or joining unitedly in the responses and in "Our Father." And then followed the impressive sight of a company of three hundred, led by the King and his mother (who had got up from a sick-bed to be carried there) and the Queen and the Prime Minister, down to the boys who wait upon us in the house, kneeling to partake in that Holy Fellowship of those who throughout the world were joining in commemorating the coming to earth of a Saviour. Surely such was a scene to make Christian hearts at home rejoice and feel that the evangelisation of the world is the great enterprise worthy of Christendom—more worthy far than mere sordid pleasure and ease. To think that the poor, down-trodden, groaning African races, so long victims of Christian greed and callous self-seeking, should now be rejoicing in freedom—freedom from the curse of the slave-trade through an awakened Christendom, and freedom from the dread and enslaving fear of witchcraft through the "glad tidings of great joy." Yes! For unto them, too, was "born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

And they move up barefoot to the Table with a noiselessness strangely impressive to one fresh out from England, and kneel to receive the spiritual food

"in remembrance of His Death and Resurrection and Ascension, until His coming again."

In the afternoon we went along for a call upon the French Fathers—having had a peep on the way at the companies of peasants absorbed in their feasts inside the fences of the King and Katikiro. At night came our own festal celebration at the Ladies' House, which proved a great time indeed. The slaughtered oxen had resolved some of the housekeeping difficulties, providing a worthy joint of reliable beef, and also the suet for the mince pies. But in addition we were invited also to partake of "turkey." A native who had been sent out with a gun, and the promise of a substantial present, to try his luck on some guinea-fowl reported twenty miles away, had come back successful with a bird; and an admirable substitute for turkey it proved with the deep breast cut and delicate flavour. To crown all came the Christmas pudding and crackers, and we formed as merry a party that evening as you might have peeped in upon anywhere!

On Boxing Day took place the great public event—the annual Mission Sports. All the morning we were busily occupied—not clearing away snow, let me remind you, but safely under sun umbrellas in the blazing heat of the hottest day till then experienced—rigging up all sorts of apparatus, such as hurdles and jumping lines, and trying to devise with tent ground sheets and bamboo platforms as serious "obstacles" as possible. The result proved a most boisterous success. The heats in the races came in so rapidly one after the other that it was no easy task to give to first and second the slips of paper with names for the claiming of prizes afterwards. The high jump attracted much attention, some of the lissome fellows jumping most gracefully and well; the hurdles were good, too,

whilst the more humorous wheelbarrow, pick-a-back, three-legged, and obstacle races kept up the fun, which culminated in the greasy-pole. This last was regarded as an event for the chiefs, and the task was to walk along the inclined pole to secure a string of cowries hung from a box at the other end. The Katikiro nobly sprang forward to lead the way, expecting to carry off the (nominal) prize at the first attempt, and on failing to get both feet steadily planted even for a start came in for the most merciless chaffing from the King, who in his humorous way was enjoying the confusion of his Minister to the full. Again and again he tried with the other chiefs most good-humouredly, but cling as they would with all the strength of their big toes it was only to survive for a step or two, for it was deadly greasy, till grit from the feet, getting left on, enabled them eventually to succeed and secure the prize. The closing event was quite an innovation, namely, a competition for the women. It was a display of skill in plantain peeling, speed, and also the amount wasted in the peeling, entering into consideration. It was quite amusing to see the evidently interested observation of some of the young men as though looking out for an eligible bride. Cooking, you see, is one of the main accomplishments of a satisfactory wife.

Then came the prize-giving excitement, after tea had been served round to the royal party and nobility on the broad Baraza where they had been watching the sports. Khansus, knickers, note-books, Prayer-books, and Bibles were carried off by the successful competitors.

Later on the King came down, accompanied (marvellous to relate) by the Queen, who is gradually emerging from woman's old position of servitude

in the country. Very shyly she took her place at table, but was soon made to feel at home, and very pleasantly the time passed afterwards over simple games till the dissipated hour of ten; then the attendants waiting outside lighted their long torches, and closing up on both sides of the royal party as they left the house, picturesquely bore them away up the hill and within the lofty plaited reed fence into the King's courtyard.

On the next night a thronged company gathered in the school for the strange novelty of some scenes with the magic lantern. The first, a picture of the King, Daudi Kasagama, was at once recognised and highly applauded. The scenes that followed from the life of Our Lord were accompanied by admirable explanations by the Katikiro, and interspersed with hymns by a congregation to whom the darkness was no hindrance; they know all the contents of their little hymn-book by heart, and are far too fond of singing to let them fall flat.

The last night of the closing year—which for two of us was our first year in the country, and a very new launching out into the deep—we missionaries spent together in a social gathering, kneeling together at the close with full hearts to join unitedly in thanksgiving and prayer.

CHAPTER IX

MAKING FRIENDS

The weekly court of justice—A typical case—The band—Festival of the New Moon—The King's mother—Her house-warming—The feast: an awkward moment—The great wedding—A touching offering—Consecrating the new church—Erisa—The domestic servant problem—African household boys and their prejudices—"Food for the eyes"—Planting the first cotton—A royal graveyard keeper—A would-be literary deacon—The King's "Queen Victoria" Bible—Weekly wrestling bouts—Welcome back of the wedding party.

WHEN New Year's Day dawned the old life seemed to be left a very long way behind, though it was only just a fortnight since my arrival. The journey had receded into the remote past, and the home in England seemed like part of another existence. Let me give you one or two glimpses of those early scenes, as one went about making friends and entering into the life of the people.

It is Monday morning, and there is a sound of rude music within the fence up there on the crest of the King's hill. Something is evidently astir, and now and then a figure passes behind the fence and is lost to view, so let us climb the hill and pass in too. I remember how steep that hill seemed after a stiff illness nearly five years later, but we hardly notice the ascent

now as we energetically peg up, fresh out from England. In shape it is like a flattened cone, surmounted by a fence 10 ft. high of plaited ripe golden reeds forming a glistening diadem. On the right of the road going up, on the fresh-green slopes, you will notice a grand spreading tree covered with rich white blossoms. In former days it was the scene of sacred rites connected with the old heathen worship. When Christianity came it was condemned to destruction, but tradition has it that a Bishop's artistic eye, on one of his visits, demurred at the removal of so pleasing a landmark, and urged that it would soon lose its old associations if left alone, and the tree was spared. Under its shade now you see two or three men lounging, holding goats, and they also will soon be making their way up the hill and inside the fence when their turn comes.

Before arriving at the portal you clamber over some fine masses of smooth, shiny rock, cropping out of the road, and then the fence is reached.

Inside all is movement and stir, and beyond the guard-house and within the second fence you come upon the very centre of it all—the King's courthouse. It is a very bare-looking place outside, a great conical erection, with the vast surface of thatch running steeply down to the ground, and unbroken except where cut away in the front to form a porch. Within, on a throne of state, sits the King, with the big chiefs ranged on chairs on both sides of the aisle leading up to him, hearing the cases of appeal which are never wanting in this country of interminable "empaka" (disputes). The interior is in striking contrast to the blank roof outside, the walls being covered with brightly stamped Indian cloths in bold patterns of red, white, and blue, giving the impression of Eastern

splendour such as might have charmed the heart of a Queen of Sheba. The King wears over his spotless khansu a flowing black robe, open down the front and bordered with a broad band of cloth of gold, and some of the chiefs are similarly robed.

At the door kneel the plaintiff and defendant and various witnesses, whilst, keeping a lane clear before the porch outside is a double line of the King's armed, but very far from military-looking, police, dressed in all kinds of get-up and leaning at ease on their rifles.

The case this morning is one quite characteristic of the country and full of interest. A herd of elephants was wandering about a "shamba" (plantation), doing terrible damage as it went. A peasant, having procured a gun, fired at them and shot one. The herd cleared off, and later on the wounded beast fell into a pit dug by another man at a distance. Who was to have the tusks? As the man who had originally shot the beast tried to make good his claim, chief after chief would throw in his remarks on the case, and the King pass on asides to the Katikiro, and at times the discussion would become general, the witnesses and everybody else vigorously joining in; then the chief of police, thinking the matter was getting too much out of hand, would dash about shouting "Muculere, muculere" ("Be quiet, be quiet"), and fetch down his rhino whip on the back of the offender who failed to obey the more peaceful warning.

Truly it was an odd scene, such as to make a good side-splitting laugh almost irresistible at times; and yet the proceeding, in spite of its oddness, was really worthy of respect, for it was evidently a native form of trial by jury, the remarks of the chiefs indicating the trend of the *vox populi*, and the method, by

drawing attention to other points of view, justified the wisdom of the "multitude of counsellors."

It was a tangled case to look at all round, for the man with the pit naturally argued that without his pit the animal might never have died at all, or have wandered hundreds of miles away into a neighbouring country, whilst the man with the gun argued that had it not been wounded it would never have fallen into the pit.

So much was at stake—the chance of a lifetime, as it were—for it meant sudden riches to the successful claimant, that it required all the energy of the chief of police to keep order by launching out again and again among the friends of the man whose case seemed to be in the greater favour. At last the King pronounced sentence.

"The ivory belongs to the owner of the pit." This was followed by a violent "Nyanzige, nyanzige, mukama wange" ("Thanks to you continually, thanks to you, my lord") from the successful applicant, and the case seemed over, when the rifleman put in the plea, "Mightn't he have some rupees out of the proceeds?" This gave rise to fresh discussion, and the idea commending itself to the company, the judge assigned the amount, which was followed by a further "Nyanzige, nyanzige, mukama wange" from the man who had secured the rupees, and, without hardly a moment's delay, a new pair of applicants were kneeling in the places just left vacant, and were vigorously stating their case. All through the morning this was going on without a break from eight o'clock till two in the afternoon; and it might compare very favourably with justice administered by a Saxon thane or Norman baron; or with proceedings in our present-day courts, where a quibble over a little point of law may at any

Photo by] [*Rev. A. L. Kitching.*

GRENADIER GUARDS' BAND OF TORO.

("The result was hardly music, yet strangely in harmony with the swaying motion of their bodies.")

[*To face p.* 87.

moment unexpectedly overturn the plea for justice, and render the judge himself powerless.

As we rose and left the court, the weird orchestra of horns and drums outside in the next courtyard set up a vigorous confusion of wild blasts and deafening tum-tumming in honour of our departure, each man putting all his energy into his instrument, regardless of his neighbours. The result was hardly music, yet strangely in harmony with the swaying motions of their bodies with which they accompanied it.

Their musical efforts in former days were chiefly associated with the old heathen worship, and one soon got to know when a new moon was on the point of appearing, from the incessant horn blowing and drum beating which this band kept up all through the night within the King's fence. A suggestion to him later that it was hardly seemly to keep everybody awake once a month in memory of the past secured a discontinuance of the practice, and their music is now devoted almost exclusively to honouring the weekly administration of justice, with a few other daytime events of importance. An impression of their music may be gained from the interesting phonographic records brought home by Mr. Kitching.

The next great character to the King in the capital is the Namasole (the title borne by the King's mother). She is a great chieftainess, having large estates out in the country and a considerable circle of dependants, with a herd of cattle (the only measure of wealth) equal to that of her royal son. She alone of all women in the country is reckoned as a man and has a seat on the Council of the kingdom, whilst the Queen, as might perhaps be expected in a society where the position was in former times shared by so many, was held in no official honour.

Something of the Namasole's ability and force of character may be gathered from the way in which she carried her little son those hundreds of miles to secure safety for him from his enemies. Like her son she is a born leader, and exercises very considerable influence on her men as well as her women. Till recently she had lived on milk alone, like all the old nobility, and is therefore of very ample proportions, and suffers from chronic over-stoutness and shortness of breath.

Having been amongst the earliest readers in the old days when a refugee in Uganda, she was one of the first batch of fifteen to be baptized by the Bishop on his first visit to the country; with that intense loyalty to our Royal Family which characterises herself and her son, she took the name of Vikitoliya, which is the nearest approach in their pronunciation to the name of the great Queen whom she so deeply venerated.

Living in her own part of the capital, over a mile from the King, she has her own church with its overflowing congregation sometimes larger than that at the centre. Her method of stimulating them is delightfully characteristic; a list is made of all her dependants around her, and if any damsel is found careless and neglectful of church, or lacking in perseverance with her daily reading, report has it of the Namasole that she administers a smacking with her own hands. Needless to say, no such pressure is used with regard to the final step in the Christian profession.

It is very touching to see some of her old women, dense and dull but having got hold of a little bit of the truth, pressing forward on their own account for instruction for baptism. Day after day they sit

in class, looking very wooden and unresponsive at times, with eyes fixed on the ground; they cost the lady missionary, who takes them towards the close of their course, all her ingenuity and energy to draw answers out of them, or to make them believe she expects them to understand. It is so new to them that they should be expected to know anything outside the field and cooking-pot; and yet after awhile the gleam comes, and there are, I think, few more striking testimonies to the power of the lifting up of Christ than the changes in some of their faces.

The Namasole was at this time just finishing her new two-storey house—the only one in the country besides that of the King—and a great feast was prepared by her for the house-warming. We missionaries (the two ladies and myself who were in the capital at the time) were amongst the invited ones, and we arrived to find the house and courtyard already thronged with guests. The front door led direct into the reception-hall, where all the chiefs were seated occupying one half of the floor, the other half being reserved for a table and chairs for the King (who was acting as Master of the Ceremonies) and ourselves. The interior presented quite a gay and pleasing appearance, similar in style to the King's courthouse. The walls were panelled with the same kinds of coloured cloths, the bold, staring patterns harmonising pleasantly with the bright white of the chiefs' robes. The ceiling was even more festive in its decorations; strips of cloth sewn together had been stretched tightly across and fixed to the lines of the rafters, giving the appearance of a plastered ceiling, from which were suspended rows of silver and coloured balls quite Christmas-tree like.

The Royal band, which was lent by the King for the occasion, discoursed music in its own inimitable style in the courtyard, and added to the gaiety of the scene.

After a few pleasant informal greetings had passed between us and the chiefs, we took our seats and soon all was ready. Apolo, acting as Chaplain, was called upon to say Grace, combining with it a prayer for the future happiness and blessing of the household. Baskets of meat and steaming plantains were distributed amongst the chiefs in groups and to the peasants outside, and a like fare was provided also for our table, with the addition of plates, and we prepared to set to. But how? There was a slight initial difficulty from the fact that the only implement provided consisted of one large metal stirring spoon about a foot long. The quick eye of the Master of the Ceremonies, who had been bustling about good-humouredly and seemed thoroughly happy in acting for his mother, at once caught the defect; after enjoying for a moment the opportunity of chaffing her for setting Europeans down to table in such a way, he promptly showed us the way to dispense with knives and forks, and we were soon as busily occupied with our fingers as the rest. It is not really so awful as one might think before a practical experience of the process. Scrupulous cleanliness is observed, a boy bringing a gourd with water to pour over your hands beforehand, and in special cases also a towel. The stiff pulp into which the plantains are pressed together renders it very easy to detach small portions and roll them into a ball; and pressure with the thumb makes a capital little cup ready to dip into the tasty meat gravy for its conveyance to the mouth; and so the feast proceeds. A drink of

water handed round afterwards, and water again for the hands, concluded the meal. Then followed a courteous congratulation of the hostess by all with the words "Webale okucumba" ("Thank you for the feast"), and the gracious reply from her, "Webale okusima" ("Thank you for praising it").

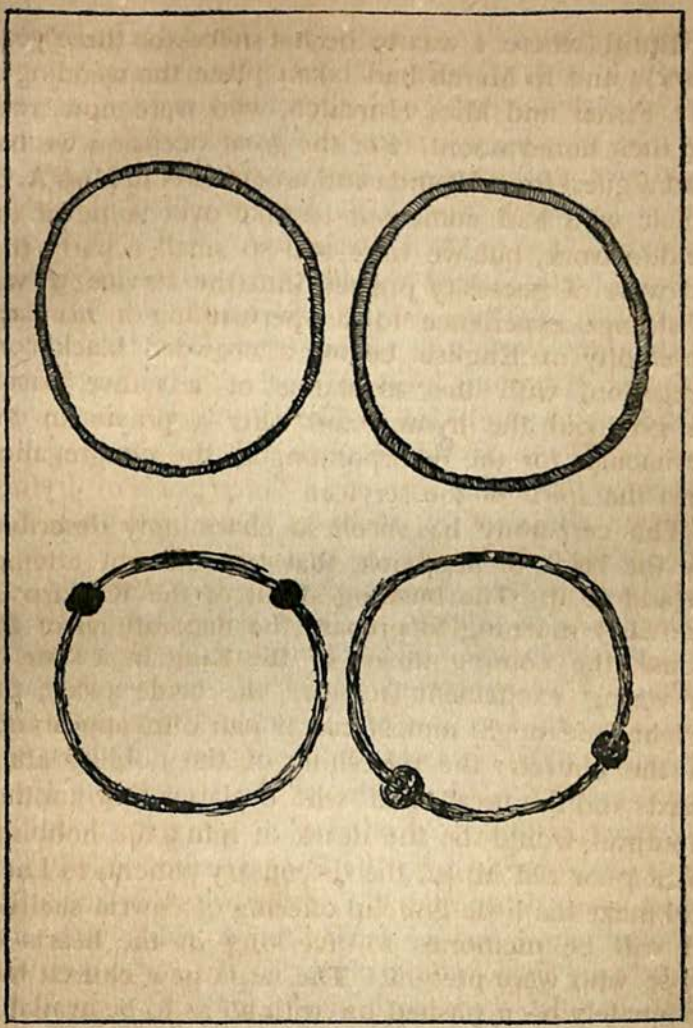
For a proper appreciation of this hard-worked expression "Webale," with its meaning half-way between our "Thank you" and "Well done," I cannot do better than refer the reader to Sir Harry Johnston's book on the Uganda Protectorate.[1] After using it so continually, at times with almost every expression, it is sometimes impossible at home, in moments of enthusiasm and gratitude, not to burst out with an expressive "Webale, webale." I remember once being thus carried away, when passing some men at work on a road in London and noticing what a capital job they were making of it, and exclaiming "Mwebale" (the plural form). Instead of the pleasant cheery response one was accustomed to of "Awo—naiwe webale" ("Thanks, and you too Well done"), the surprised and almost offended look of bewilderment was most chilling. Perhaps these Uganda people have something to teach us of social interdependence by their praise of one another's work when becoming a benefit to society at large, something to teach us civilised people at home with our sordid idea that money discharges every debt.

In mentioning above that we were only three left on the station for the Namasole's house-warming, I might here explain the reason for the diminution in our numbers, which affected so considerably our little circle. Early in the year Mr. Kitching had gone off to occupy his new Station twenty miles away

[1] P. 686.

at Butiti (where I was to be his successor three years later); and in March had taken place the wedding of Mr. Fisher and Miss Hurditch, who were now away on their honeymoon. For the great occasion we had had a guest from Uganda and a new arrival, Miss A. E. Allen, who had come out to take over some of the bride's work, but we were still so small a party that all were of necessity pressed into the service; it was a strange experience to be performing a marriage ceremony in English before a crowded black congregation, with the assistance of a native pastor to give out the hymns and offer a prayer in the vernacular for the incorporating of the congregation into the spirit of the service.

The ceremony has been so charmingly described by the bride in her book, that I would not attempt to add to it. The bustling about of the Katikiro in the early morning to prepare the decorations of the house, the coming down of the King in a state of quivering excitement to give the bride away; the bright, one might almost call it patriotic, appearance of the church; the refreshing of the nobility afterwards and the great chief who declared that another mouthful would be the death of him; the hobbling in of poor old Mpisi, the dispensary patient, to kneel and make his little grateful offering of cowrie shells—all will be memories to live long in the hearts of those who were present. The large new church had fortunately been pushed on with so as to be available for the ceremony, and but for the final finishing touches of reedwork, had been completed for service just ten days before. It was a memorable occasion when we were able to discard the temporary little dark reed building, which had been capable of accommodating perhaps four hundred, for this stately, lofty



TORO WRIST BANGLES.

A favourite ornament and complimentary gift amongst friends, worn chiefly, but not exclusively, by women. Two are of neatly twisted steel, copper, and brass wire, and the other two of beads strung on several rounds of hairs from an elephant's tail.

sanctuary, with its pointed (open) windows and broad nave and aisles, holding about a thousand.

The erection had been a great undertaking, extending over nearly a year, but the Christians had laboured vigorously and perseveringly, and with the work of the serfs, which the chiefs had provided, it was at last practically finished for use.

One of my earliest recollections of the King was on turning out across the courtyard one morning to view the work, and encountering him bespattered with red clay from head to foot, with his pages and attendants around him in like condition; they were hurling pellets of this clay to fill up the yawning cracks in the walls, formed in the process of drying, and had come in for plenty of decoration from the rebounding splashes in the process.

At the opening ceremony the great building was packed to overflowing, the end being left open to provide accommodation for those unable to secure it within. A congregation that had toiled with their hands over the erection of their church was not likely to be limp in the consecration ceremony, and all united very heartily. In the midst of the service the King and Katikiro joined in offering up prayer. Some of the expressions used by the King recalled vividly the former scene, as he said, "We have been working with reeds and mud, but we have been working with our hearts," and he went on to pray, "O Thou who dwellest not in temples made with hands, make Thy dwelling in our hearts. Grant that people may not simply worship Thee on Sundays, but by coming to meet Thee day by day, may get to know Thee." For the daily services of the succeeding Holy Week the Church was well filled with congregations of Christians and Readers of between five hundred and seven

hundred people, and the various Church leaders amongst the chiefs and teachers preached on the events of the last week of our Lord's life on earth.

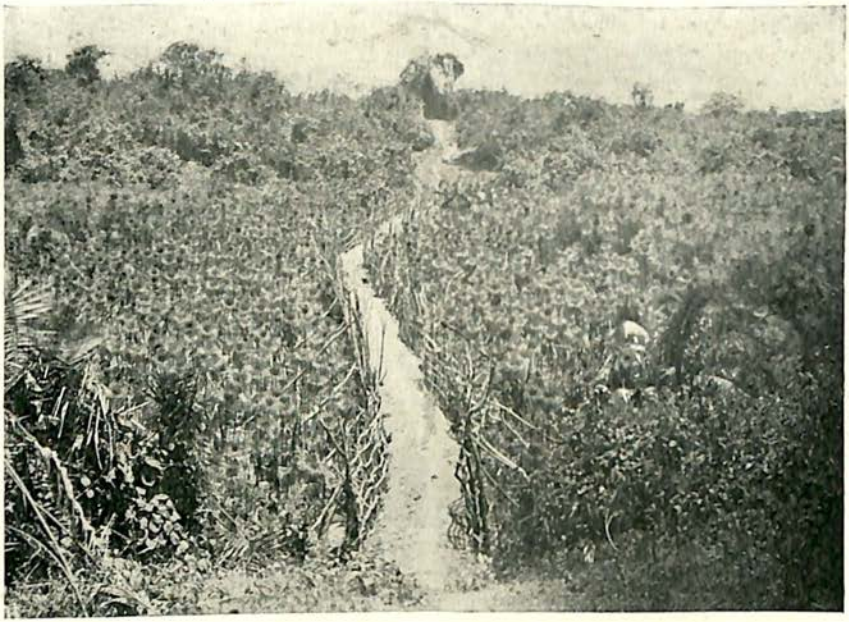
It was during those days that the number of our Mission circle was reduced to three, and one has good reason to remember some of the difficulties attaching to the experience, when, with a very halting tongue and still less alert ears, one was called upon to listen to and try to smooth out all the "mpaka" devolving upon the Mission Station. To realise properly what this may mean it is necessary to understand the position of the Church in the country. According to the treaty framed by Sir Harry Johnston with the King and chiefs in 1901, a certain number of plantations throughout the country, carved out of the villages of the chiefs by agreement with them, had been vested in the Church, that the little populations settled upon them, instead of serving their old chief and doing his work, might henceforth do the work of the Church in their district. This consisted of providing with food a teacher who might be sent to them, instead of taking in a regular supply for their former chief's household, and also in putting up a little reed building to act as school and church, and in providing a house for the teacher. The work that now devolved upon them was a good deal less than what they formerly did for their chief; but even so, many of them, with the bump of human instinct largely developed, regarded anything in the nature of rent for the land they occupied as a tax to be evaded as far as possible. In addition there remained to them their share as of old of keeping the main roads in repair; this latter was apportioned out by the country chief, who decided what proportion each village in the neighbourhood should bear of the whole. It might so

happen that a country chief, wishing to favour some of his friends amongst his under-chiefs, would assign to their villages a small amount, at the cost, of course, of others, upon whom a length quite out of all proportion was imposed. I remember in one case a chief assigned to a Church plantation of nineteen houses some six hundred yards to keep up, whilst the adjoining little group of six householders were let off with only sixty yards. Naturally there was an appeal, and in the then simple state of organisation of Toro society all such troubles in connection with Church plantations were brought to the missionary.

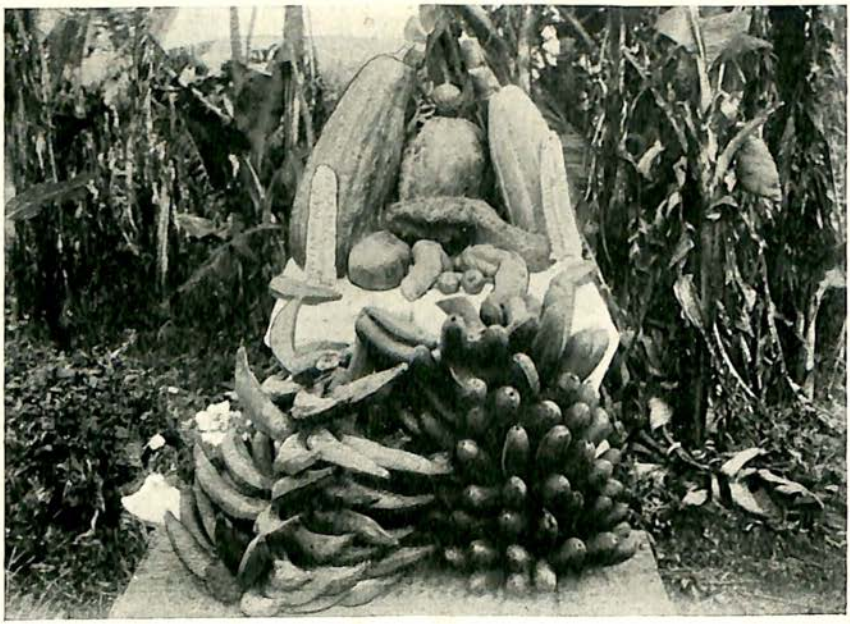
Sometimes the grasping of the point in dispute, in consequence of the long-winded native way of going back to the beginning of things in the statement of a case, proved far more difficult than the settling of it. For instance, our headman at Kabarole came up one day in a state of great excitement about his dispute, but after listening for a long time I gradually found that it resolved itself into the simple matter of where the centre lay in a little causeway through the swamp ten minutes away.

The headman, by the way, was a poor fellow named Kivekyabu, then so brimming over with life and energy, who afterwards went blind suddenly whilst drinking, through the supposed influence of witchcraft, a mysterious case that has never been satisfactorily explained.

Kivekyabu had been called upon to repair the causeway in conjunction with the Katikiro's men, and the question was what was their share. Whilst there was any possibility of getting any relief he carefully obscured the fact that the shares should be equal, and in my ignorance of local custom there were all sorts of inquiries one wanted to make as to the number



"A LITTLE CAUSEWAY THROUGH A PAPYRUS SWAMP."



UGANDA VEGETABLES: PLANTAINS, COBS OF INDIAN CORN, SWEET POTATOES, AND VEGETABLE MARROWS.

[*To face p.* 97.

of people under him, and those under the Katikiro, and the like. But eventually it appeared that from time immemorial the work had been shared equally, and as "custom" is the equivalent to an oath with these people for the ending of a dispute, I marched off with the headman to the scene of operations to arrange the central point with a light heart. There we came upon an animated scene: scores of men were busily carrying baskets of earth on their heads from the two ends to pile upon the foundation, consisting of bundles of papyrus, whilst others were plaiting a low reed balustrade along the sides towards the stick which the Katikiro had set up as the mark where the work was divided last time. Around that stick the dispute had been raging, the one side arguing that it had been there before and the other saying "nay." A glance of the eye showed that it was a very poor shot at the centre, and the Katikiro agreed that the query was not really where the stick was before, but where the centre lay. So we paced the whole length—226 steps; then, coming back from the Katikiro's side, we paced again 113 steps, passing his stick by a long way. "Yes! But how did I know that the other half was exactly equal?" The answer was simple, "Come along and let's pace it!" Fortunately it turned out exactly 113 also. The Katikiro was too amazed to exclaim more than "Kyamahano, kyamahano" ("Simply wonderful"), and as I turned away to go up the hill again home it was amid a good-humoured chorus of "Webale" and laughter, that helped to grease the wheels for work again.

This hearing of disputes was one of the chief occupations of those early days, and an arduous occupation it proved, making one dread the very sight of any little company of people coming across

the courtyard in warm conversation, or even one's household of boys turning up in a body with a question. They had such a knack of coming along with some trouble as to the partition of work, or some other burning grievance, and as the device of trying to get rid of them by telling them to come some other time never succeeded in making them forget it, and to tell them angrily to go and settle such a trifle among themselves only added a fresh grievance, the only thing to do was to make them sit down, and hear it right out and feel about as to what was the ordinary "custom" in such a case. But the questions were not always vital to the comfort of the establishment and would at times provide a sunny side. One day when I was feeling that I had had enough "mpaka" that day for a month, I remember their coming in in a string with the usual formula, "Tunyina mpaka" ("We have a dispute"). "Well, sit down and tell me all about it," I could only answer in a despairing sort of way. "Tikiri kigambo kikoto" ("It isn't a big matter") was their reply, bringing me a sense of relief, "Erisa says to-morrow is the Fourth Sunday after Trinity, but we say it's the Fifth!"

For once Erisa was wrong, and the rest went off immensely pleased and good-humoured at his discomfiture. He was only a little chap, but more thoughtful than most of them, and wasn't often wrong. And here I must tell you something about my household, for I got to have a very warm regard for my boys, and it was often a source of amazement to me how good and reliable they became.

It was at Mengo that I picked up the first of them before my start up-country. A missionary coming down from Toro, on his way home for furlough, introduced to me his three boys that I might take

HOUSEHOLD BOYS.

(Erisá is second from left (in white), and the cook-boy second from right.)

[*To face p.* 98.

them back and keep them on in my service if it were mutually agreeable. Two Baganda boys also came to me in Mr. Millar's house offering to serve; one of them I took on readily on hearing his character, but the other had never served a European before and seemed so young to take so far away from his home (being only about eleven years old), that I demurred. However, on his coming back again and pressing it, I agreed, telling him that if he didn't feel happy out there he must come back home. This was Erisa, and I had reason afterwards to be glad I took him. Eighteen months later he came saying that he wanted to go back, and whilst telling him pleasantly that I was sorry to lose him I reminded him of my promise to provide for his return, and hired a returning porter to look after him and carry his things. We parted perfectly good friends, after prayer together for God's protection over him on the journey, and the other boys went some distance along the road to see him off. In the afternoon, to my surprise, he turned up again, asking if he might stay. He would give no reason, only that he had changed his mind, and was of course readmitted. Some days after, feeling very curious to get to the bottom of it, I asked, "Now, Erisa, tell me really what it was that brought you back." In a halting sort of way he answered, "When I got to the forest (about eight miles on) I thought that if I left you, you would hate me!" He proved most helpful to me a few months later in my long tramp round Ruwenzori and into the Congo Forest, picking up Kiswahili and acting as interpreter.

Now for a few words about their household duties. Though one is relieved of the domestic servant problem, as experienced in such acute forms at home, the management of a household of young Africans, each

with their individual characters and peculiarities, needs some tact and care—that is, if the relationship is going to be frank and cordial. Their chief prejudice, and one that needs much tender consideration, is the prejudice against doing work that is not supposed to be in their province. And nothing is in a boy's individual province that, in a neighbouring European's household, is done by some one else. For instance, if there are three Mission households on the Station, and in the other two the cowman washes the milk pots before using them for the milk, to tell your cook-boy to do it would constitute in his eyes a great grievance, however much you might doubt your own cowman's cleanliness. If, on the other hand, in the other two households the cook-boy did it, your cowman would never quite forgive you if you required it of him; thus very little things may become serious hindrances to harmony. When you know your boys, and have got to know the language, these difficulties tend to disappear (though never quite wholly); but when you know neither, and are ignorant of customs elsewhere, "empaka" (disputes) amongst the boys become a fruitful source of annoyance.

It may sound very extravagant when I say that I kept five servants, especially if you recall that my house consisted of but two rooms besides the boys' apartment. But then the work done by each is not of a very exacting character, the idea of going through a good morning's concentrated work being quite foreign to their customs. The fact is, they do not come to you as servants but rather as feudal retainers. In their own native territorial distribution, each man must belong to some chief, and each chief calls a certain number of boys round him to perform various services. He provides them with a home, with food

". . . AND ONCE A WEEK WASHED YOUR CLOTHES."

[*To face p.* 101.

and clothing, and in some cases furnishes them with the dowry for a wife later on. But the boy may transfer his allegiance if he pleases, though the tie of old association is fairly strong and he would not move but for some serious reason.

When a European arrives, inasmuch as he will not be content with the same degree of filth as sometimes holds in a chief's household, and so will provide new cloth more often, he may be pretty sure of receiving plenty of offers of service. He will hardly wish, however, to take more than necessary, because of the likelihood of mischief with idle boys around, and because also of the difficulty of providing them with food.

For feeding them he will need to keep a staff of three or four women, to cultivate a banana plantation, and plant sweet potatoes, and beans, and Indian corn. It is needless to say that boys cooked for by these women are not always satisfied, and complaints at times occur which need all one's care that friction may be smoothed at once; therefore the domestic problem is not altogether absent.

Our five boys and three women got on very well, I think, with amazingly few troubles, though it was necessary to be ever on the alert to keep the women up to their work and to see that the boys did not domineer.

It was necessary also, for the sake of the boys themselves, to try and devise some new occupations for their spare time which would serve as a training, and leave them better than one found them.

For what was your bedroom boy to do all day when he had made your bed, and once a week washed your clothes? It was a good thing if you could give him some letters to write for you to native teachers and

other friends out in the country, though probably you would need to devote some time to improving the writing he had already made a start upon in the school, and in any case the preliminary explanation and revision afterwards would usually take longer than writing them yourself. Two of the other boys, namely the head cook and assistant, having to sit over the pots for hours at a time after their visits to the market for meat and all round the village for eggs, were kept more continuously at work than the rest. The other two devoted themselves to the sitting-room and waiting at table and washing up. One was able to put them to many extra jobs such as selling books, helping in the giving out of medicines, delivering letters, and running with messages, and these many little extra errands added considerably to their regular employment, so that they did not vegetate quite as might have been expected. And it must be remembered that at least an hour and a half was spent out of the morning in school, and sometimes an extra hour, besides an hour in the afternoon. One job they were put to which at first went very sorely against their deeply-rooted prejudices. The ground round my house was a wilderness, never having been anything else, and so, after the first few days of unpacking, it was necessary to turn one's attention to cultivation. The horror on the face of my boys at the proposal that we should dig was too manifestly genuine to be disregarded. "Can a man dig?" was their surprised reply! To answer "Can't he?" was simply to be met with the brick wall argument "Tiziri engeso zaitu" ("It isn't our practice"). There was nothing for it, therefore, but to take off one's coat after tea, when the sun was sinking, and set to work alone. Men passing by stopped and chatted and got

interested, and the boys hovered about getting used to the idea, till, after a few days, to their own surprise, they found themselves lending a hand and the ice was broken. But what was I going to put in? Potatoes or Indian corn? Flowers, as they had begun to be familiar with in other gardens, were still a problem to them. "What was the good of them? You couldn't eat them!" "Food for the eyes" was a new idea that set them laughing. In a few months' time, however, those boys each had a little flower garden of their own, working for a monthly inspection and prizes.

Some three years later I remember a scene which showed a remarkable contrast to the old order. It was at Butiti, whither I had been transferred. Cotton-seed from Egypt had just been introduced into Uganda and was making a stir; every one was talking about it, and some had started planting. Having sent in a special messenger for a bag of seed, I got some women to work preparing ground in readiness. The seed arrived, and we heard that the Government were purposing sending out a supply for general distribution. Pokino, the chief, was immensely interested in the fact that our seed had arrived in advance, and the season being just at hand, it needed to be planted at once or the opportunity would be gone.

The chief and his wife, with the Katikiro and one or two more, were invited to tea, and afterwards we adjourned to the field together, and all, from the chief downwards, set to work with hoes to dig the earth up into ridges and plant the first patch of imported cotton in Toro. Three or four years before, the very thought of such employment would have drawn from them the horrified question, "Can men dig?" Next day the chief was busy superintending a patch for himself and sending down for some seed.

In connection with digging there is one other amusing incident that occurs to me. The care of the little Christian graveyard had been taken in hand by Miss Pike with the leaders amongst the native ladies, but it had at one time (in the absence of the moving spirits) got rather sadly overgrown, and volunteers were asked for, for a special effort. Some boys came down to help, and later in the afternoon the King happened to join us. When we laughingly assured him that we could have no idle spectators he looked a little doubtfully at the implements, and then good-humouredly broke the ice by taking a rake and heartily setting to work like the rest till an urgent affair of State called him away.

During the early days of language difficulties one could have wished indeed that some of the small class I had taken on in the New Year for English had been a little more advanced, and able to help at times in giving a clue to points at issue. I may add though that some of that dozen stuck on very consistently for three years, and when the Commissioner, Colonel Hayes Sadler, came out to Toro with Mrs. Sadler a little later on, the King, whilst conversing in Luganda with His Excellency, who is a great linguist, was delighted at being able to carry on a simple conversation with Mrs. Sadler in English. With so limited a literature of their own in the vernacular, the chief hope of intellectual advance lies in the possibility of at least the most intelligent getting an introduction to our best books, and so becoming teachers of their race, so that the European missionary may become less and less indispensable. That English class, in the afternoons of those early days, before one could venture on any more direct teaching, was always a bright spot in the day's

DAUDI KASAGAMA, OUTSIDE HIS BRICK PALACE, THE ONLY TWO-STORIED BUILDING IN TORO.

(That of his mother (*p.* 89) collapsed.)

DAUDI KASAGAMA INSIDE, TRYING HIS THIEVING STORE-KEEPER.

(Note the picture of our King and Queen in Coronation robes on the wall. Daudi is one of the most loyal of His Majesty's subjects.)

[*To face p.* 105.

routine, and the keen interest shown by the pupils, as they struggled with the new sounds, was quite an inspiration.

Poor Apolo, who had received a present of an English Bible from one of the ladies, felt that he too would like to be amongst the rest, and joined the class; but after struggling on for some weeks, with his very slow ear which produced such quaint variations even in some of the hymn tunes, he gave it up in despair. He now contents himself with a reputation for literary taste, with which the possession of the English Bible invests him.

There is another English Bible in Toro of which the owner is also very proud, and that is the very handsome one, in four volumes in a leather case, sent out by the British and Foreign Bible Society to the King in recognition of his services. What makes him appreciate it so much is that it is a facsimile of the one they presented to her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. He often reads it privately and comes out with some quaint expressions afterwards, the origin of which it is not difficult to trace. An added stimulus to his study of English is an old ambition of his to visit England, and it would be the great delight of his life to be permitted to see His Majesty King Edward. He has long been saving up his rupees for the purpose.

But he will find the preparation a long and tedious one, if he is to fit himself to enter into and understand such a visit, and even the preparation of merely saving up the rupees may have its putbacks. I remember one day, in going up to call upon him, finding him in the midst of a serious piece of business and looking very grave. Beside his chair with its leopard-skin mat was seated on the floor the Kimbugwe, one of his most trusted chiefs, who had evidently been admitted to

help him in counsel, and kneeling before him was a very downcast-looking prisoner, with a rope round his neck and guarded by two armed police. The prisoner, whom I regretted to recognise very well, had been guilty of robbery. Holding the position of storekeeper to the King, he had been unworthy of the trust and had stolen 400 rupees. This was a sum almost equivalent to the whole amount the King was receiving at that time from the Government for the work of collecting the hut tax of the country. It was no light loss, and in the old days no torture would have been thought sufficiently drastic to express the anger that would have stirred the heart of the royal master. It is significant of the change that had come that the sentence now passed, expressed in tones of anger not unmingled with sorrow, was, "Go; you have disappointed my trust in you. I will not have you in the country!" And he arose and went out an exile.

One little diversion in the life of the capital may be mentioned as a weekly occurrence which I soon came to look forward to with much pleasure, namely, the visits on Thursdays to the King's hill to witness the wrestling—the only national sport of the country. As you climbed the hill between the hours of half-past four and six, you might hear the mingled sound of clapping of hands and singing, together with the strains of a flute, and having mounted the edge of a little grassy hollow, you would suddenly come upon the gathered company. It consisted of a group of young men, arranged in a semicircle opposite the seat of the King, cheering with their song the couples who were grappling with one another for a throw. As each pair concluded their bout, the victor would come bounding up to the King, and, kneeling down before him and the assembled chiefs, would make his obeis-

ance, and, if the bout had been a hard one, would receive a commendatory "Webale" as praise, and go bounding back proudly to join the ring of the audience for a rest, till ready for another tussle. Meanwhile another young man will have sprung out from the company and gone leaping lightly round the ring with arm raised as a challenge to any combatant to raise his own in answer.

Into the stream of this native life one was drawn very intimately in those early days, and the intimacy, for which one was indebted, no doubt, to the honeymoon, proved very valuable in familiarising one with native ways; but, as you may have gathered, it had at the time its arduous side, and so much so that on the arrival of the news that the returning bride and bridegroom were drawing near, and only two or three days' march away, a more than warm welcome was prepared for them. The ladies were tremendously energetic with busy, artistic fingers removing the sombre monastic appearance of the bachelor's house and transforming it with wonderful draperies (which certainly were never bought in the country), giving it the appearance of a cosy English home.

On the morning of the anticipated arrival scouts were out on the roads betimes to give us good warning of the approach, and crowds started off for an early greeting. A company of us who followed occupied a good broad piece of ground beside the narrow road as a point of vantage, and as the advancing company came into sight, and Mr. Fisher rode up, there was a dash forward and an enthusiastic chorus of "Webale," and I felt almost like joining in the warm native embrace, first on one shoulder and then the other, given him by the Katikiro and Kimbugwe as they lugged him off his mule.

CHAPTER X

TRAMPING SOUTH TO THE ALBERT EDWARD ISLANDERS

Making up the caravan—Native simplicity of wardrobe—The first baptism; tiny Timoteo—Predatory elephants—"Earthquake Camp" and "Lions' lair"—Lions in the moonlight—"Another earthquake!"—My first at Kabarole—The boiling spring—"Not the General Confession"—"That's the way you do when you are preaching"—The art of fording a torrent—Industrious Bakonjo; irrigation—Sunday at Marko's—Katwe—A birds' paradise—The salt lake—An astute chief—Later visit; a precarious crossing—A promising Mukonjo—Visiting an island chief—An evil spirit's demand—The blind chief's chance; another "medicine-man"—An ardent blind catechumen.

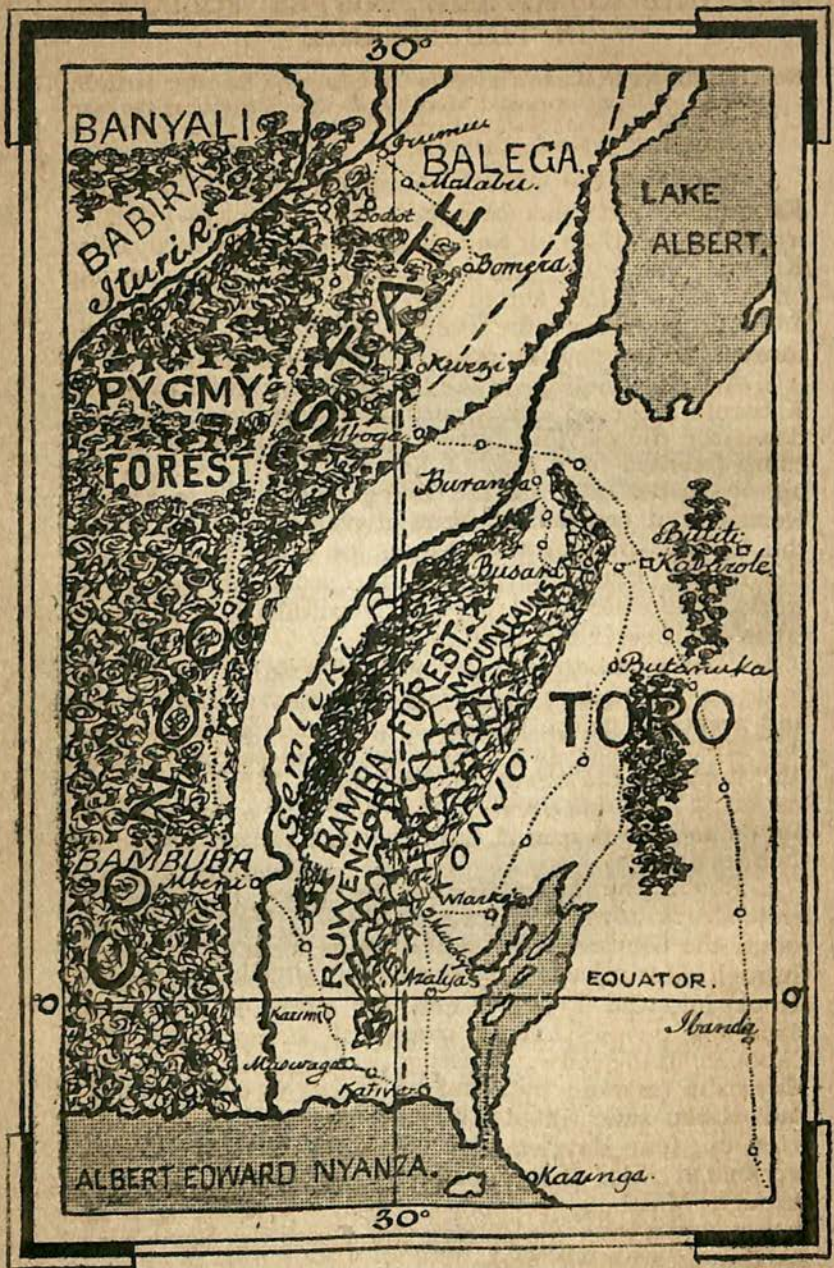
THE coming back of the missionary-in-charge meant my release from the Station for work that was waiting to be done in the country districts, and at the beginning of June I was off for my first tramp, down the east side of Ruwenzori to the Albert Edward Lake.

Down on its mosquito-plagued north shore at Katwe, our furthest outpost, which had not received a visit of supervision for a year, there were candidates who had long been awaiting baptism. On the road down were also four other villages so situated. There were also Christians expecting another opportunity for

participating in Holy Communion, and as, apart from the missionaries, there was no other fully ordained clergyman in the country, there was a continual call for us to be making tours for the administration of the Sacraments.

The start was to be on Monday morning, so on Saturday the drum was beaten with the particular "safari" (caravan) note, to announce to all "out of works" in the capital that if they would present themselves before the drumbeater there was a chance of getting a job of carrying a load. The number was made up and terms agreed upon of a string of cowrie shells (a hundred) a day besides food. (Since then the standard of wages has been increased.) The names having been entered, arrangements were made that they should lodge near on Sunday night and turn up at four on Monday morning.

In the darkness of the Monday morning a drum might have been heard down in the plantation, and soon afterwards dim figures were to be seen flitting about my courtyard, handling loads and discriminating which would suit them best for carrying during those next three weeks; and, having made their choice, each carried off his load apart to tie on his sleeping-mat, and possibly a little bit of bark cloth, which was all the provision made for comfort in sleeping at nights. One cannot but envy at times the simplicity of living of these carriers, when contrasting their few necessaries with one's own; my tent made up into two full loads; the camp bedstead and bedding another; chair, table, and water buckets and some vegetables another; a place for spare clothes was found in a bath; my own books, together with others for distribution, occupied a box to themselves, and the kitchen outfit of pots and pans another; whilst a load of foodstuffs of all sorts


30°
BANYALI
BABIRA
Ituri
BALEGA.
Malabu.
LAKE
ALBERT.
Bomera
Kirezi
PYGMY
FOREST
Mboga
Buranga
Butiti
Kamrole
Busara
Butumuka
TORO
RUWENZORI MOUNTAINS
BAMBUBA
Mberi
Manka
Malija's
EQUATOR.
Ibanda
Kasiri
Kazinga.
ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA.
30°

MAP INDICATING THE ROUTES FOLLOWED IN THE "TRAMPS"

Note that the name Marko's refers to the village on the edge (actually a spur) of Ruwenzori, and Muhokya to the village near the lake, and Dodoi (in Congo) should read Kifiku. Azalya's is referred to also as Zakaliya's on pp. 123, 206.

1. Down to the Albert Edward (Chap. XI.).—From Kabarole to Butanuka (2nd day), then Muhokya (with its irrigation), Marko's for Sunday and down past Azalya's to Katwe. The return was by the neck of the lake, camping on the three islands and at the end of the arm of the lake, and then up through the country, skirting the edge of the forest and rejoining the main road near Butanuka.

2. Across to the edge of the Congo Forest (XIII.).—From Kabarole the road struck north and then west, dropping down for the Semliki ferry and across the plain to the camp (marked by a dot) of Kiryama (in the crater) and up on to the edge of the Balega highlands to Mboga. Returning, it crossed the Semliki plain to Buranga (with the boiling springs) and passing for three days through the Bamba Forest to Busaro (the scene of Yeremiya's work), it mounted the ridge to Dwandika's, and, having crossed it, descended to Kabarole.

3. To the milk-drinking Baima of Ankole (XV.).—The route struck south and a little east, past the crater lake and a second camp, and on to the wilderness region of the Mpanga river (see larger map) and through Ibanda (the home of the stout chieftainess) to Mbarara (beyond the map). On one occasion the route home was the same, but on another it passed through Kazinga and Katwe and then to Kabarole.

4. Round the Mountains of the Moon (XVII.).—The route struck down to Katwe (as in No. 1) and then swept round the southern end of the range, striking north-west through Muswaga's and Karimi to Mbeni. Thence it struck into the Pygmy forest for nine days amongst Bambuba people, finding camps at Panga-panga, Bili, Caponzo, in the railway clearing, Amusini, Kabali, through Mayarabu (marked by a dot on a tributary of the Ituri) and Kifiku (misprinted Dodoi) to Irumu. From Irumu later on, four days' march north took us to the gold workers at Kilo. From Irumu to Kabarole the route lay through Malabu's, Bomera's, Kwezi's and Mbaga, and thence down from the plateau and across the Semliki and up the escarpment home.

carry his things) in good time to make a start upon the four candidates whom the teachers were presenting here. One of them, clad in a very spare sheepskin, was such a tiny chap that, but for Samwiri's assurance of his intelligence and good report, I should have felt him hardly ready for such a step. I well remember two others, in striking contrast to tiny Timoteo (Timothy), as the little fellow was baptized, who came that day to be admitted as catechumens. These were members of the King's police, stout fellows, one of them over 6 ft. and as brawny a man as the country knows; both were in due course baptized, and have since undertaken work as teachers.

The boisterous way of congratulating the candidates after the service struck one as a little strange; as they passed out of the church into the midst of the crowd of neighbours, they were grasped by the hand, to a chorus of "Webale, webale," or "Kulika" (an imported expression used for congratulation on arrival at the end of a journey). It certainly reminded one of New Testament days, and the record that "there was much joy in that city."

Nearly the whole of the villagers have since migrated from this district to escape from the roving herds of elephants which bashed down and devoured all their plantations and mischievously sampled all their best potatoes, leaving them very little to eat.

The next camp, Butanuka, which has been christened "Earthquake Camp," might with equal truth be named "Lions' lair." A few years ago women dared not go alone to the well for fear of encountering one of these monarchs of the jungle; even as they dug their fields in the broad daylight there might be a stealthy tread, and the poor little child set down in the shade near by would be pounced upon, or the

mother herself be carried off. Though hunts were often organised against the leopards when encroaching too boldly on the flocks, and leopard-skins are now to be seen in the chiefs' houses as well as in the royal households of the King and Nāmasole, I have only once seen a lion's skin amongst them, and never heard of their hunting him alone. Fortunately amongst the Government officers have been keen sportsmen, who have come to the rescue of the harried natives.

One night whilst at Butanuka I wanted to send a letter of greeting to the heathen county chief, Mugema, living an hour and a half away, to invite him over the next morning. A messenger was summoned and instructed, but showed no readiness to get up and go. "Well, do you understand?" I asked, when he seemed to be waiting for something.

"Yes! I understand, but I can't go alone; I am afraid."

"Why not, it is bright moonlight?" "Yes, but didn't you hear the lion roaring this afternoon, and see how agitated the cows were?"

"Well, what shall we do?"

"Give me some one to go with me, and it will be all right."

A companion was found, and they started off together. Next morning on their return they were full of excitement and graphic gesticulation. Just in the swamp below the village they had met a lion prowling in the path, but by vigorously beating the ground and bushes with their sticks they had scared him away. Lions are very much afraid of noise, and it has been said that a clock with a good determined tick is sufficient to keep them from venturing to enter your tent at night; I would not care, however, on the strength of the assertion, to leave my tent-flap open as an experiment.

GRACEFUL SEMLIKI WATERBUCK.

Photos by] [*F. A. Knowles, Esq.*

A LION CAUGHT PROWLING TOO NEAR THE GOVERNMENT FORT.

[*To face p.* 114.

One night, on another visit, I was sleeping here in the teacher's house. About midnight there was a scratching at the reed door. The idea of a leopard at once flashed across my mind, and I slipped to the place and listened. Yes, there he was, scraping again. I had my shot-gun with me, and the thought occurred to me that by holding it in the vacant space left between the wall and the reed framework which served as a door, and letting fly, I might perhaps with extreme good fortune hit him in the eye. But other huts were too near to permit of my venturing to do it, so I had to be content with thrusting the handle of a rake through the aperture, and a hurried scramble was the result. Back again in bed and the scratching outside recommenced; but the beast must evidently have got amongst the pots, for there was such a clattering as effectually to frighten him off for the rest of the night. In the morning the footmarks were found to be only those of a hyena, but he had upset the milk-pan and made off with my water-bottle, also full of milk. Ten days later it was brought to me, having been discovered in the long grass, with the felt covering gone, the neck wrenched off, and four businesslike claw marks piercing the aluminium.

I never went to Butanuka without coming in for some new adventure. One night I had laced up my tent and was on the point of retiring to bed when from the door of the teacher's house just outside there arose a sudden startled chorus of "Ntale! ntale!" ("A lion! a lion!"). My tent was hastily unlaced, and I found my boys all animation, excitedly mimicking the beast; he had evidently crept up very cautiously to within a few yards and was pausing, thrusting his head and shoulders forward and sniffing, as they caught sight of him and raised the shout which sent him

bounding away. Not wishing to have him prowling about too closely during the night, we went out with lanterns and sticks a short distance to complete the rout, but found no further traces. In the morning, by examining carefully the footprints and hairs left in them, it was found that our visitor had been an "ngagya," a powerful kind of jackal, perhaps the same kind that almost dragged one of Lugard's men from amongst his companions at their camp fire. This beast is in some ways to be dreaded more than his neighbours, because of his aggressiveness, for whilst a lion will rarely molest a man (though pouncing on women) by day, and a leopard only springs on a man from behind (except when hunted), an ngagya will make for a man face to face in broad daylight. He had reached within six yards of my tent door that night, in spite of the lamp burning within and the gleam of the fire from the teacher's house just by.

Of earthquakes I only had one experience here. We were sitting outside the church on logs, diligently engaged in a writing-class, when a slight trembling was felt. Not a muscle moved, till another more definite rumbling a moment or two afterwards caused one of them to look up and murmur, "Another earthquake!"

I remember my first experience of these at Kabarole. I was aroused one night by the sound as of a train running in a tunnel underneath my bed and coming to a sudden stop; the bamboos in the roof were creaking in an uncanny way, causing me to spring up and make for the door. The intensity of the shock seems to vary locally, and according, perhaps, to the temperament, for the version experienced by an Irish neighbour in his house only forty yards away so much agitated his bed that he was momentarily expecting to

find it stand on end and precipitate him on to the floor! After this first experience few months went by without some reminder of internal agitation, attributed by the natives of old to the passing of an evil spirit below on some fell errand. The humorous aspect appeared one day, when, as the trembling continued to increase, our host at a tea-party led the way to the outside of his house with a bound through the window of his sitting-room.

But to leave earthquakes and lion scares, let us take a glimpse of the country round and pass on our journey down the side of Ruwenzori to the Albert Edward. By a very brief climb away from the village on to a little rocky knoll a glorious view was gained, giving a capital idea of the conformation of the country. Looking back north in the direction in which we had come were the rounded green hills, appearing one beyond the other like ocean billows. On the west rose the great bare, rugged buttresses standing out from the main Ruwenzori range, barring the view of the snow peaks behind; whilst in front, down south, through a cleft in the hills, might be seen in the plain, a thousand feet below, the northern arm of the Albert Edward. Cut off in the landscape by the jutting out of the hill on which we were standing, it appeared like a little independent lake, a little gem in a deep setting, the steep hills on its further shore rising over a thousand feet. I have often since clambered up there just before sunset, and, with the bright rosy tints on the opposite hills deepening into purple as the darkness creeps over the scene, it has reminded me each time more forcibly, I think, of lovely little Galilee from the hills above Tiberias.

From Butanuka an interesting excursion may be made towards the face of the range to boiling springs

at Kidiba. After a few hours' clambering up and down steep paths over the hillsides, you come suddenly upon a view, from the crest of a wooded hill, of the foaming river Rwimi far below, dashing along over its glistening rocky bed; at the foot of the hill, in a little rocky cavern, is a boiling fountain, only a few feet above the icy glacier stream into which it pours its steaming water. Just across the stream is found also another such fountain, the two hot springs, though only a few yards apart, being thus strangely separated. People suffering from skin diseases or rheumatism come here to immerse themselves for a few days in the rocky basins into which the water is directed before joining the stream, and it seems to possess some considerable medicinal value. The Roman Catholic missionaries on learning of it entered into negotiations with the King for its acquisition, but when their practices at Lourdes and other holy places were explained to him the negotiations were closed, and the springs have been preserved free, that their benefit may be open to all without the supposed intervention of a Roman saint.

But to continue the journey. Leaving Butanuka, we arrived at the village of Kisanga, where a little incident happened illustrating the conservatism, or want of originality generally, amongst the people. Having entered the church immediately on arrival, I suggested, as usual, to the congregation who had come out to meet us that, before they scattered in preparation for the more formal service of the afternoon, the teacher should offer a few words of thanksgiving for our being brought together. We all knelt, and the most appropriate way in which the teacher could express the thought of the occasion was by leading the congregation off with the General Confession—

"We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep!" Nothing could induce him to depart from his regular daily routine. After this had happened on one or two occasions, good Samwiri, learning that I didn't feel it the most appropriate expression for such occasions, would suddenly button-hole the teacher when he heard me beginning to propose Thanksgiving, and give him the hint in a very audible way that it was to be "not the General Confession."

If lacking in originality, they help to make up for it, I think, by being very readily adaptable and imitative. The chief of Butanuka had a little son, Asoni—getting on for five years old in those days—a bonny little fellow, with bright dancing eyes, and we became great friends. He was always amongst the first out on the road to meet me on my visits, and delighted in riding on my shoulder. One day I caught him gesticulating in a droll sort of way, and said to him, "What's the matter, Asoni? Aren't you well?" "Oh, yes!" he answered, "that's the way you do when you are preaching!"

After leaving the next villages, up a cleft in the side of the range appeared a magnificent view of snow peaks skirted with glaciers; a broad rushing stream, having its source far away up at the foot of them, had been barring the way in the middle of our march; arriving at a point higher up, where the stream narrowed, we came upon a party of between thirty and forty Bakonjo, busy constructing a rough bridge of poles; it was not sufficiently near completion, however, to let us across, and fording was necessary, which, with a caravan of loaded porters, was rather a ticklish job. Try and imagine what your feelings would be at seeing a carrier, with fifty or sixty pounds

of your most precious equipment on his head, cautiously putting first one foot into the stream and then the second, and then prodding about with his long staff for a level place on which to advance, the end of the staff being continually carried down by the force of the stream as it reaches the water. He has got up to his knees perhaps, and, poking all round, can find no satisfactory place. He thrusts a foot forward to feel and down it goes into a hole, and as suddenly drop your hopes for that watertight box. In it you know are your little Bee alarm clock and your writing materials and your books and just the most precious of your things, and now, there they are lurching into the stream, and whereabouts they will turn up again down-stream, who knows? But no! the man has recovered himself as though by a miracle, in a seemingly very unstable position, and is prodding away with that stick again. Now he is up to his waist; but the worst is over, and step by step he emerges on the other side with the box still *in situ;* your anxiety is relieved, and if the stream didn't make such a clatter you would shout across to him a hearty "webale." Those of the caravan familiar with the art of stream-crossing passed over first with their loads and then came back to assist the more awkward or timid by holding their hands or carrying their loads. For a European to wade through up to his waist in the icy water of the glacier stream, with a blazing sun overhead, would almost certainly lead to a dose of fever, and your porters prefer to save you the risk by giving you a lift on their shoulders. In this way I have been transported scores of times across rivers and swamps, sometimes as much as two or three hundred yards broad, and at times in the pitch dark night when delayed in arriving at camp, but such is their skill in

"IN THIS WAY I HAVE BEEN TRANSPORTED SCORES OF TIMES ACROSS RIVERS AND SWAMPS, AND ONLY ONCE BEEN DEPOSITED UNEXPECTEDLY."

[*To face p.* 120

finding a foothold that I have only once been deposited unexpectedly in the sludge or stream, and have never lost a load. The crossing this day occupied us altogether an hour and a half, the couple of cows with their calves, with which we usually travel, being one of the chief difficulties. It would far more concern them to lose a cow than a man.

The Bakonjo peasants who were at work on the bridge being heathen, absolutely ignorant of the Word of God and of the very name of Jesus Christ, we sat down for half an hour to teach them a most simple outline of the story and a refrain of a hymn; it was very little we could tell them in the time, but one of my Christian porters, Yeremiya, after getting into camp, offered to go back the three hours' journey in the afternoon to stay with them over the week-end for further instruction, and join us again at Katwe later. It was no light thing to ask him to do, and I was very careful to make it plain that I should think nothing the worse of him if he felt too tired or disinclined; but he went off quite gladly. At his home he has long been one of our keenest local preachers for the Sunday visiting of neighbouring villages, and he seemed to welcome the opportunity. It was with a spirit of deep thankfulness that one knelt with him for a few moments before speeding him away.

The next day we had a long march before us of three hours along the plain before the steep ascent of several hundred feet to a village on an outlying spur of Ruwenzori; we therefore started off early, so as to make the climb before the excessive heat of the day, the boys being interspersed amid the caravan with blazing torches to light up the path.

At the foot where we rested was a neat, industrious village of Bakonjo cultivators with the most flourish-

ing plantations I have seen in the country. Taking advantage of the nearness of the long northern tongue of the Lake, they had trenched their fields and let in the water, and by means of tiny little threads of canals between the blocks were employing a system of irrigation not to be found elsewhere. They certainly deserved the "webale-ing" we gave them for their industry.

At Marko Kasami's village up on the mountain we were to rest for our first Sunday. He and his Christian wife received us with extreme cordiality, and the teachers with more than ordinary warmth; the two women teachers, indeed, threw themselves both at once in quite a bewildering manner upon their visitor, taking away the little remaining breath kept in reserve for the top of the steep path. The Sunday spent up there on that little ledge, if one of the most interesting, is one of the hottest I remember, and the heat would seem to assure us that His Highness the Equator (which we were now reaching) was not to be approached with impunity. In my double tent the thermometer, which was only graduated up to 100°, had to give up in despair the effort to rise to the occasion.

On the Sunday afternoon, after the Baptism service, I strolled for twenty minutes along a little hillside path to the place where the villagers get their water, having heard that it was very precarious in its supply, and wondering if anything might be done for its improvement. There, trickling into a muddy little pool in a very slender thread, was all that the village had to depend upon, and it was not surprising to find, two years later, that they had migrated down to the side of a stream in the plain. Here, however, they suffered from so much fever among the swarming

mosquitoes that many of them were glad to turn back and reoccupy their deserted plantations.

From Marko Kasami's there remained only the descent to the plain and two days' journey through a rolling prairie-like wilderness to Katwe. The night on the way was spent at a little Christian homestead in a secluded position all alone, where we were warmly received by our host Zakaliya, and our caravan hospitably fed; before leaving in the morning a little newcomer was baptized and Holy Communion administered to the parents in their solitary home.

The march next day was a broiling one across the dead level plain; the path lay through the short jungle grass which grew waist-high or in places over the head, and in which a few startled antelope at times sprang up and went bounding away. The plain was dotted with stunted acacia-trees with their long, formidable thorns, the bleached appearance of which has caused the natives to call the acacia the "tree with the glistening teeth."

Katwe with its surroundings is one of the most interesting, though hottest and most unhealthy, places in the country. Just behind, and separated from the great Albert Edward by a narrow ledge of rock, are two little lakes. That on the one side is a mere shallow pool swarming with bright flamingoes, ducks, and pelicans, an artist's delight and a naturalist's paradise. On the other side is a dull, heavy, sullen-looking reservoir, its sides forbidding and unfruitful, cut up into little pools all along its shore. This is the valuable salt lake, the chief source of wealth and industry in Toro. Over the little pools in the dry season a crust of the salt forms, which is skimmed off every two or three days till the pool has completely evaporated; the saline sediment deposited on the floor is

also gathered up, and this coarser kind is used for paying the simple Bakonjo peasants who are engaged in collecting the precious deposit. It is the great industry of the country, in which every single inhabitant is more or less involved, for the poorest peasant reckons on treating himself to a little salt sometimes, even if at long intervals, and the imported kind is far too costly for even the most wealthy to indulge in often. On the way down to Katwe we had come across long strings of men, each carrying on his head a great cigar-shaped load, varying from sixty to eighty or even ninety lbs., and I have known a caravan to number as many as four hundred porters, bound for the distributing centre at Kabarole. Thus hundreds of the peasants earn their hut tax or the money for their scanty clothing. Enterprising natives, busily engaged in the preparation of bark-cloths sixty to seventy miles away, are attracted to the market at Kabarole with their wares, which find a ready sale, and provide their less industrious neighbours with a night covering; having secured a few thousand cowrie shells over the transaction, they load themselves up with as large a bundle of salt as they can struggle under, and make their way back to their home, where a retail market is equally assured for their new merchandise. And thus the work of distribution proceeds, a simple society providing for its simple needs with the scanty natural products such as vegetable food, salt, iron ore for hoes, and tree-bark beaten into cloth. New resources, fostered by the Government, may now be reckoned upon for the people, in the cultivation of cotton, coffee, and rubber for export. To form a fairly complete idea of the assets of the country one has also to include the continually increasing herds of cattle and sheep and goats, an occasional tusk of ivory, and the

supply of human labour for porterage for traders' and travellers' caravans.

At Katwe we are close to the frontier of the Belgian Congo State, the technical boundary being the 30th meridian, and the conventional boundary, until the position has been scientifically determined, being a little river two or three miles to the west. This want of scientific demonstration gave rise (in 1904) to considerable trouble in the district; certain Belgian Government officers, possessing scientific instruments and knowledge, but without authority for applying them, came over with an armed force to establish themselves at Katwe, on finding from their instruments that it must lie on their side of the meridian. The county chief, Kimbugwe, who was away at the time at Kabarole, was deeply concerned on learning the news, and hastened down from the capital. On arrival he ventured at once to tackle the Belgian officer, calling upon him and asking him for an explanation. "If the meridian really lies here as you say" (he urged), "and there is to be a change of boundary, it cannot be arranged by one side alone. We are British, by treaty with the Government, and without their assent we cannot acknowledge you."

In spite of his protest, however, the Belgians placed an armed guard at the Salt Lake, and no one was allowed to take the salt except those in Belgian employ; but Kimbugwe, with no armed force whatever to oppose to the Belgians, and with merely the assurance of the moral strength of his position, stood to his guns. Though unable to prevent them from commandeering, he kept strict account of the number of loads removed by the invaders, and awaited the arrival of the British Government officer, who was on his way to the place. Meanwhile the Belgians had called for the submission

of the helpless people around and demanded food, and in the agitated state of the district the report was abroad that they were purposing marching up through the country to meet the British force. But one afternoon news reached them that our officer with his armed police had arrived within a few miles of the place. That night there was a lantern seen moving along to the river, and the next morning when Kimbugwe arose he found the Belgian camp deserted—evidently discretion had been regarded as the better part of valour.

These events happened two years after this my first visit, and I remember arriving there again shortly after they had taken place. I was returning with a friend from a holiday in Uganda and had made a detour through Ankole to go through some very fine country on the way. To make arrangements for the transport of the caravan across the Lake on the morrow I had cycled on ahead to spend the night as the guest of my friend Kimbugwe, and turned up in a canoe with just a couple of paddlers and my bicycle and blankets. The crossing was the most uncomfortable couple of hours' canoeing I ever wish to have in my life. The water had become choppy, and my bike, projecting over the side of the flimsy little craft, by no means improved the equilibrium; the waves, breaking upon the sides, kept the canoe in a continual quiver, and set me calculating how I might manage to swim to the nearer shore if need be, hoping my two native paddlers would do the same. At last the suspense was over and we touched the shore at Katwe. As it was just after sunset and the chill wind had driven the villagers to the shelter of their huts, only one boy happened to be by the shore, and I sent him trotting off with the message, "Tell Kimbugwe his

friend the European has come." Following him at a distance along the little path, I pushed the bike on slowly to give the chief time to come out a bit by way of welcome, and passed up through the lane of huts, looking for the same cheery greeting I had always received on former visits; but the doorways were deserted and I arrived at the chief's courtyard without a welcome. What could be the matter, for Kimbugwe was the most courteous chief in the country? Just then his head appeared at his doorway, and out he came deliberately, dressed in his spotless white; for a moment he stood still, taking a good long look, and then running forward with the greeting "Bwana," gave me a good hug. He was full of apologies for having let me reach his house alone and unwelcomed, but the boy, who was a stranger, had just simply said, "The European has come," and Kimbugwe's nerves had not yet recovered from the Belgians!

On the occasion of my first coming, as a stranger, Kimbugwe's headman, or Katikiro, in his master's absence received me with all cordiality, and certainly succeeded in making the visit an interesting one.

He brought to me a pleasant youth, named Muzinda, belonging to the tribe of Bakonjo who inhabit a village three-quarters of an hour away; Muzinda was one of the very few of his tribe who have got a knowledge of the Lutoro language, and, having made a start in reading, was quite interested in translating for me the Lord's Prayer into his own language. Strangely enough, I have come across very few Bakonjo who know anything of the language of the Batoro, though under their rule and living so near, and I have never come across any Batoro with an appreciable knowledge of the language of the Bakonjo; this may be accounted for by the fact that whilst the Bakonjo

come to the more advanced Batoro for the supply of their needs, they have little with which to attract the Batoro.

The Katikiro having offered to take me along for a visit to their village, we started off together, with a small following, in the cool of the afternoon. As we drew near, the sound of a great chorus of singing and drum-beating reached our ears, and under cover of the strange din we were able to creep up to the courtyard from which it was proceeding and peep in just before being observed. There within the reed fence were stuffed about a hundred of these primitive Bakonjo, many with rattles fastened to their ankles, engaged in a weird dance; but directly they caught sight of us they were off like a flock of rabbits. Only with considerable persuasion could Muzinda and some of our company induce a few of them to come back and give us an opportunity for a talk about our message.

The next day the Katikiro had a good "dug-out" ready, with half a dozen paddlers, to convey us across to the island of an old blind chief of the Bakonjo, named Kakuli, and his fisher folk. A gentle hour's paddling brought us to the shore; but just before our arrival, the crowd of curious islanders, who had gathered in little groups from the swarming huts near the shore to watch our approach, went bounding off into hiding. The Katikiro led us up to the hut of the old blind chief, and after exchanging a few words of greeting, we told him we wanted to speak to his people in the church. I should mention that, some three years before this, two teachers had been here and put up a little beehive erection, like an ordinary hut, to serve as a church. Kakuli readily promised to send and call his people and to come himself, and we went on to await their arrival for a service. The latter

POOR OLD BLIND KAKULI BEING LED TO HIS SEAT OUTSIDE HIS CHURCH.

[*To face p.* 128.

half of the promise he did indeed after awhile fulfil, and came along led with a stick by one of his daughters; his people, however, made little response, and it was left for us to make a round of the nearest huts to unearth the refugees from under baskets or mats, and induce them to follow their chief along to join our congregation. It was a quaint little erection in which we found ourselves gathered. Poles were stuck in everywhere possible, and at various angles, to support the roof, to the danger of any who moved about inside; but some added light, filtering in through cracks in the thatch, helped one to make out the dusky faces of the little congregation sitting in groups round the poles with their poor old chief. They quite brightened up on finding that they recognised some of the hymns we sang, and joined heartily in scraps of the refrains, though it was difficult to get any response to the questions about the message. We were just on the outer fringe of our influence, and beyond, southward and westward, all was dark for hundreds of miles.

All this land had been kept under the sway of the medicine-man till quite lately, as may be understood from an incident which happened so recently as ten years before, shortly after the first coming of the British. An emissary had arrived across the Lake from the south-east on behalf of one of the evil spirits, and his demand for several cows and goats and ten maidens had been complied with. The people had heard him speaking with the spirit underground, and had hurried off to collect the offering. Three years after my visit another such emissary arrived. A Christian chief also was on the island collecting hut tax, and the inflammables met. The insolence of the uncanny visitor was most trying.

MEDICINE-MAN'S STOCK-IN-TRADE.

The little skin bag at the end of the horn with stones inside is for rattling under the wizard's garment to represent the speech of the evil spirit concerning the sick man. The horns are for catching the blood of the sacrifice to be smeared on the patient. There is no idea of administering medicine.

"You couldn't hurt me if you tried. If you beat me I shouldn't feel it," was his vaunted challenge. This was too much for the young chief and his following, who after all were only human, and they set about convincing him of many things, and of a regret, no doubt, that he had ever manufactured a mandate from his lying master.

Some five years before my visit, when teaching was in its infancy here, the Bishop had passed through on a journey with Dr. Albert Cook, and the doctor seeing poor old blind Kakuli, assured him that if he would come over in the morning he would operate on him and restore his sight. The chief agreed to come, and the departure next morning was delayed in expectation of his coming, but after his former experiences of a different kind of "medicine-man," it is perhaps not surprising that he should have been unable rightly to "discern the spirits," and be overcome with fear at the last moment.

At Katwe we had a bright service for the signing of eight people with "the sign of the Cross," and amongst the new catechumens coming forward was a poor blind young fellow named Kivekyabu, afterwards baptized by the name of Petero. When the Bishop came later on to confirm at Kabarole poor Petero walked those eighty miles up from Katwe, with a friend to lead him, in order to be confirmed.

CHAPTER XI

DETOUR HOMEWARDS THROUGH A DARK DISTRICT

A wonderful aviary—Two days' paddling to Kasoke—An inquiring chief—A crazy canoe: "We can but die"—Superstitious paddlers—Throwing away his charm—On the house-top to escape from elephants—"Don't you know good manners?"—Fever—A vivid flash—Collapse of the church: Narrow escape—Destructive night visitors—Heroic mothers.

FROM Katwe we made a detour to pass up the long northern arm of the Albert Edward Lake and strike through an untouched district, where for eight days we journeyed (still in Toro) without coming across a single Christian (except one passing messenger).

On the first day we paddled for some hours up a beautiful little winding channel about a mile across. At the entrance into it, around the corner of the Lake, was an aviary fit for fairyland. The branches of the trees overhung the water, crowded with nests as thickly as ever decorations on a Christmas-tree, whilst birds of every gorgeous hue were chattering busily as they hopped about the branches, a few ducks more soberly quacking now and then in the water below.

At the close of the second day's paddling we arrived

at the island of a chief named Kasoke (literally, the little hair-tuft), whence the Katwe canoes had to return. Kasoke, who was an under-chief of the Namasole, had heard something of Christianity from his visits to Kabarole, and received us very warmly. I noticed, however, that at one of his doors was fixed a goat's horn containing the blood of a sacrifice for one of his hunting dogs, which had wasted to a mere skeleton. I gave him a New Testament, and found a year later that he had managed to read the first five chapters of St. Matthew. How had he done it? Whenever a Christian had come on a visit he had detained him as long as possible, that the visitor might lead him on a little further in the art of reading, and he had now reached the stage of spelling laboriously through in syllables. He drew together quite a large congregation of his people, and expressed very great eagerness to understand and that his people should learn, and urged me to try and arrange to send them a teacher. [Five years have passed, and I regret to record that, in view of other claims, it has not yet been possible to spare him one.]

Several people with terrible ulcers on their legs came to be treated, but, though washing them and putting on ointment and doing the best possible just for the occasion, one had to tell them how it was impossible to do anything permanent in a day. The native treatment for this, as for a sore eye and most other external symptoms, is a smearing of cow-dung! Needless to say, the tendency is—not to get better.

Early the next morning, before daybreak, we were bundling our things into the canoes provided by Kasoke, which were evidently going to be inadequate. The two poor dug-outs, which had seen their best days in Kabarega's time twenty years ago, were supple-

mented by a little flotilla of the kind consisting of strips of bark sewn together and plugged with grass. Some sick porters with loads were to occupy one dug-out, and Samwiri and I, with the remainder of the loads, the other, the rest of the porters and boys being distributed in threes amongst the remaining canoes. There still remained two boys to be provided for, and Kasoke assured me they should follow very shortly if I would leave them to him. But being convinced that it was far more likely that they would be safely provided for if I stayed with them, I sat down and told him I would wait for them. At last the extra canoe arrived, one of the crazy kind. The immediate prospect of stepping into it proved too terrifying to the boys, who were both of the landsman type. One of them had, indeed, never seen a lake before this journey, and both were quite sure the boat would not bear them. It certainly did not look very seaworthy, but on Kasoke's firm assurance in their presence of its stability I urged them to get in. But "No!" "Twangire" ("We refuse"). One of them, a resolute, fiery young fellow, sat down and looked like staying there all day; but as Kasoke declared it to be the best boat left, I had the dug-out pushed off, and said to them, "Come along now; let us go together!" For a moment they were irresolute, and then the young firebrand answered up, "Kale, tufe" ("Very well, we can but die"), and very carefully we set ourselves down on the little bundles of grass in the bottom of the boat. These were for keeping us out of the water, which oozed through the cracks and the grass stitches, and we were each provided with a piece of broken gourd, like a saucer, for baling purposes. I soon learned from experience that great care was needed in dealing with the grass used for

stitching and caulking, for as I flipped over the side a loose piece of old grass, there was suddenly a waterspout in the boat, which no amount of caulking would stop up. I had pulled out one of the little impromptu plugs! Fortunately, we had not paddled far, and at once made for the shore. The hole was replugged and the boat cleared again of water. For the future we were very careful not to interfere with the construction of the craft, and the imperturbable dug-out had instructions to keep close by us as a steadying influence.

Our next island camping-place was crowded with people wearing charms. They came round and listened with more than ordinary curiosity, never having been visited by a white man before.

Two days more and we had reached the end of the Lake, and pushed up a miniature creek lined with overhanging reeds to the landing-place. We could see, like St. Paul going into Athens, that the people here were very "religious," for all round the creek were set up by the neighbouring fisher-folk grass spirit huts, somewhere about 3 ft. high, in honour of their protectors on the Lake. Up in the village, a few minutes from the shore, there were similar signs of superstition, and with very little spare room round each hut it was difficult to find a place clear of jungle grass for pitching the tent without disturbing some of these little shrines. I have never come across a duller, heavier-looking, less responsive set of people than those inhabiting this very heathen village. I was a good deal struck near here by one of my boys remarking on the connection between countenance and intelligence. He was poking fun at a man standing by the path as we passed, and pointedly calling him a blockhead, and when I looked round

to rebuke him for discourtesy to strangers he proceeded to defend himself by remarking :—

"The man is such an out-and-out peasant, and doesn't read."

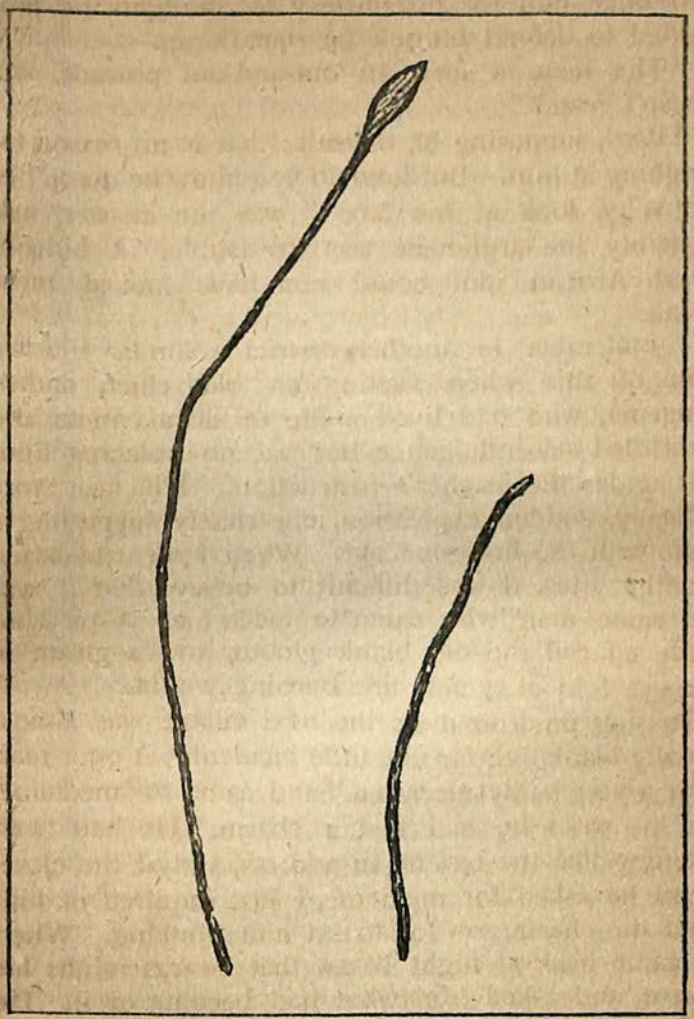
"Well, supposing he doesn't; that is no reason for laughing at him. But how do you know he doesn't?"

"Why, look at his face!" was the answer, and certainly the argument was irresistible. A hideous West African idol could not have looked more blank.

I remember in another district a similar illustration of this when visiting an old chief, named Mugema, who had lived a life of drunkenness and unbridled self-indulgence, but was now placing himself under the teacher's instruction. His face wore a heavy, sodden expression, cheerlessly suggesting a grate with the fire gone out. When I went back ten months after, it was difficult to believe that it was the same man who came to meet me. A pleasant smile effaced the old blank gloom, and a gleam in the eye told of a new fire burning within.

Passing on from here the next village was almost equally blank, but for one little incident. A poor man with a very badly ulcerated hand came for medicine. On his wrist he had tied a charm. He had been listening like the rest to an address, and at the close, when he asked for medicine, I just inquired of him what the charm was for to set him thinking. When he came back at night I saw that he was minus his charm, and asked him what had become of it. He had thrown it away!

At our next camping-place, Buruli, was a brighter state of things, for teachers had been here in former days, and a little church still remained (in a very dilapidated condition) as a memorial of their stay. My



THE EMBODIMENT OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Pieces of iron stuck in the ground under a sacred tree, in consequence of which no neighbour would dream of plundering the hut of the owner.

first intimation that we were approaching a village, as we emerged from the long grass, was the sight of a man perched up on the little spiked top of his hut. As the porters ahead were shouting excitedly, I put on the pace to pull level. There, a hundred yards away, were the flanks of a herd of elephants moving off and waving a parting farewell to the village and the caravan between which they had just passed. The sight of the great beasts moving about near at hand is always an impressive one. They have such an old-world, antediluvian look, as though they could tell a story or two about "Once upon a time," and perhaps blow their own trumpet a little, and the memory of that first experience of them, ambling along comfortably in their own home still brings back a thrill.

On arrival at the village, the chief, who possesses one of the finest round huts in the country, invited me in to rest for a few minutes, and kindly offered me the most unusual refreshment of a bowl of milk. I was just on the point of raising it to my lips when he sprang up, and, with a wave of his arms as though driving a flock of sheep, and the exclamation, "Don't you know good manners?" he roused up all the seated company and hounded them outside. He was evidently a stickler after the old politeness which forbids looking at a visitor as he eats or drinks.

At this place I began to experience keenly one of the sorrows of "safari" life. On the road two or three of my men had already come to me with fever, but I had hoped that the rest in the canoes would help to set them up again; but the hope was a vain one, for they now came dropping in upon me continuously, all with the same complaint "Musuija" (fever). Katwe mosquitoes and the virulent little tick had been doing their work, and the outlook was gloomy.

At the service in the evening a violent storm broke upon us as we were assembled in the dilapidated little church, and the rain poured in. The lightning flashes followed one another in rapid succession. One flash, whilst I was preaching, threw me back into my chair dazed, and, with the crash which accompanied it, gave the impression of a tottering world. The two boys inside my tent, holding on to the poles, had been knocked down, but happily no one in the church was hurt, and all remained quietly imperturbable till the close of the address. Before separating we resolved to assemble in the morning and put the little sanctuary into a more decent state of repair. Very early all were out busily gathering the short jungle grass, between 2 and 3 ft. long, which forms such admirable thatch. As they came trooping in with the great bundles on their heads, men, women, and children, led by the chief, we piled it on layer upon layer over the bare places; by midday it was finished off quite respectably, and we went home to rest till two o'clock, when we were to assemble for service. After a few had returned and gathered at my tent, and we were just on the point of entering, the building, with a sound like a gentle sigh, collapsed before our eyes like a house of cards. There was a moment's consternation lest any had been buried within, but after being fully assured, we knelt down for a moment and resolved to build another. At the critical moment, when one was anxiously fearing the fatal but favourite suggestion "Nyenkya" (to-morrow), which wrecks so many projects, the chief fortunately fell in with the idea, and proposed leading off the men to cut down trees, whilst the women and younger boys remained to clear the site. In ten minutes the men had gone, and an animated crowd were busy chopping

away at the bindings of the poles and reeds, after carefully laying aside the thatch for the new building. When the men came in at sunset all was clear and the women had dug over the ground which last night had been the floor of the church. The next day all worked well, and by the afternoon of the third day, when I had to be off, the brunt of the task of planting a symmetrical framework of poles for the new building was complete. Thus a beginning was made by these heathen villagers in preparation for the coming of a hoped-for teacher.

The march to the next village, Kisanga, was through giant elephant grass 14 or 15 ft. high, and my tent was pitched for the week-end just alongside the little church, in the clearing among the plantain groves. As we started off on Monday morning the headman showed me how, just behind my tent, and shut off only by a thin screen of the jungle grass, all the plantation had been beaten down and the food destroyed. A herd of elephants had come crashing round in the night, and I had been sleeping all unconscious of the visitors so mischievously busy just at hand.

The three remaining days we struggled on with depleted caravan; several of the carriers had needed substitutes, but one by one, after two or three days, they had come back by their own wish to their work, except those who had been worst with temperatures up to 105°; it was very amazing how they picked up, and on the last day even the worst insisted, for the short remaining march, on hoisting their loads again, determining to march in with flying colours. The prospect of getting home proved a wonderful tonic. As we mounted a stiff hill when still four miles out of Kabarole, the caravan came in for quite an ovation; news of our approach had gone in by passing

messengers, and a company of friends had come out to meet us. Amongst them were the women folk of some of our carriers, and it was quite touching to see two sturdy mothers hoisting on to their own heads the loads of their sons who had been struggling gamely up that stiff bit of hill. As we drew near the capital the line straightened out and closed up, and we marched up the main road, each with his own load as he had started out, the porters shouting and slipping by one another in a scamper to be first back in the courtyard.

It was with very intense relief that I marched in myself. Every single porter, all my boys, Samwiri and his two boys, and the two cowmen had, at some stage of the journey, been down with fever. Though thankful at having kept so well myself all through, one could not but feel grieved that the journey should have cost others so much. One happy result of the journey was that the porters became close friends and were often coming round later on to ask to be taken on, if they heard that there was the likelihood of another "safari"; we had a compact by which they were to be informed beforehand, and given first chance; so that in later days a preparation for a journey included the despatching of notes to villages here and there, perhaps twenty miles away, where a group of two or three old friends might be living, to inform them of the programme and ask those who wanted a place to come in and book it. The bond between us proved a very valuable one, for in tight places there were some whom I could always depend upon for a ready response, and if any of my boys fell ill, there were always willing ones amongst the porters ready to take their place and do the double work.

CHAPTER XII

CORONATION DAY

The transformation of a dozen years—The mystery of the unseen power—"Three cheers for King Edward!"—King Edward soup—The torchlight procession—An al-fresco concert—The coming kingdom.

OUR return to the capital had been hastened by a day or two, in order that we might be present at the coming Coronation celebration, and we arrived to find preparations in full swing. On the morning of June 26th (for we did not hear till later on of the postponement), the drums were sounding in a lively way, and multitudes of white-robed people of all ages were making their way down to the new church; the crowding hundreds overflowed into the aisle, the common people and women seating themselves on their straw mats, or antelope and other skins, the chiefs setting their chairs against the bright reeded pillars or the dark drab wall. The Communion rails were brightly draped with the red, white, and blue of the Union Jack.

To a visitor peeping in, the scene would have been a striking one, as, in a strangely guttural language, but to the old familiar tune, that thronged congregation of black folk joined in singing with all their heart "God

save the King." A dozen years ago very few of them knew the look of a European (except some few who might have seen Stanley, when he passed through Uganda or came from the Pygmy Forest), and still less did they know what was meant by the "Pax Britannica," or the words of our National Anthem.

Then all that vast region from the coast to Ruwenzori, a stretch as far as from John o' Groats to Land's End, was a series of petty kingdoms and tribes like the Heptarchy of Saxon days in England, with every man's hand against the neighbour who possessed anything, whilst all were dominated by the influence of the Arab trader, whose *raison d'être* in the country was the possibility of ivory and slaves. But now all these *disjecta membra* were members of a great federation, ruled over no longer by the tyranny of greed, but held together by a strangely magical power which controlled and regulated all, using the old native organisation and infusing it with new ideas. The terror of the midnight raid—when villagers were roused from sleep by the crackling of their burning huts and the savage shouts of the enemy, and when men, women, and children rushed out only to be speared or captured for slaves—though a bit of the personal experience of many, now only lingered in the memory as a nightmare. The new power was represented throughout all that great area by merely a handful of white men with a few hundreds of miscellaneous troops, Sikhs, Nubians, and Baganda, and yet no man moved his hand against his neighbour without coming under a sledge-hammer moved by an unseen hand. The power was felt rather than understood; but felt indeed it was, and for good, throughout the length and breadth of that land, and was no less real because so vaguely understood. Men were conscious

of a new social ideal, and conscious of a new power of attaining to it, as far as external acts were concerned, by being saved from themselves and from their neighbours. This was the British Empire, this was the meaning for them of "God save the King."

After the service the people formed in procession down the avenue and up the neighbouring hill to the Government Fort to join in "three cheers for King Edward!" In the afternoon the King and the Namasole and the Queen and Prime Minister and many of the chiefs (after a right royal feast of beef and plaintains with their own people) came down to join us at tea, and in the evening the King was with us again at dinner. It was quite a big dinner, an eloquent testimony to the ingenuity and resource of the hostess; the table was bright with drapery in red, white, and blue; the menu comprised many dainties, including "King Edward Soup" (desiccated), and concluded with a "Merrie England Plum Pudding" surmounted with a little Union Jack. We concluded, of course, with "three cheers for King Edward," followed by another three for King Daudi Kasagama, in which he joined as heartily as we, and just then Apolo popped his head through the door curtain, having hurried across from his house close by, uncertain if it was not an alarm of fire.

And now comes the most picturesque part of the whole. Outside were waiting a host of the King's retainers, each provided with a blazing bundle of reeds, some of them twice the height of the bearers; as we appeared they surrounded us, and, bareheaded as we were, the ladies finding wraps needless in the balmy starlit night, together we crossed the Mission compound. There beyond, stretching right up the King's Hill, was a double line of hundreds of blazing

torches, whose bearers closed in upon us as we passed, and followed us up in an ever-increasing mass, forming at the top quite a surging forest of fire.

Inside the courtyard, which is enclosed within several reed fences one beyond the other, there was the sound of drums and many strange flutes, and as we entered, the King led us to half a dozen chairs arranged on mats before his residence; in the midst, on a fine leopard's skin, was his own, behind which were crouching the Queen and the King's sister, as a concession for once to the ladies. Then, in the glare of the circle of torches, we were entertained with a real African concert. The men were already engaged in dancing, and when the dancers had had a good spell, the Katikiro and chiefs joined into line and had their turn. They advanced with a spring forward and a leap into the air together, then a spring back and another leap into the air, gradually approaching till quite close and then retiring, and keeping it up till quite exhausted. In days gone by they used to hold the dance once a month—at every new moon, by way of making it friendly.

Then came some singing. One man began a few words in praise of the King, and the chorus took it up and we repeated it, and so on till the leader was played out. Then the drummers came forward and danced, as they beat their drums with their catpaw-like fingers, and the flutists fluted in their own quaint fashion; at length, after more singing and more dancing, at nine o'clock we called for cheers for King Edward and for Daudi Kasagama, and came in, I believe, for three for ourselves.

As we thanked them and said "Good-night," they sped us at parting with gracious courtesy with the words "Webale okuija" ("Thank you for coming")

and accompanied us to the gateway of the outer fence, where we left the great mass of flickering torches and strolled back down the hill, thankful for the coming of the British Empire in Toro, and thankful for the coming of the Gospel Kingdom, which had brought, not simply a new organisation, but a new spirit with which to make it live. In this new union of hearts, after less than ten years' work, was for us the promise of good things to come when "Jesus Christ shall have put all things in subjection under His feet."

CHAPTER XIII

WESTWARD TO THE EDGE OF THE CONGO STATE

Mboga—Tabaro throws his charms into the river—The Katikiro's influence—Charge of murder—Tabaro's repentance—A Belgian raid—Starting in desperation—A couple of hundred antelope—Crossing the Semliki—Hunting hippos—Aggressive crocodiles—A wriggling bed—Village in a crater—No sanatorium—Hippo meat—Cannibal friends—Paulo's headquarters—Unique variety of tribes—Balega dancing—African Amazons who knive their husbands—Industries, cultivating, blacksmithing, and cattle raiding—A sham fight—Forest trees or telegraph poles—Giraffes upsetting the telegraph—Elephants trying their strength—Cannibal Bahuku—Marriage service, an impromptu ring—To visit a solitary teacher—Fear of the porters—A friendly host—Loyalty of porters.

ON my return from Katwe (as recorded in Chapter XI.), it was time to be visiting our congregation at Mboga, over the Semliki to the west, where no one had been since Mr. Kitching's visit in the New Year, and where, besides the usual Baptism candidates, several couples were now waiting to be married.

This was one of the earliest centres of teaching outside Kabarole and Butiti, one of the first two Baganda teachers, before the arrival of European missionaries,

having gone over to prospect before returning to Uganda to report. It had passed through many vicissitudes in consequence of the fluctuations of opinion of Tabaro, its chief, as to the new religion. Here is a brief account of his doings in former days, given in a quaint way by Tabaro himself [1]:—

"I came to Kabarole to bring the King a great tusk of ivory as a present. I found the people reading. The King and Marko spoke to me that I should read. This was in 1894. At first I began to refuse, thinking that if I read I should not be able to have witchcraft and charms, and I wanted to have enchantments. I trusted them. Afterwards, when the church was finished, the King again sent for me, saying, 'Tabaro, come and read; the church is finished.' I entered the church with many people. I finished the alphabet on the second day. (So says Tabaro himself! Some poor people take weeks over it.) I read 'Wa' (single syllables—the second exercise) 'and I finished it in four days. Then I returned to Mboga and threw my charms into the river on the way. This I did of my own accord; there was no Christian with me to urge me. When I got home I called all the people to come and read, and they agreed very readily, to the number of about four hundred. When we were reading in my house I went on to say to them, 'Let us build a big church,' and they agreed and persevered very much in building.

"Afterwards the church was finished and I sent to tell Marko. Marko wrote to Uganda, saying, 'Here are the people of Mboga, who have built a church and it is finished, but they have no teacher. Help us, send a teacher, that he may come quickly.'

[1] From the writer's chapter in "Contrasts in the Campaign," p. 120.

"I FINISHED THE ALPHABET ON THE SECOND DAY"—SOME POOR PEOPLE TAKE WEEKS.

(A class outside the author's old house, since converted into a school.)

[*To face p.* 148

"LET US BUILD A NEW CHURCH, A SQUARE BUILDING."

[*To face p.* 149.

"The Baganda sent Sedulaka. He arrived at Mboga with Petero on Sunday and found us in the church reading. We were very pleased when we saw them. Sedulaka found me reading the Commandments. I was being taught by the people of Lusoke (the then Katikiro), who had come to visit me the week before. Sedulaka and one of the Katikiro's men were the ones who taught me the Commandments properly.

"Petero said, 'Let us build a new church, a square building' (everything hitherto had been round), and we built a church with four poles down the middle (evidently a great advance on the old). Then Petero departed leaving Sedulaka alone, and I began reading the Gospel."

This is as far as the chief got in the story of his conversion. I must add something more of it from accounts given me by Sedulaka and Apolo. Two years after Petero's departure, a devoted young missionary named Rev. J. S. Callis, whose work was terminated so sadly by sunstroke after a few weeks in the country, was over here and held the first Baptism.

When Tabaro saw his people being baptized, he, too, wished to go forward, and forthwith gave up his drink and his wives. But the influence of his Katikiro, one of the old men of the country, proved too strong for him, and shamed him out of his resolution. At the Christmas feast he behaved badly, taking away the books of the readers and hiding them in his box; and not content with this, he brought a shameful charge against the new teacher, Apolo, who had come to join Sedulaka in his work.

It chanced in this way. A woman, coming out of her house, had stumbled and fallen on a spear, and Apolo happening to pass at the time, and hearing her cries, went to her help. Here was an oppor-

tunity for the chief to discredit the teacher, and get rid of him and his earnestness. Witnesses to declare that Apolo was guilty of spearing the woman were not wanting, and poor Apolo was sent off bound to the Government officer at Kabarole; but on the witnesses failing to appear, he was released. After a while Tabaro thought within his heart, "I have done badly to drive out the teachers and hate the Christians," and Apolo and Sedulaka were called back to Mboga.

Reading now went on apace, for in the changed attitude of the chief every one was eager, and two months later, when Mr. Buckley came with the Bishop (on his second visit to Toro), he was able to baptize nine people, including Tabaro, who took the name of another converted persecutor, Paulo. Since then Paulo Tabaro has remained staunch, never showing any signs of slackening, in spite of some trouble which must have tried his faith. On the contrary, when the Belgians raided over the boundary in force early in 1904, and tried to "eat his country," threatening to shoot him if he refused to submit, he threw himself on God's care, urging upon the teacher there that, instead of omitting as usual to pray in the church on Monday (the day for the law court), they should collect together on that day also as well as the others for prayer in the time of their anxiety. Paulo had no force with which to oppose the Belgians, but their officers, finding him firm in refusing to submit, rather than make a disturbance with the British Government, contented themselves with annexing the territory of his heathen neighbours, and finally withdrew.

Later on the stumbling-block Katikiro also, like his chief, was baptized.

It was to this interesting chief and his country that

we were making our way when we set out, towards the end of July, on my second journey. The road led a few miles northward to get level with the northern end of the mass of Ruwenzori, and then turned sharp west to get right round the head, where it pitched down steeply from the Toro plateau on to a lower terrace a thousand feet below; after a little distance it dropped another thousand feet on to the dead level of the broad plain of the Semliki, which varies in width from ten to thirty miles in its course of about 120 miles from the Albert Edward to the Albert Lake.

If I had quite understood the configuration of the route and how it meant that the plain must inevitably be flooded, I must confess I should have hesitated to start in the unpromising state of the weather; it had been pouring in torrents nearly every day for a month, but for the last few days we had been anxiously looking over westward each morning and thinking of the people who were waiting for their weddings nearly fifty miles away, and at last we resolved that on the morrow, come what might, the caravan should start. At the Government Fort on passing I learned from the Inspector of police that down where we were to camp a leopard had been prowling about for the last few nights, and had just carried off a woman, so one of my boys was sent back to borrow a shot-gun, as the only weapon available for scaring away unwelcome visitors. After dropping down off the plateau the rain came down in a most businesslike way for an hour and a half, converting into a watercourse the little groove that formed the path; but as the sky cleared and the sun came out we were able to finish the march more comfortably, and get dry before coming into camp. This, fortunately, very fortunately as events will show, proved the last of the rain till we

scrambled up off the plain again on our way home. The country traversed was a very fine one, the majestic mountains being fringed at their foot with dark frowning forests which extended right across the plain southward; the route by which we crossed was, however, clear, except for the short, waist-high jungle grass which stretched away unbroken for miles.

The fine broad plain abounded with game of various kinds, and in the distance across the river might be made out a herd of what counted out to be two hundred antelope; they were browsing together unconcernedly in the low grass, whilst stealthy dark figures, with dogs in leashes, were to be seen gliding about from cover to cover on the fringe of the herd. In the early morning the boys had luckily come upon the carcase of a large antelope, which had been fetched down in the night by a lion, and of which a large part was still untouched.

At the Semliki ferry on the second day's march we were delayed for nearly a couple of hours in getting the caravan across in two dug-outs, which made repeated journeys, taking three or four across at a time for some of the loads. Finally came the cows; a calf being put in the boat, the mother, which was far too great a hulk for the little craft, swam alongside, held by a rope round its head. The swiftness of the stream, running at over three miles an hour, made the steering of the canoes with the long punting-poles a matter of some dexterity. First the craft was punted straight up-stream, and then as the current caught it and swung it round, all the strength was used to get sufficient way upon it to reach the landing-stage on the other side before the stream had carried it past. Whilst we were engaged in crossing, a large canoe, crammed with spearmen as closely packed as they

Photo by] [*Rev. A. L. Kitching.*

HAWSER ACROSS THE SWIFT STREAM OF VICTORIA NILE FOR FERRYING PARTIES ACROSS; CATTLE SWIM ALONGSIDE.

(N.B.—Beware of crocodiles.)

[*To face p.* 152.

could stand, came drifting down. They had been hunting hippos for a feast. Just previously two great heads had emerged from the water for a look round, but they were now nowhere visible and we saw them no more.

On a later occasion we had an exciting time getting the cattle across, three crocodiles making a most determined attempt upon them, and returning hungrily again and again to the charge, in spite of all the splashing and shaking of sticks by our men.

Whilst walking along the bank in the evening with the chief we came in for a sudden startler from one of these great beasts, which unexpectedly dropped with a splash into the water from the shore, just three or four yards away from us. Crocodiles have some uncanny ways about them, which warn one to be on the alert when travelling near their haunts. Though infesting streams, and delighting in resting with just the upper surface of their snout and their elevated eye-sockets above water, they cannot always so enjoy themselves; sometimes in the dry season they are left stranded, when they bury themselves in the mud and may so remain without food for months, till the return of the rain provides them with a bath again. An Indian officer tells how, when out on one of his journeys, he was disturbed in the middle of the night by a wriggling of the ground beneath his bed, and in the morning when they came to pack up the bed, out slid a crocodile from underneath. Tennent describes how, at the approach of danger, they bury themselves in the mud, and, like some other animals and birds when taken unawares, feign death as a means of escape. On one occasion his party came upon a sleeping crocodile, which they struck and awakened; when the beast found itself surrounded, it lay perfectly

quiet and apparently dead; in a little while it was seen to glance furtively about, and then made a rush towards the water. On receiving a second blow it again feigned death, and this time no amount of poking could elicit the slightest sign of life, until a lad, by gently tickling it under the foreleg, caused the reptile so far to forget itself as to draw up its limb. Although thus timid when discovered, they are ready enough to attack any one when off his guard, and woe to the man who goes bathing near their haunts!

Our third day's march was a grand one, bringing us, after crossing the plain and climbing on to the first terrace above, alongside of a most lovely extinct crater. The bowl was encircled with perpendicular cliffs of glistening white, from which stood out, here and there round the edge, blocks, detached from the sides and worn away into columns by the rain, giving the appearance of some vast majestic abbey in solitary ruin. We camped within sight of this, and during the afternoon dropped down into another bowl near at hand to visit a swarming village of a strange neighbouring tribe. Through their intercourse with Batoro they could happily make out what we said, but were quite unintelligible to us when talking among themselves. This was a village belonging to Paulo Tabaro, and we were glad to be in his country, for when we had crossed his border down in the plain the condition of the country began at once to improve. We had been pegging along, simply plodge, plodge, plodge, through stiff mud intersected with little watercourses up to the knees or the waist, the result of the recent flooding of the plain by the incessant rain; but on entering Paulo's district we found the path better banked up, with bridges over the streams, making progress less arduous. Fortunately for myself,

he had sent a good sturdy fellow down to the ferry to bring me along, and save me from the worst of the water, on his broad shoulders.

Though I have indeed crossed the Semliki plain in fair comfort, it cannot in the rainy season be recommended as a health resort; and its condition in the heat is, if possible, worse. I remember a bad experience of this three years later, when striking across it in the month of August. The dull, heavy, leaden sky revealed no sun overhead, but the stifling atmosphere hardly allowed one to breathe, and every half-hour I was obliged to lie down flat, with arms stretched out, under a spreading borassus palm to gasp for breath; and thus only for a minute or two, as the heat upon one's chest soon became unbearable and one had to be on the move again. On that later occasion the earth was parched and cracked in great rents. The people in the four villages I had come down to visit could give us no food, and the men of my caravan had had to bring a full supply with them for the three days. The potatoes which had struggled for an existence were dried up. The meagre heads of Indian corn were stored as a great treasure. The few banana trees planted three years ago were a source of hope to the people, but nothing more as yet, though on the plateau above they would by this time have borne twice over. The inhabitants were living largely on the milky fibrous kernels of the stone of the borassus palm, and the slimy little fish they found in the mud of the almost dry bed of a neighbouring stream. The chief village was odoriferous with the hippopotamus flesh that had been brought for six hours in the heat from the Albert Lake the day before. It was a great haul for the villagers, and they hospitably offered me a dainty morsel. Liking to

sample most things, I did my best, but ugh! I should like to give hippo a fair trial, but next time it must be fresh.

No! the Semliki plain is not a sanatorium. But we were out of it now, and camped near the majestic glistening crater, amid a simple, rudely-adorned primitive people. What struck us as grotesque about them at the first glance was their practice of filing their beautiful bright teeth to a point, which helps them no doubt to tear their flesh food (when they are fortunate enough to get it), but which gives them a very grotesque appearance when they laugh. They were so friendly that I didn't care to inquire very carefully whether, like the rest of their tribe over the Congo border, they are cannibal.

The next day a further stiff climb brought us at length to Paulo's headquarters, whence he had come out a long way to meet us with a great company of his people. The unique character of his capital consists chiefly in the variety of its peoples. Being within an hour or so of the boundary of the Congo State and its cruder, more savage folk, little fragments of many tribes who have found life difficult elsewhere and property insecure, may be found gathered around him. I remember hearing an argument between two neighbours on different sides, the one advising the other to come over. "Don't you see the difference?" he said; "we have our flocks over here. Where are all yours? The British don't plunder your goats."

On the day I arrived one of these wilder, more savage sections was in on a visit to Paulo, their overlord, and he asked me if I would like to come and see them dance. I could hear their music already from my camping-place, and these Balega, being a notoriously warlike, lawless tribe, I was anxious to

see more of them. After a cup of tea, therefore, I strolled over to the opposite hill on which they were performing their dance of homage to their chief. The village from which they came, consisting only of about fifty or sixty houses, forms but a very small fragment of their tribe, which is found chiefly over on the Congo side; this being the annual festival they had come in, to the number of nearly a hundred, to express their allegiance. Day after day for a whole week they were engaged continuously in dancing, the men and women apart in single file or in lines, following one another round and twisting their bodies about to the accompaniment of weird singing and drumbeating. The usual tribute of work for the chief, or of road repairing, or of the three rupee hut tax for the Government, was quite beyond their intention, and the Government, knowing that any attempt to exact it would mean trouble, have wisely left the matter for the present to Paulo's discretion. The Balega are as yet very like porcupines; wherever you attempt to touch them you find a bristle ready, but they rest content in regarding Paulo as their chief, and in rendering him what they consider, according to their own savage notion, as most fitting homage; but they expected as an equally fitting thing that their chief should make a good feast for them at the end of it. Their homage thus works out as rather an expensive luxury.

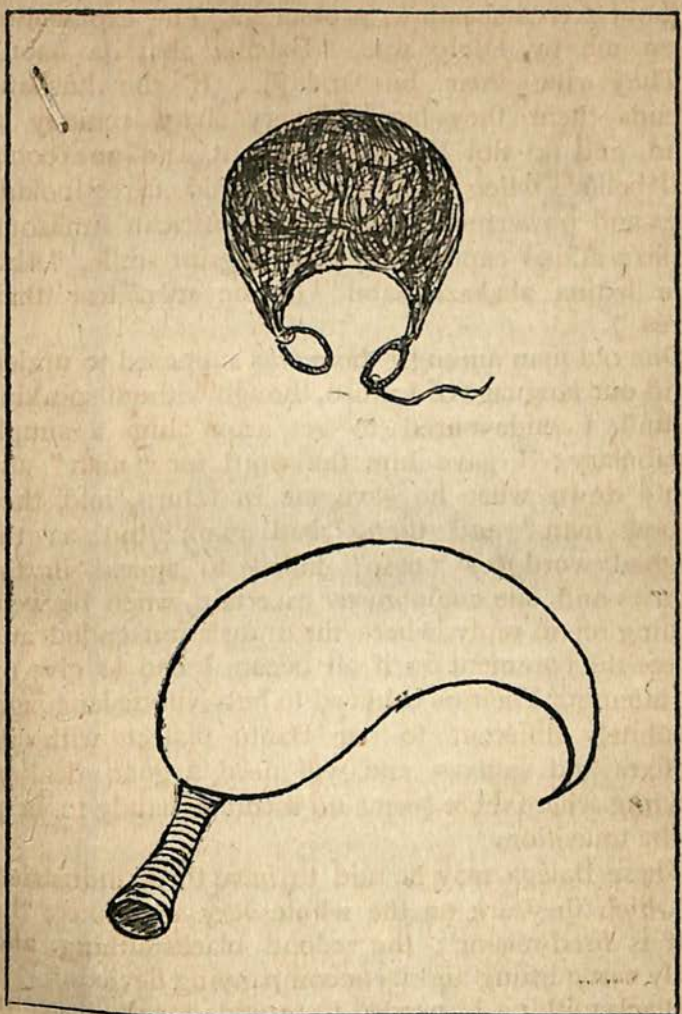
If the men are untractable with regard to outside domination, there were indications that the women were equally intolerant of control at home. Stuck in a leather girdle on the bare unprotected thigh, they carried a formidable-looking crescent-shaped knife, clean and bright as silver, and looking dangerously keen and ready for use in its place in the girdle,

without even a sheath to protect it. The explanation given me by Paulo was, "Balema abasaija babu" ("They rule their husbands"). If the husband offends them they have a very sharp remedy at hand, and do not hesitate to use it, and one could well believe when looking at the wild, fierce-looking faces and powerful frames of these African Amazons, Paulo's added explanation with a grim smile, "Abasaija batina abakazi babu" ("The men fear their wives").

One old man amongst them was supposed to understand our language of Lutoro, though without speaking it, and I endevoured to get from him a simple vocabulary; I gave him the word for "man" and wrote down what he gave me in return, and then "good man," and then "bad man," but as the original word for "man" failed to appear in the phrases and one could never ascertain, when he went rattling off in reply, where the translation ended and where the comment on it all began, I had to give up the attempt. Theirs is believed to be a Nilotic language, absolutely different to our Bantu dialect with its prefixes and suffixes, and will need a good deal of tackling where there seems no medium handy to help in the transition.

These Balega may be said to have three industries, at which they are on the whole very assiduous; the first is food-raising; the second blacksmithing, and lastly cattle lifting and its accompanying devices.

Blacksmithing is needed to provide for the peaceful food-raising, and their smiths always have their hands full with orders for hoes; it is equally needed for the spears and arrow-barbs for their more mischievous occupations, which are, however, chiefly confined to the much more numerous branch of the tribe over



BALEGA WRISTLET AND KNIFE.

The wristlet for tapping to imitate bow twang. The knife used by women to terrorise their husbands.

the border, where they are less under control.[1] In addition to these industries might also be mentioned their ingenuity in grass and reed plaiting for the manufacture of shields and food-baskets.

After they had been dancing for some while, Paulo proposed a sham fight, and off they darted in two bands. The one party endeavoured to advance towards us and the other kept them at bay. In the absence of arrows, which they were not using, one realised how great an advantage numbers must give, and yet how much would turn on individual prowess. Each man singled out an opponent opposite him and endeavoured to get in at him whilst giving a sympathetic interest to the man within reach on each side of him; and so the two long lines skirmished backwards and forwards, using every little bit of cover, each one watching for the slightest sign of a diversion to give him an advantage over an opponent. Every now and then an effort would be made to get round the flanks of the opposing line and take them in the rear or split them up into little groups, but each attempt was skilfully met by a counter move, and these continual dashes, accompanied with excited shouting and the quivering of spears, made the scene a very thrilling and realistic one. At the signal to desist each warrior came bounding up to his chief and, having lunged his spear within about a foot of his chest, as a sign of homage, went bounding away to join the rest of the company. Without a blink, Paulo accepted the strange homage as we stood there together awaiting them; only on one occasion did a chief at his side spring forward at the arm of a warrior who seemed to have judged the distance a little too narrowly.

An excursion from Paulo's of a couple of hours

[1] See p. 177 for picture of blacksmithing.

CANNIBAL BAHUKU AT HOME, WITH A MUTORO VISITOR TO GIVE CONFIDENCE.

[*To face p.* 161.

brought us to the outskirts of the great Pygmy Forest, of which I shall have more to tell later. Skirting the edge of the forest stood a long line of borassus-palm trunks; their appearance, bare and erect, stripped of all their fronds, set one wondering (until a nearer view showed them more plainly) if the Cape to Cairo telegraph had been brought this way, so much did they look like a line of telegraph poles bereft of their wire.

It would have been no new mishap for Central African telegraph poles to be bereft of wire; in the earlier days, savage inhabitants warmly appreciated the setting up of so much precious copper wire across their country, and cut it down by the mile for a new stock of neck ornaments instead of going to the traders. But apart from this there are other dangers to the line unheard of at home. For instance, "not far from the Victoria Falls a herd of giraffes, stampeded by a troup of lions, fled madly against the telegraph wires, dragged down two miles of the copper wire and many of the iron poles, besides strangling several of their own number." [1] In two other cases on the same line elephants are reported to have tried their strength at the expense of the Telegraph Company.

Entering the forest, it was refreshing to sit down in the deep shadow and look up at some of the noble leafy giants.

The village of Bahuku that we passed on the way belonged to the forest tribe who were engaged in collecting rubber for the traders. The cannibal habits of these poor folk are too revolting to relate.

It was late when we got back to Mboga, and messengers were out looking for us with lanterns and waiting to carry us across the stream.

[1] "Uganda Notes," November, 1907.

Next morning, before daybreak, the drum was beaten by the teacher to call the people to church, and quite a large gathering (of about one hundred) used to come together in this way first thing each morning for prayer. Later in the day the great service for baptism was performed; the Christians gathered together for Holy Communion; and then, all preparations for the feasts having been completed, the couples, attended in great pomp by umbrella bearers and drums, came with their white-robed followings for the wedding. A "best man" out there is not always so careful as one at home, as seen in this case. When it came to the moment for the ring one of the bridegrooms, alas! failed. He hadn't thought about it. There was an uncomfortable moment, till I happened to remember that I had just acquired a brass ring out of the lip of a savage neighbour, and it was in my purse. It was one of the convenient kind, not being a complete ring but having a gap to permit of insertion in the man's lip, and so was capable of indefinite expansion, and this happily saved the situation. Clergy at home may find it worth while providing themselves with one for emergencies.

When the time came to leave Mboga, the question had to be decided by which route to return. There was the one by which I had come in four days round the northern end of Ruwenzori, or another, which, after re-crossing the Semliki, led for three days southwards through the forest at the foot of Ruwenzori, and then struck up its slopes over 5,000 ft., to get over the barrier, and down 3,500 ft. again on to the plateau below. At the far end of the three days' journey in the forest was one of our teachers, named Yeremiya Bamya, working all alone, the only teacher amid this forest tribe of Bamba, and it seemed a pity that he

and his work should not have a visit now that an opportunity presented itself.

When I told my porters, there was general consternation, and they began to go through a pantomime on all fours to show what kind of progress we might expect amongst the trees, and that it was quite impossible. "But hadn't Bwana Maddox gone that way a year ago, and did his men die?" If the way was difficult they should have increased pay for it, but I needed to go and trusted them not to desert me in the matter."

In order to get to Yeremiya to have the Sunday with him I must needs start that day, but before going I had a long round to make to visit Church plantations where troubles had been brewing; to avoid further delay I had to leave them in a very doubtful attitude, telling them I would strike the main road that night three hours further on, and expect to find my camp there. After leaving them, I turned to my head boy and, thinking to sound him as to the situation, asked, "What do you think? Will they clear off home?" After a longer stay in the country I might have prophesied his characteristic answer of "Manye ki?" ("How should I know?").

Our round of visits took us through some rough country, and gave us interested congregations of villagers who were pleased at knowing we had come specially out of our way so as not to miss them. The headman of one of those villages has become a great friend since, acting as host and giving me of his best. It happened on a later visit that I could just make an opportunity of looking in upon his village, which was off my route, if he could put me up for the night and enable me to join my caravan next day. So off he trotted me acouple of hours just before sunset, and

on arrival cleared out his best hut, and made me a feast of a fowl and plantains, and treated me right royally. That hut, by the way, just allowed me to stand upright in the centre with my helmet on if I did not move my head—and the owner was the chief of the village!

After our round of visits through the fine wooded country with little villages of smiths at work amongst the bright red ironstone rocks, we struck into the main road as night was coming on. In the little ravine on our left we could hear the crashing of branches, telling us that elephants were at hand, and we pegged along singing together in the bright starlight. At last in the distance there was the sound of a faint drumbeat and then a flickering light, and shortly afterwards our headman came trotting along good-humouredly with one or two others to seek us with a lantern. They had made up their minds to stick on.

CHAPTER XIV

RETURN THROUGH THE BAMBA FOREST

Bamba and Batoro, a contrast—Patriarchal society—Summary vengeance—A drunken village—Intricate paths—Stopping a feud, an anxious moment—Yeremiya's children ; shooting rats—Manyumba—A right to be independent—Bamba gipsies—Facing the climb—Arrival in the nick of time ; the deluge—Glimpse of the snowfields—Our Mukonjo host ; isolation—Graceful bamboos—The drop to the plateau and triumphal entry.

THE next march took us down to the plain again, and across the flooded part that was now drying up into thick, sticky, black mud, and again we crossed the Semliki. It was interesting, in looking upon the hurrying stream, to think that in about three months' time some of that mud-laden water would be flowing past Cairo, and that the rain-worn slopes of Ruwenzori were being carried down to form a new land, thousands of miles away at the Delta of the Nile, whilst we were standing up on here near its source.

About an hour after crossing the stream we reached Buranga—the first village of the extensive Bamba tribe, who inhabit all this great stretch of forest between the river and Ruwenzori on the western side of the mountain—and here we decided to camp.

The village was beautiful for situation, very like that of many a Swiss village, nestling at the foot of the precipitous, thickly-wooded mountain-side.

As at Kidiba, on the other side of the mountain near Butanuka, so here the earth's crust seemed thin in places, for close by is a boiling fountain. At Kidiba the hot springs rise through well-defined openings on either side of the glacier stream, but here, over a grey rocky bed of considerable area, little jets of steaming water ooze up through numerous tiny orifices; many of them are quite indiscernible (except through the indication of the water filtering up), giving you an uncanny sort of feeling, as you thread your way amongst them, that there is not much thickness between you and the centre of the earth. Natives may usually be found bathing here, and as at Kidiba, occasionally come definitely for a "cure," immersing themselves in the rocky basins in which the water collects.

The Bamba villagers who took me to visit it had provided themselves with a bundle of bananas, which they put, just as they were in their skins, into one of the bowls. In twenty minutes they were beautifully cooked, more quickly than would have happened in a pot over the fire.

Those on the spot tell how an elephant, attracted perhaps by the sense of warmth, once ventured upon the edge of the rocky bed; but, as he advanced, the surface gave way in front of him and before he could recover himself and retreat, the poor brute, trumpeting in terrible fright, was precipitated into some hidden abyss and disappeared.

The woods round the springs are favourite rambling grounds for herds of these great beasts, and I have never been to Buranga since without encounter-

ing some adventure with them. On one such occasion, leaving my caravan to proceed along the main road, I made a detour across the plain, with a Mukonjo porter for my blankets, and a good reliable native Church Council member for company, to drop in unexpectedly on the old Bamba chief, Mutengesa, as his guest. I had provided myself with just a pinch of tea and some salt for the night, trusting him to do the rest. He and his poor unclad folk gave us the heartiest of welcomes, and a hut was carefully prepared for me, with a place for my companions inside the porch. The old man appeared with a sheep-skin covering, and I didn't inquire too strictly about the calico pantaloons I had sent him as a present after the former visit; but I learned on other evidence that they had created a great sensation, and had been put on by his sons in succession, to parade in up and down, so perhaps after a while they had gone the way of most garments, though less quickly than some, as they had never had to endure the wash. The chief naïvely remarked that they had been good but not quite large enough. I hope that the next pair I sent the poor old fellow suited him better.

That afternoon I wanted to collect all the neighbours available, but the answer to my messengers was that elephants were tramping about the plantations, and they were afraid to venture. In the morning, though with a stiff climb over the ridge in view, to rejoin my caravan, I was anxious not to leave them without a talk, and on going to seek them found the whole village in a ferment. One poor fellow came creeping out of his hut in a tremble, wearing on his wrist some cowrie shells hastily strung together on grass as a charm. He had just passed an awful night. In

the gloom of the preceding evening he was making his way to his hut through the dark banana grove when he came upon a roving herd of elephants. One of them made for him, and he dropped for safety flat on his face under a banana-tree and lay quite still; the rest of the herd passed on, but this one remained near, sniffing about all night, happily on the windward side of him, without being able to discover him in the thick darkness. The next morning the neighbours went out and drove off the brute, and rescued the poor fellow in a very prostrate condition.

After having listened to their graphic story, I myself had occasion before the day was over to know something of the sensation that may be caused by elephants near at hand. When up on the highlands we were delayed by rain (fortunately under shelter in the only little hut up there), and descended into the plain rather late, to make for our caravan, still some three hours further on. Suddenly, as we were pushing our way through the tall jungle grass towering up over us about 14 or 15 ft. high, there was a crashing just ahead of us, and my faithful Mutoro friend, laying hold of my arm, dragged me back with the cry, "Njoju! Njoju!" ("Elephant! elephant!"). It was a narrow escape, for as we reached a little clearing and looked across, there, about eighty yards away, were a herd of five who had just pulled up under a big tree after having rushed across our path quite close to us. My Mukonjo porter was greatly agitated and led us at a trot by a beeline for some huts we had just passed within sight of. Here with some difficulty we obtained a couple of men to guide us, by a detour skirting the mountain-side, on condition that at the first sign of more elephants, with which

the district seemed to be swarming, we would turn back. After twenty minutes' tramping we again came upon the sounds of crashing branches, and evidently, though it was impossible to discern anything beyond two or three yards through the thick jungle, there was another herd just ahead of us across our path; there was nothing for it, as it was now sunset, but to turn back and seek hospitality at the village, but this time without any tea and salt.

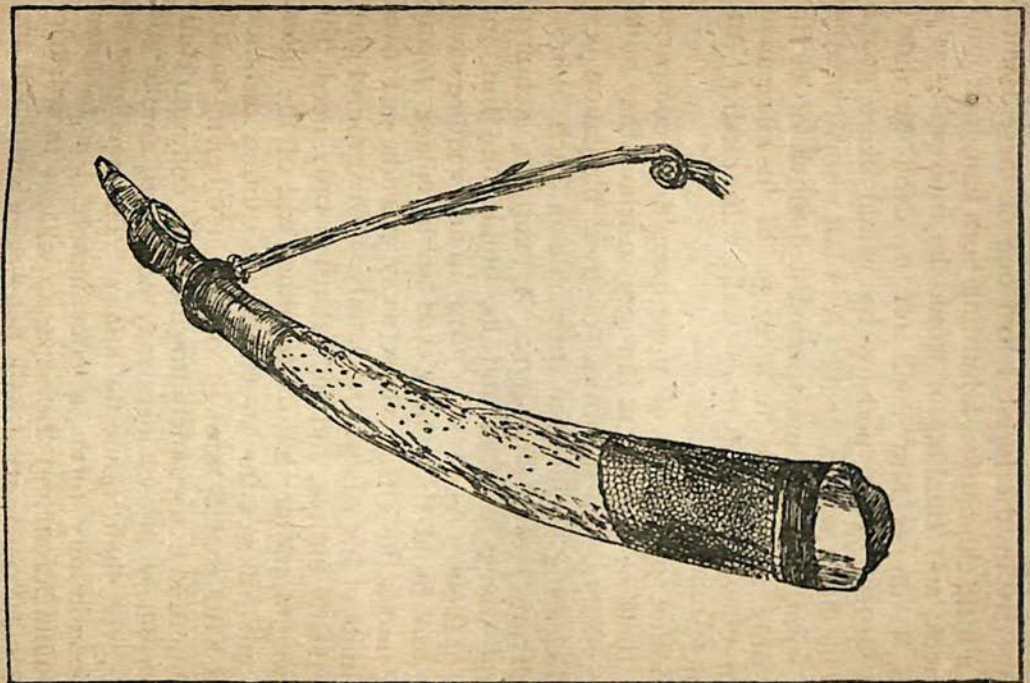
As to Mutengesa's people they seemed very ready for the gospel, and would become willing hearers if only we could spare them teachers; in the absence of qualified teachers several Christian boys have voluntarily spent a few weeks amongst them since.

But to return to the record of my first visit to Buranga. It was strange here just on the threshold of the Bamba country to find the two tribes dwelling side by side and yet exercising so little influence upon one another. The Bamba—with their sharply pointed filed teeth which gleamed out as they smiled, their lips pierced with brass rings, their frizzled heads streaming with a dressing of locally prepared castor oil, their scantiest apology for clothing, and their pleasant melodious sing-song talk—were sitting in one group with a present of food they had brought for our caravan; whilst adjoining them was a group of Batoro—equally hospitably disposed, with food for their visitors, talking in an even tone, revealing regular, natural rows of teeth, with no strange ornaments like their neighbours, but making up for the barbarous adornment by their much more scrupulous apparel of cloth. The contrast was a marked one, and it was strange that the presence of Batoro neighbours alongside of them had done so little to affect the ruder customs of the Bamba, who seemed to show

no desire to live up to the more advanced standard of their neighbours.

One day in the forest I met one of these Bamba with a little elephant-tusk hunting-horn hanging round his neck, and thinking it would be interesting as a curio, I offered him shells for it. No! he didn't want shells! Then perhaps he would like a goat? No! he didn't want a goat! As a last resort I offered him some of my almost exhausted stock of cloth. His only answer, with a tinge of bewilderment about it, was, "What do I want with cloth? Am I chief?"

Another peculiarity of these people, as compared with their neighbours, is the way in which they build their villages. In the midst of their plantation is a long clearing forming a street, down each side of which are erected the huts. A man has acquired several wives perhaps, and he builds one hut for each of them. As the sons grow up and acquire wives they too build their huts, and so a village forms itself under the elder, whose sway extends just over the limits of his village and family. The ground plan is perfectly simple, and for extension only needs the building of another hut on to either end of the lines. In some villages the street extends quite a distance, and I have passed through villages numbering nearly one hundred houses, including a kind of common club-house where the villagers may collect to smoke and chat over their domestic affairs. The smallness of the community forms a considerable bar to inter-communication, and the separate villages in a district often view one another with feelings of suspicion and unfriendliness which may lead to friction; in former days there had been no superior power (as amongst the Batoro with their superior chiefs and King) to



AN ELEPHANT-TUSK HUNTING HORN.

Cased with lizard skin and simply carved. From Bamba Forest.

whom all owed allegiance, and there had been little restraint to quarrelsomeness and murder.

Though the district is included in the Protectorate, the attempt to administer it has been deferred; and through its being isolated from Toro proper by the great barrier of Ruwenzori, and from the Batoro by customs and language, the people have been allowed to go their own way.

A few months after our visit, a headman near by was drinking with his villagers, when there occurred to his inflamed mind the recollection that a neighbour of his, in some old quarrel years ago, had murdered his son. "Let's go and kill him!" was the cry. Spears were seized and summary vengeance was taken upon the offender. When soberness returned, the headman felt the danger of the situation, and, deserting his homestead, fled with his people further afield into the forest. Drunkenness is certainly one of the great curses of the people and brings about the majority of their troubles. Owing to the suspicion with which the villagers viewed each other, it was exceedingly difficult to get a man from one village to take us beyond the next, as he would have to come back that way alone; owing to this reticence, and as the paths in the forest were innumerable, we were continually needing fresh guides.

One village we passed through the next day was so completely under the sway of drink, that I sat down with them for a bit to show them what a curse it was and how God was not pleased. I declared we would go on without a guide unless they could produce a sober one. We needed to be none too particular in our scrutiny of the young fellow whom the headman of the village put forward as qualified—none too particular in our scrutiny, because a guide

was really so necessary considering the intricacies of the path. From the main range ran out sharp buttresses at brief intervals, sometimes with only a razor-like edge at the top; the path would steeply mount and follow the line of the spur, which ran down precipitously on both sides, and was so worn away by the rain as to allow of only room for one. Down in the hollows the narrow path would lose itself amongst the trees, forking to different neighbouring villages, and though a branch might start in the direction you wished to pursue, it was never possible to tell whither it would ultimately lead. The people, knowing roughly the position of the village of Busaro, which we were making for at the foot of the pass, could be trusted to guide us to the next village on the route, and so we made our way stage by stage.

At our camping-place that day we found the people in the common condition of wholesale intoxication, but one of them was sensible enough to come up towards nightfall to warn us that where we were camped a leopard was in the habit of paying nightly visits, and to advise us to take the tent inside a courtyard.

The third day amongst these people brought us an adventure which very nearly proved serious. In the course of our march we came upon a large village all in a stir and commotion. That morning they had been raided and were in hourly expectation of a return of the enemy. The trouble was as follows: A neighbour from a village a little more than two hours away had come on a visit, and having been treated hospitably with plenty of beer, had started off to return home. On the way he fell a victim to a hungry leopard, but his fellow-villagers, sus-

pecting treachery, had made a raid that morning to take revenge for the supposed murder of their friend. It was very little booty that they had carried off, only a knife, a dozen fowls, and, what was more unfortunate, the village drum, the villagers themselves having got sufficient warning to enable them to escape into the thick forest. But they were in mortal fear of a sudden return of the foe, and it would, of course, be certain death for any of them to attempt to go and explain that it was all a mistake. Would I, therefore, go and mediate for them if they promised very faithfully that they would on no account attempt reprisals? On my assenting, one of my boys, a steady, faithful young fellow named Erasito, agreed to come with me and keep a watchful eye upon our company, whilst the rest of the caravan proceeded by the direct route to the village where our solitary teacher was at work. As we passed through village after village on the route and our own little company of warriors in single file, each armed with his two spears, became augmented with fresh bands unitiated in the purpose of the expedition, the situation grew a little involved and anxious, but with our own following at the head of the file one hoped the rest would be steadied and restrained. On arriving at the foot of a steep little ascent to a ledge of rock above, our guide turned round and pointing up to the ledge put his finger on his lip significantly and all was perfectly hushed. Very carefully we climbed the ascent and when just near the top I stepped in front of the guide with the sign that I was to go first, my thought being that in our unexpected appearance the presence of a white man might inspire confidence and check a hasty panic or attack. As my head appeared above the ledge I was just conscious of catching a glimpse of a little

company of men seated round a stack of s and shields, when the sight of them was obscu by our guide. At the moment of espying had sprung past me, and swinging his spear his head, had plunged to the spot; fortuna had caught sight of him in time, and though a moment to spare in which to snatch up shield in defence, they had been able to sca bolt off into the long grass. In a twinkl warrior's arm was round a sheaf of spea clutching at the shields, whilst the rest of the follow ing were gaining the ledge in a quiver of excitement. There was only just time to wheel round sharp and strike at every head within reach with my white umbrella to create a diversion and ensure the enemy time to escape. Our following, after the first moment of excitement, behaved very well, and dropping everything that they had laid hands on, came and sat down round the village common-room for a council of war. The women were sent out to search for the men in the jungle and assure them we had only come to bring peace, and as one head after another appeared from different quarters peering cautiously out, they were sent off to reassure others, and in a couple of hours most of the opposing faction had been enticed back. It was a grand opportunity for a talk to them of the "Prince of Peace," and they settled down to learn a refrain of a hymn quite interestedly before we came to talk about "terms." The knife was produced and some of the fowls, and the drum was promised from its hiding-place at a distance. My friends, expressing themselves perfectly satisfied that no further trouble would ensue, started off home, and Erasito and I went our way chatting over the affair and the averted danger with very thankful hearts.

iya, having heard of our whereabouts on val of the caravan, came out to meet us ne of his "children" and their chief, Man- and brought us in joyfully. Many of them deed children—lissome young boys with friendly faces, and evidently with a warm for the teacher, who, in spite of many bouts , had refused to desert them. For nearly a of years he had held the fort there, this single rt amongst the dark forest tribe, inspired with nt love for his people. Some months later Bamba folk were carrying their teacher in a hammock that steep climb of over 5,000 ft. up the slopes of Ruwenzori and down to Kabarole to the hospital. He seemed to be at the last extremity of fever, and had at length yielded and come away. For four years afterwards I knew him—feeble and prostrate in the hospital, going home to die as he thought, and refusing the hammock sent to bring him back to the doctor; then again a rally and a return of spirit and hope and a return to the doctor for treatment. One day, when I went to visit him in the hospital, whom should I see sitting on his bed but the man whom one regarded as hard, sodden, almost hopeless Manyumba, the Bamba chief! Yeremiya's face brightened as he said, "You see, he has come to visit me. I want so much to get better that I may go back to my poor Bamba, for how will they hear of Jesus Christ?" The village over there had been a difficult post, and the Church Council would not send any one, but had asked for volunteers, and no one had been forthcoming. Since then, however, a teacher named Paula Tibenda, who knew the people in former days, has volunteered with his wife, and once again Manyumba and his people have gospel messengers amongst them.

Photo by] [*Rev. A. L. Kitching.*

"FROM THE IRON-STONE OF THE DISTRICT THEY MAKE THEIR OWN HOES."

(Note the primitive two-handled bellows, worked by raising and depressing the skin coverings of boxes.)

[*To face p.* 177.

It was a very pleasant Sunday we spent there, just at the foot of the great snowfields and glaciers of Ruwenzori, nearer, grander, and more precipitous than we see them from the Toro side. The heat was terrific, and in seeking the shelter of the edge of the forest at midday for a read, I was forced to retreat to the tent by the swarms of tiny black midges, whose bites raised little swellings which remained, with their irritation, for many days. These midges may perhaps be responsible for the carrying of the fever which infests the forest, just as the "anopheles" mosquito carries the malarial parasite. Dr. Christie, when engaged in his sleeping-sickness research, climbed up on to the ridge from the Toro side in search of them, but time did not permit of his descending into the forest below.

The boys of the village proved very lively, friendly young neighbours, ready to come and sit down for a talk at the tent, and to snatch up their bow in the middle to let fly one of their light barbed arrows at a rat as it darted past. These Bamba people are quite lovable in their simple, savage, light-hearted independence. And they have a right to feel a wholesome independence, for, like the Balega, they are an industrious people, providing for all their own few needs, and a few things besides for barter. From the ironstone of the district they make their own hoes, besides their spears and the herring-bone barbs for their formidable little arrows. Their plantations are always well kept and full of food, and for the cultivation of one kind of plantain they have a special reputation amongst their Batoro neighbours. As carpenters they are ahead of many, adzing thick planks out of the great forest trees and sewing them together side by side with grass thread to form sub-

stantial doors for their huts. From logs they hollow out little stools, which are in great request and always sure of a ready sale amongst the less ingenious Batoro; as the pay most eagerly sought by the makers of them is tin sheeting for manufacturing into lip-rings, ear-rings, and other ornaments for wear, the European households, where such metal (in the shape of old biscuit boxes) is most plentiful, usually come in for a first visit. The arrival of a little company of these outlandish people is always a great event amongst our boys, causing a rush for all the old tins available, as the supply of the stools is very limited and there may not be another opportunity of procuring one of these treasured possessions for months. The procuring of a stool not only raises the possessor off the ground, but raises him also at the same time in the social scale, and hence some of the keenness exhibited in the acquisition of them, making a visit of Bamba pedlars more looked for than that of a gipsy van, with its stock of brooms, props, and clothes pegs, in an English town. Their grotesque appearance with hair in short frizzled curls dripping with a plentiful supply of castor oil, the weird look of their sharp filed teeth, the strangeness of their language and its sing-song cadence, and the fact of their lack of clothing and of coming from the forest over on the other side of the mountain, all combine to mark them out as strange objects amid the greater refinements of the capital. But to some few of the more thoughtful Christians they appear as souls worth winning for Christ, and impelled by such a purpose Yeremiya had stuck to his post amongst them, in spite of fever, and had made for himself a place in their hearts. It was touching to have to leave him there alone, so isolated by the mountain barrier, but it

was with the resolve that if possible he should have a helper without delay.

On Monday morning we were astir early to face the climb; for the first two and a half hours it was level going, bringing us to the foot of the wall which was towering up precipitously before us for over 5,000 ft. Then came the mount, a steady peg, peg, peg away up the face, with only a pause here and there for breath, and then up again, with never a level bit for rest and the highest point within our view continually receding as we mounted. It was certainly terribly stiff, but the men plugged on gamely. On a steep little rocky knoll standing out from the mountain-side on our left appeared a small Bakonjo village, but there could be no turning aside, and at the end of a second two and a half hours we reached a narrow ledge, where was huddled together quite a well-built little village. The latter part of the climb had been in the sweltering heat, but now the sky became overcast and it was evident that a storm was brewing; a stiff breeze sprang up, and all hands were called to the tent; amidst flapping canvas the pegs were driven firmly in and the sides stretched, but only just in time, for as the cords were being adjusted and a trench dug, down came the deluge. Fortunately every porter had arrived, for any laggard would have found the path unscaleable in the wet. For a fortnight since we left Kabarole we had been crossing and recrossing that broad Semliki plain and tramping in the thick forest without a drop of rain. Only half an hour after reaching camp, when we were safely out of it all, 4,000 ft. above the valley, the rain restarted. And no ordinary rain, for when we reached Kabarole we learned that the Government rain gauge had indicated a record fall of 2½ in.

in a couple of hours. Had it caught us in the middle of the march, with no possibility of going back on such slippery slopes, and a couple of thousand feet still to do, our plight must have been a sorry one. Or had it overtaken us in the plain, the journey must have been rendered well-nigh impracticable. A young man who came across the following week, carrying nothing, described to me how he had been pushing through water up to his arm-pits. For us, in the way of duty, one had just experienced once more how "He that keepeth thee shall neither slumber nor sleep," and there were those amongst our heathen porters who were ready to remark on the fact.

The chief, Dwandika, our new host, was a fine, powerful Mukonjo, living in a capital round hut, and possessed of a big stool befitting a chief of consequence; but of the rest of his possessions there is little to be said. His household was a large one, his wives being numerous, but by no means intelligent like their lord; as they went about making preparations for cooking they seemed to be quite borne down with the multiplicity of iron ornaments and closely plaited grass rings on neck, arms, and ankles. The men also wore armlets above the elbow, and on one man's arm I counted as many as two hundred and fifty such rings of most neatly plaited grass. The huts, though well built, needed additional strengthening by bands of tough boughs encircling the thatch at intervals, for protection against the hurricanes which sweep the little ledge, such as the one that greeted us on arrival. It must be a strangely out-of-the-world place to live in, and I suppose that some of the women are absolutely limited from year to year to the society of their score or two of neighbours. They wouldn't often have occasion to drop down into the valley,

spread out 4,000 ft. below them like a map (to do so they would need to dispense with some of their anklets), and above them towered still another 1,500 ft. before they could peep over the Toro side.

By the middle of the afternoon the slopes had become fairly drained, and a couple of the Bakonjo men took me out for a scramble for a view. The method of going reminded one of ascending the Pyramids, with a guide holding a hand in front and another shoving behind, for on the steep, slippery slopes it was impossible with boots to keep one's footing, and it was marvellous how, even with the help of their sticks, my mountain guides managed to cling so firmly with their toes. After half an hour's scrambling we came to a gap in the trees, through which, away in the distance, was to be seen, bright and clear, the glistening snowfields, fresh with the newly-fallen snow —a fascinating sight.

In the evening the household gathered again to listen to a talk, and after they had learned one or two refrains and long lingered chatting round the fire, Dwandika asked if we could not sometimes send them up a teacher to stay with them for awhile.

The next morning we bade farewell with some regret to our hospitable Mukonjo host and his people, and climbing further were soon amid the graceful bamboo forests that crown the summit of the range at this lower end. After descending some distance the view opened out, and there, 3,000 ft. below, we could see the whole of Toro spread out before us; there was the King's hill just below, as it seemed, with its bright reed fence encircling it like a coronet; the many higher hills which so break up the country when viewed from below were now dwarfed and appeared as little waves in a lumpy sea. "*Facilis est descensus*" we

thought as we steadied our pace down the precipitous path, with a bamboo dangling behind for alpen-stock, but how the cows managed to come down in the usual position of tail hindmost was surprising.

A village at the foot, near the source of our chief river, the Mpanga, furnished us with a pleasant camp for the last night; the next morning, with drum beating, and every one in capital form, we marched in past the fence of the Namasole (to whom a messenger was sent in with compliments) and along the broad road, the caravan informing everybody, native fashion, of their arrival with a chorus of hearty yells.

CHAPTER XV

DOWN TO THE MILK-DRINKING BAIMA

The Banyankole herdsmen—The agricultural "Bairu"—Test of social standing—Fastidious cows—Effects of the cattle plague—Barbarous custom of sucking blood—Skill in archery—Veiling of women—Bishop Tucker's visit: a memorable struggle—An Ephesian bonfire—Perils of elephant hunting; a phenomenal specimen—A forceful chieftainess—Murder of a Sub-Commissioner—A suspicious suicide—Old Hana Kageyi—A reformed character; princess and teacher—The Baptism service—Timid women; a social revolution—A King's desire—Challenging the world of darkness; heathen apprehension—Keen football and Bible study—A later visit; churlish peasants; the search for food—A prince's prejudice against digging; "No exceptions here."

TOWARDS the end of November a soldier turned up at Kabarole with a letter from the Rev. H. Clayton, in Ankole, announcing that their King and Queen and Katikiro and others were to be baptized on Sunday, December 7th, and as we had sent them teachers from Toro to help them in their younger evangelisation work, an invitation was included that I should go down as a representative from Toro to be present.

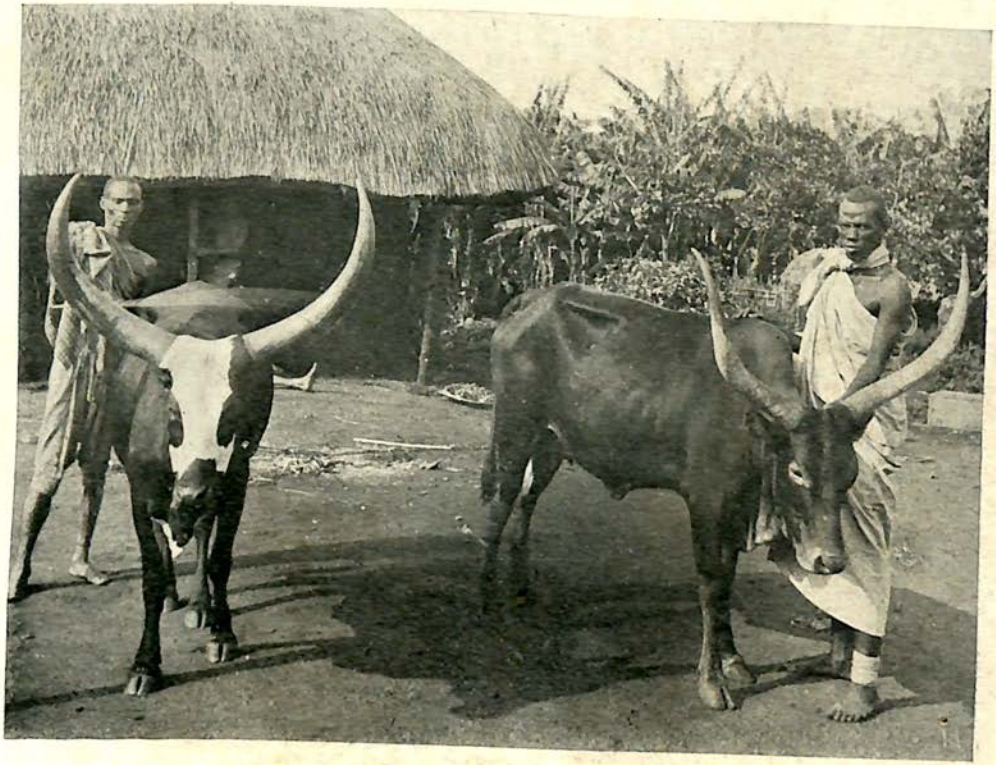
The opportunity offered was a very welcome one, and not less so that it would afford a meeting with Mr.

Clayton, an old Cambridge contemporary, just back from furlough; but there was not much time to spare, so I had to pack without delay and be off in the morning.

The Banyankole, as the people of Ankole are called, are an exceedingly interesting race, the purest, least mixed branch of the great Baima stock, which constitutes the ruling caste in all the kingdoms around. In figure they are tall and lithe, and their long, thin faces, with a very Jewish nose and lips, forcibly suggest a Semitic origin, and strongly mark off their features from the bullet head, flat nose, and thick lips of their neighbours. Captain Speke, who was the first European to travel amongst them, reasonably assumes, from their own traditions and his own wider observations, that the whole race are closely allied to the pastoral Gallas, who came from Abyssinia. Centuries perhaps before the Christian era, some roving Asiatic race with their long-horned cattle came streaming in from Arabia on the east and Palestine on the north, and settled themselves in the mountain fastnesses of Abyssinia. Mixing with the agricultural Hanite negroes dwelling there, they still retained their Semitic features, their pastoral habits, and their fine breed of cattle. The fact that on some of the ancient Egyptian tombs may be found sculptures of men bearing exactly similar features and with like long-horned cattle is significant.

Thence, within recent centuries, a further migration was made, and the race, by their greater forcefulness and pride, subjugated the people in their path and, though aliens and few in number, became, like the Manchus in China, the ruling caste.

In other countries such as Uganda, Unyoro, and Toro they have become assimilated much more



ANKOLE CATTLE, THE PRIDE OF THEIR MASTERS.

[*To face p.* 185.

closely to the indigenous races, but in Ankole they have remained very definitely distinct from the original agricultural inhabitants who rank with them as mere "Bairu" (slaves).

In their great industry of cattle-keeping they are so passionately devoted to their herds, that a man has been known, on the death of his favourite cow, to impale himself on its horns. Their only food is milk and the flesh of their bulls or goats, and the social standing of a lady is indicated by the number of cows set apart for her maintenance. That a child may grow up of proper proportions she is required to drink a certain amount of milk each day, and if the poor little thing finds it difficult to manage her daily quantity she is laid down and held whilst the milk is forcibly poured down her throat. They are immensely proud of the fact that they do not touch vegetables, and have various ways of expressing their contempt for their vegetarian neighbours. Their cows, as they will tell you, are even more fastidious than themselves. Should any one but a milk-drinker attempt to draw milk from her, she would rigidly refuse; should she suspect that her milk was destined for such a one she would at once withhold it, and should she be aware that it had been so bestowed, so great would be her indignation that she would never yield again. These are the stories they will tell you with so straight a face that it is impossible not to credit, if not the truth of the story, at least the sincerity of the teller. Many a traveller has had a difficulty in getting a little milk from the owner of thousands of cows because he was known to take vegetables with his dinner, and "alya bitakuli" ("he eats potatoes") shut up all the sympathy of his host, at least in that direction. I remember the Muima, whom I got to look after my cows when I

started keeping them, telling me in earlier days such things of their habits, but as he fears chaff more than most things, he has been very careful since. By the preliminary twinkle in his eye when he has something of that character now to tell, he is careful to prepare you for the fact that it is only what "they say."

I should mention that though the whole race of Baima are so deeply attached to a pastoral life, they are not all fortunate enough to possess a herd. In the great cattle plague (the rinderpest) which swept over the country in 1890, the cows died in thousands, and only the most powerful were sufficiently successful in raiding their neighbours to secure a stock again. The remainder are glad enough to obtain any job that brings them into contact with what is dearer to them than wife and children, and so are to be found scattered about everywhere in the neighbourhood of cows. Letting themselves out to hire in this way, they still cling to their pride of race, and a true Muima would admit his master to be of very doubtful equality with himself. Unlike their neighbours, there is no cringing amongst them before their King. In his presence, instead of the usual prostration, there is simply the stamping of the end of their spear in the ground as they stand and give their rough guttural salutation "Buh-h-oro," an expression of the proud independence they feel as men.

In spite of their devotion to their cattle, they have one strangely barbarous practice implied in the obscure proverb, "He who doesn't pass the night with the host, catches in the morning the cow that has been already bled." This horrid habit of bleeding cows seems to them no cruelty. Whilst resting one day in a chief's hut, I remember noticing in the roof a bow, with two large

arrows stronger than the usual kind, and my host explained to me that it was for shooting his cows with! But how and why? Not in order to kill them—but the arrow was discharged at short range deeply into the neck of the poor beast, and on being withdrawn, the master pressed his mouth to the wound and sucked the blood. It was supposed to bring them strength and embolden their spirit! Archery, it should be mentioned, is a national accomplishment with the Banyankole, and few of their neighbours for hundreds of miles round could use their handsome bows, which they bring to the bent position with a peculiar flourish round the head. Their terrible prowess with the bow helped them, no doubt, to gain their position of ascendancy.

One other national characteristic is worthy of mention. The Banyankole people, alone of all the African races outside the Mohammedan pale of whom I know, keep the women of their households strictly veiled. There is no need for them to appear in public, like their neighbours who cultivate the ground, nor do they. In the other ruling branches of the Baima stock in Uganda there is no such rigidity, and where the practice came from is a mystery, but it may be one added reason why it was so very difficult to induce the King at first to accept Christian teachers.

It was a memorable struggle, and to describe it let me use Bishop Tucker's graphic account when he visited the country from Koki (a little kingdom of the Uganda Protectorate) in 1889:—

"Certainly our first view of the native capital of Nkole was disappointing, to say the least. It is little better than a huge cattle kraal. The King and his dependants live inside the kraal with the cattle. The lodging of His Majesty is not much better than

that of his herds. A thorn boma surrounds the whole enclosure. Happily our tents had been pitched, not inside the King's kraal, but in the enclosure of the Katikiro, some three or four hundred yards away. The Katikiro is a 'progressive,' and had built his house after the Uganda model. We were therefore fairly comfortable.

"In a little while a messenger came from the King to say that he was about to visit us. We awaited his coming with no little interest.

"Much, humanly speaking, depended on the issue of our meeting. Our object, of course, was to gain an entrance for the gospel of Christ into Nkole. It was, therefore, our first work to try to get permission for our two Koki evangelists to remain amongst them to preach and teach the way of salvation.

"We told them how that the gospel is good for both worlds—this and the next—'having the promise of the life which now is, and also of that which is to come.'

"Mbaguta and the King agreed that no doubt that which we told them was true, *but*—there was great hunger in the land, and it would be difficult to support the two teachers. Would it not be better for them to go away and come back again in three months' time, when there would be an abundance of food?

"Our teachers, Andereya and Philipo, both agreed that they were prepared to endure a little hardness, even a little starvation. Would the King provide them with milk? They would be content with that.

"The King was doubtful whether it was possible.

"'What!' I exclaimed, 'the King of a great country like Nkole unable to supply two men with milk twice a day!' The thing was impossible to imagine.

"After a great deal of discussion it was agreed to receive the teachers and to give them milk morning and evening until the food famine was over. In the meanwhile, food would be sent in from Koki from the garden of Andereya, who is a Koki chief.

"The struggle was a prolonged one. First one excuse and then another was brought forward, only to be met and combated by our two evangelists. They used an immense amount of intelligence and wit in dealing with Mbaguta, and finally gained the day. It was agreed that they should remain, and the King would build them both a house in which to live and a place in which to teach.

"So far the victory was won. But the next day the struggle was renewed. The King and Mbaguta came to see us in the afternoon and reopened the question by asking whether it was not possible to postpone the commencement of our work until the harvest. Inch by inch the ground was fought over again until darkness came on, and it was agreed to let the original arrangement stand—and so we parted."

In spite of the opposition at the outset the first teacher soon succeeded in gaining the confidence of the King and the Katikiro, and by the end of the year a great change of attitude had come.

A striking scene was witnessed by a native pastor on a visit there a year later; and the following account of it, as given by him in church on his return, is recorded by Rev. G. K. Baskerville:—

"After he had been there a few days the Prime Minister came, bringing all his charms and fetishes to the teacher, saying he wished to give them all up. The teacher arranged to bring them up to the church, so that every one might see them burnt, as many of the peasants think we keep these charms in order to

benefit ourselves. Arrived at the church, the King heard of it, and came himself and gave orders for the burning to be in his courtyard, and he sat out there with all his big chiefs. The people, as soon as the fire was started, began bringing their charms, and there was soon an almost universal moving towards the fire, which was kept going half the day. Then the Prime Minister stood up and said that he was afraid these people were only following his example—they had better think over it—he had given up his freely; but all said they did not want any time for thinking, they had resolved to be taught. Presently the King, Kahaya, himself brought his charms."

And thus the striking scene of the bonfire at Ephesus was re-enacted in Central Africa.

And now, in order to pass on to the record of the baptism which was the object of our coming, two years after the scene just described (namely, at the close of 1902), I will touch but briefly on our journey.

Our first march was to a lovely crater lake, just above the bowl of which, with its fringe of trees, our camp was pitched. A few graceful pelicans daintily moved over the surface, like swans in our parks at home, and at night we heard a crashing through the trees as the neighbourly hippos came up from the water to stamp out the camp fire. Next day's march brought us through a broad belt of forest which fringed the twisting course of the rushing Duro river.

As we entered its shadow in the early morning numbers of brown monkeys went scampering off up the trees; now and then they paused to peer at us curiously through the branches and then crashed away again, springing unerringly from tree to tree across the great chasms between. This was the first

time I had encountered them, but many a time since have I watched their antics in different parts of the forest; only once have I seen a poor little thing miss its aim and be precipitated on to its back, fortunately into bushes beneath.

Our third day, Saturday, proved almost of necessity a terribly long march for the men; the two days' journey ahead being through a wilderness, we were anxious to get into the middle for our Sunday's rest, so as to be fed from both ends, and had arranged to have food brought out on Saturday night. We had started at three o'clock with torches, but got held up by rain in the middle and only reached camp just before sunset—a lovely spot overlooking the picturesque rushing Mpanga river.

On arriving a further stage on Monday afternoon, I heard that a friend, a Government officer, was very ill some three hours away at another part of the Mpanga river, which he had been engaged in bridging.

A tramp among the hills brought me to the place, where I found the county chief, Nikodemo, with hundreds of the bridge builders gathered, in very grave concern. He was a capable, thoughtful man, and would have done anything within his power, but was of course quite helpless and without any knowledge of medicine. I felt very little better, my friend understanding his trouble better than I did. The doctor had been sent for into Ankole, and there was little to be done but just to send back for some medical comforts to Kabarole and to sit down and await the doctor.

On Tuesday morning news arrived of his approach, and as the baptism in Ankole was to be on Sunday, time was now pressing for our departure. After two or three hours' tramp I espied him coming along at

a good trot on his mule. He had started with all speed with a couple of mules when the news reached him; one of the mules was the worse for the riding, with a sore back, and his caravan was somewhere behind picking up fresh porters, but the good doctor had pushed on ahead to save time.

Not a few in Toro are indebted to the large-heartedness of Dr. Stoney for kindnesses. He had come through to Kabarole for a stay some time earlier, and spent his time in the most ungrudging way, coming down two and three times a day to tend a poor little native child who was being nursed by our ladies, and who was eventually brought safely through. Later on the doctor was sent to Bunyoro, and met with a very sad fate when out elephant hunting. He had fetched down a great tusker, and climbed on to the body of the motionless, seemingly lifeless, beast, when, with an expiring effort, it flung round its trunk and dealt him a terrific blow, killing him on the spot.

Elephant hunting is no light sport, needing all the skill and nerve and endurance a man possesses. A native hunter, engaged by the King, once told me in Kabarole of a thrilling experience he had just passed through. He had come unexpectedly on the body of an elephant, which he thought must have been wounded by some other hunter and have fallen down dead from exhaustion. The appearance of it amazed him very much, as it had six ears and three trunks! Having carefully observed it, he advanced with his knife drawn to operate upon the tusks. To his intense amazement and horror the beast got up. The hunter threw himself flat in the long grass, his heart going pit-a-pat-pat-pat in fear of discovery, as he graphically described it, all in a quiver of excitement at the bare recollection of it. The elephant seized the rifle which

was being carried by his helper and twisted it into corkscrew shape, and then, snatching up the man who had been carrying it, hurled him to a distance and killed him, and then made off. My friend Zedekiya, poor man, adventurous as he was, had come home to rest his nerves.

The three remaining days of the journey into the capital of Ankole proved comparatively uneventful. The Thursday was interesting through the fact that it brought me out of Toro across the border into Ankole. The chief of the village where we camped was a woman—of enormous proportions, but one who did not allow her sex or even her immense size to interfere with her work of looking after her people. They had built a church, and were reading quite industriously, though their teachers had just left to go to Mbarara for the baptism. Her Katikiro, who had been reading with the Roman Catholics, came to me at night with his medal, quite uninvited, except for anything the teachers in my caravan may have said, asking me for one of our books as he wanted to read with us, and he has remained faithful ever since and a good support to his chieftainess. What made me mention her assiduity in looking after her people was the recollection of the odd sight of her, on my return, sitting by the roadside; she had herself turned out to direct some scores of her folk in making a causeway through a swamp, and was showing herself to be evidently a master spirit. [She has since died and been succeeded by her sister, who has been baptized by the name of Juliya.]

Her village of Ibanda has gained an unhappy notoriety since, as being the scene of the murder of Mr. Galt, the Sub-Commissioner. Such a thing had never been known before, never been dreamed

of — the murder of a European by a native — and there had been nothing of an unsettled nature in the district to cause apprehension or give warning. Mr. Galt, an officer of some years' experience and with the interests of the people a good deal at heart, was on his way to Ankole, in the course of his duties. He had come into camp, and was sitting in the little enclosure of the rest-house, surrounded by a reed fence, with a sentry pacing before the entrance, when a man burst through the fence and thrust a spear through his chest, mortally wounding him.

A grave inquiry was held on the spot for weeks by the Deputy Commissioner, who, with his long experience and keen insight into native character, and sitting with helpers who knew the people through and through, could, however, only very imperfectly elucidate the mystery. Suspicion pointed to a man who had recently died, but who, by his strange conduct, had drawn attention to himself. He had, since the tragic event, been killing his herd of goats one by one and eating them, conduct suggesting that he had contemplated making away with himself, but was bent on making the most of this world's things before he left it. The body was exhumed, and found to bear the marks of his having hanged himself. But why? At the instigation of his chief, so evidence seemed to indicate, and yet the chief possessed no past history suggesting a grudge, and was too well informed to suppose that it was possible to shake the British Government. The chief was condemned, but on appeal and further scrutiny of the evidence by the higher court, the sentence was changed into "Not proven," but the suspect was removed as unfit for his post and a danger to his country. And thus the unhappy affair ended. One

thing that must have impressed the Kings of Ankole and Toro as they sat there day after day with their courts, in attendance on the Deputy Commissioner, was the thoroughness of British methods. There was the scouring of the whole country for any one upon whom suspicion might be breathed as being in the know, the sitting there for weeks with the dogged determination of getting at the bottom of things, and the irresistible grip of the long arm of the Government, which could take an offender out of his country and deposit him in a distant island in the midst of the ocean, nearly a thousand miles from anywhere.

But to leave Ibanda and its stout chieftainess, and the unpleasant thought of the tragedy that was to be enacted there, let us move along the broad, sweeping road which led in a couple of days to Mbarara, the Ankole capital. As distance is measured elsewhere by the number of swamps, so here it is measured by the number of wildernesses, a wilderness being the broad sweep of grass land between two hills. Swamps as found elsewhere might recur every ten minutes, but these wildernesses took about three-quarters of an hour to pass through, and away in the midst of them, at a distance from the road, might be seen great herds of the cattle in which the riches of the Baima consist.

As we came up one of these wilderness-bounding hills I made out the figure of a tall European in the distance, and my boy assured me that this was Bwana Willisi, who had kindly come out to meet us and bring us in over the last bit of the journey. Nearer in was old Hana Kageyi, the Toro princess, who had nobly come with two or three of her maidens, as missionaries of the gospel to their secluded sisters of Ankole, and to teach them by example the useful

art of cultivating which they had so deeply despised. She was one of those noble-hearted souls who, from being one of the worst, because most capable, women in the country, had become one of the most potent factors for good. She had been changed and received a blessing, and set about straightway, like her kinswoman the King's mother, to impart it to others. When she learned that the poor Ankole ladies were needing one to teach them who would be respected and have influence with them, proud and prejudiced as they were against most, she volunteered, and became the beloved teacher of the Queen and the wife of the Katikiro and the other women who were to be baptized the next day. It was a time of great rejoicing for her, and she showed by her warm embrace how delighted she was that we should have come from Toro to share in the great event.

Mr. Clayton, in his kindly welcome, showed me over his little cottage, of which he was able to say, as of the other houses he had built elsewhere in Uganda in the preceding five years for his own habitation, that it had cost him less than a £10 note.

And now for the great service!

Though not the first baptism in the country, the Christians still numbered less than a score, and their number was now not only to be doubled, but the new converts included those of influence in the country, who had sought so stubbornly to bar it against the entrance of Christian teachers on the Bishop's visit three years before.

On the Sunday afternoon the road up the hill from the Mission-house to the church was thronged with the crowds passing up, and long before service time the church was overflowing. Many of the multitude of about seven hundred had to be content with a place

round the doors and windows outside. As we entered the church a very strange sight greeted us; all down one side were ranged what looked like rows of ant hills; they were the women, quite motionless and completely enveloped in their red-brown bark-cloths, which corresponded so closely in colour to the red earth. Suddenly there was a stir amid the bark-cloths. At the back of the church the King was entering, attended by the Katikiro and the other male candidates, and the command had gone out from him that to-day the women were to unveil. They had deferred doing it till the moral pressure of his presence had inspired them with the necessary courage, and then they uncovered only so far as to see the ground with their downcast eyes beneath the covering.

It was a striking service as one's thoughts went back over the past days and one realised how a new ideal had entered into their life.

Then King Kahaya came up to the font, and the questions were put, "Wilt thou be baptized in this faith?" and the answer came, "That is my desire," and as to walking in "the holy will," again the answer came, "I will endeavour so to do, God being my helper." The spell of the old charms was gone, as they had been consigned to the flames, and in its place had come the trust in a living, loving God. As the confessor was signed with the sign of the Cross in token that hereafter he "shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified and continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant to his life's end," the heavens seemed open once again, and once again there was joy in the presence of the angels, for Christ was seeing of the travail of His soul and being satisfied. There was joy, too, in the hearts of the missionaries as they saw the fruit of toil, and there was the

sense that it was good to be here. The King took the name of Edwadi Sulemani (Solomon), and the Katikiro, Nuha, some indication of his feeling of what he had been saved from.

After the men were finished came the turn for the women; and very timidly and modestly the Queen led the way, now completely unveiling her face. The Katikiro showed very evident interest as she came up, and said afterwards, in explanation, that she was his cousin, but that since her marriage he had never seen her face. She was baptized by the name of Esther.

For the next few days, on going into the school to watch the reading, it was an odd thing to notice the stage of transition amongst the women. The baptized ones were there with faces uncovered, but, unable to get over their shyness, were sitting facing the wall.

After the baptism was over, and we had left the church and were coming down the hill, we saw the male part of the congregation making for a little enclosure, and inquiry elicited the fact that the King was going to "beat the drum of the kingdom." It seemed only a natural way of celebrating the occasion, and we followed to witness the action; but it proved a great deal more significant than we had dreamed. It was an old-time tradition with the people that should the King beat the national drum, grave disaster would come upon the kingdom. On the day of his being "signed with the sign of the Cross," and taking a new name, the King, in the presence of all his great ones and his people, of whom only a very small handful were as yet Christian, solemnly beat the drum as a stroke of defiance to the powers of the other world, and a supreme act of trust in the "God whose he now was, and whom he served." Round many a fire that evening there were great searchings of heart and fore-

bodings of dread things. The action was one to fire the imagination, as when Luther publicly burned the Papal Bull, and by his public challenge electrified the German Empire.

The few days spent amongst these people were full of interest and refreshment. In the afternoons the young chiefs and their boys would come down and engage in an animated contest on the football ground. Fleet of foot, and with a keenness inspired by their European leaders, the red sashes strove with the blue in a long struggle for mastery in the capital field beside the Mission-house, and, at the close of the game, players and royal spectators turned in for a Bible reading and prayer. Life was as in one large hearty family. The very recollection of it is an inspiration.

With much regret one had to leave it all, but thankful for having enjoyed it for a brief space, and back the face had to be turned northwards, by the same route that we had come. The porters were rejoiced at the move. They had been longing for their own land of plenty, with its bananas and sweet potatoes in this place of scarcity, where cultivation was only beginning to be countenanced by the ruling caste. When I went, on the morning of departure, to bid farewell to the King, the message came back that he would be with us shortly; "Nanywa amata," said the boy ("he is drinking his milk"—in other words, having breakfast). No wonder the great giant of 6 ft. 3 in. needed to be carried in a kind of great clothes-basket device when he went on a journey!

On a later visit with a friend, Mr. Allen Wilson, of Usoga, we came home by a longer route to pass through a very lovely bit of wild country in the highlands, on the coast of the Albert Edward Lake. It

was stiffish climbing, allowing little use of our bikes, but well repaid the exertion; it took us through a very heathen part, little touched by teachers, in the region where the plot, if plot it was, was hatched for the murder of the Sub-Commissioner. We found the villagers of the district an ill-natured set of people, and one night, after waiting some hours for the promised food for purchase by our men, I set off with Mr. Wilson's mule and a couple of our men, with a lantern, for a scramble across country to seek it. The night was pitch dark, and the path along the hillsides continually on the tilt, rendering the mule useless in places; but after an hour's scrambling about we came suddenly upon a fire, with a wild-looking company of men seated around it. On seeing us, they at once sprang up and made off to their huts to fetch out some food, which they declared they had been on the point of bringing, and we went back together. I rather fear that, but for our search party, our men would have had a very hungry recollection of that camp. It was quite a grand country, weird with extinct craters, the bowls of which, as we looked down upon them in passing, appeared thickly planted with bananas, showing a district much more fruitful than that around the capital which we had left. It was a country rather of the native "Bairu" agriculturists than of the Banyankole caste. During that dry season of July grass fires were to be seen on all sides, and around our camp at night the cones of the craters loomed through the darkness surmounted with bright coronets of fire, strikingly suggestive of their ancient internal activity. It was on that occasion that, going down from the highlands and cycling over the plain bordering the Lake, ahead of the caravan, I turned up in a canoe unexpectedly at Kimbugwe's

headquarters without a welcome because he feared it was another Belgian who had come![1]

One more little incident about the Banyankole milk-drinkers before we leave them. One of the keenest of the footballers was a tall, lithe young chief of royal blood named Kabatutu. Nearly four years later he came to Mr. Weatherhead, in Mengo, saying that he wanted to enter his new school for higher education. With characteristic relentlessness the Principal placed before the young Muima chief the conditions of entry, and that he must do his share with the rest in digging and making a new road from the school to the football field. Anything he would agree to do rather than dig, but that was quite impossible! If only his people knew that he had been digging, his position with them as chief would be quite impossible, and his whole life wrecked. "We make no exceptions here," was the unbending answer, and he went away sorrowful, for he had a large chieftainship. Some days later he turned up again. "Yes! he was ready to do anything; ready even to dig, if they would admit him to the school." He had evidently been thinking over the matter, but how he was going to cover himself before his people he did not attempt to explain.

[1] P. 127.

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CHAPTER XVI

TO THE BELGIAN FORT AT MBENI—THE FIRST STAGE IN THE TRAMP ROUND THE RANGE

American visitors—Equipment for continent crossing—Choice of a route—Language difficulty—Katwe again and blind Kakuli—Grotesque tattooing—The Congo State; a weird entry—Muswaga's—A newly-adopted greeting—Lip-piercing—A rasping growl; too close to be pleasant—Welcome guinea fowl—The poor lop-sided chief—Trouble with the Belgians—Camp attacked; barbed arrows; inevitable sequel—Official prohibition of teachers—A hospitable Belgian officer—The beginning of sickness.

THE final tramp that I would record is one taken across the Congo border, through a belt of the Pygmy Forest, and completely round the great range. No European on record had made the circuit, and no information could be got of the country and the forest lying between the Belgian forts behind the mountain.

When at Mboga I had indeed inquired as to the possibility of striking down south to the Albert Edward, and making the circuit that way, but I had been informed by Paulo Tabaro that, though it was believed to be possible to find a path, it must be a long journey through deep forest. None of his people knew of villages on the way at which to get food for

a caravan, and it is to be remembered that this is a serious difficulty to be reckoned with for African carriers who pick up their bananas or sweet potatoes daily as they go along. Forest tribes there had been, but they had been so harried by Belgian officers that their old villages had been deserted, and tropical vegetation very rapidly obliterates all traces of old tracks through jungle or forest.

Our object on this occasion, at the outset, was not really to attempt the complete circuit, but to reach the first Belgian fort, and it arose in this way:

Towards the close of 1903 an American traveller, Mr. W. E. Geil, was making his way across the continent; having journeyed up from Mombasa to Uganda and spent some time in acquainting himself with the people and the missionary work going on there, he came through to Toro on his journey westward, with his secretary, Mr. Sarbis. News had preceded him from our friends in Mengo with the request that we would give him our assistance.

Let me add a few suggestions here for the information of any who are contemplating a walk across Africa; it is not altogether so simple a task as it may sound, as Messrs. Cook & Sons have not yet arranged a weekly or monthly service by which you pay your money and they do the rest. Something more is needed than a wardrobe, a sun helmet, a medicine chest, and a purse. A spare language or two is most useful, one might almost say necessary, especially a widespread trade lingo like Ki-Swahili; another very useful point of equipment is an experience, by at least one member of the caravan, of that peculiar compound, the African character—an experience not to be obtained in a day; and last, but perhaps most important if the spirit is not to be fretted away before

the journey is half way through, a boundless store of equability and patience. "Mpora, mpora, ekahikya omunyongoroza ha iziba" (gently, gently brought the worm to the well) is one of their favourite proverbs, and one will often need to be content with the slowness of the worm if one wants finally to get to the well. But it is not given to all to wait for the acquisition of the needful before starting on an enterprise. The ordinary Anglo-Saxon is not usually remarkable either for language, sympathy, or patience, and in a like lacking, perhaps, the American betrays his kinship, carrying through most of his enterprising exploits in his own way, and in his own mother-tongue. And so our American visitors came pushing along at a very un-African speed, and it was necessary for Mr. Fisher and the rest of us at Kabarole to try and supply as far as possible what was lacking in their information and equipment.

The first point to be decided was their best route. Here they were, right up on the backbone of the continent, near the boundary between British and Belgian, but lacking any information of the country beyond, and there was no one who could supply it. The hundred miles north and south between the Albert Lake and the Albert Edward was blocked up by the Ruwenzori range, rising over 16,000 ft. and leaving just two gates through which to pass into the Congo State, the one round the north end of the range through the gap between it and the Albert Lake leading to the Belgian fort of Irumu, and the other round the south end of the range between it and the Albert Edward, leading to the Belgian fort of Mbeni.

Both were about ten days' journey away, and both seemed, according to the map, to be about equally direct for the future route. An Indian trader could,

indeed, tell of trade goods having been sent through to Irumu, but Mr. Lloyd, six years before, had struck south to Mbeni, and it was finally decided to go that way. Mr. Kitching, who had accompanied the travellers from Butiti, arranged to go with them as interpreter, and to supervise their caravan on the road, and all preparations having been completed, a ghostly party might have been seen groping around my door with lanterns, as they assembled for a farewell breakfast, about three o'clock on the morning of departure.

Three days later, Mr. Kitching, to our surprise, returned on his bicycle to tell of Mr. Geil being on his way back, in a hammock, seriously ill with malarial fever. Dr. Bond at once got a few medical things together, and we went out to look after him. We found him uncomfortably bad with a temperature up at 105 degrees, at the camp ten miles out, and after a night of watching, got him back to Kabarole the next morning. It was some days before he was well enough to make another venture, and this time it fell to me to offer to give him the necessary help to the Belgian fort. The matter was settled on Sunday night, and on Monday morning my boys were out sounding the "safari" drumbeat for porters, whilst I was packing up my things to follow Mr. Geil, who had gone to camp near Butanuka, eighteen miles along the road. It was nearly evening when I arrived in the drizzling rain, in some fear that he must have begun to question in his mind whether I had not deserted him altogether.

The road for the first five days was to Katwe, the same as described earlier on my first journey down south, and I need not dwell upon it in detail here.

One little incident on the fourth day, however, showed the difficulties that may attend an ignorance

of language. Mr. Geil wished me to take him up to Marko Kasami's place on a spur of Ruwenzori, whilst Mr. Sarbis passed along the main road below into camp, whither we were to descend to him at night. We went off provided just with our food supply for the day (and blankets in case of wishing to delay), after I had carefully instructed the head-man as to the village where we would expect to find him. The arrangement was a provisional one, because we had heard say that there was a pass at this point leading over the range to the Belgian side; in the event of finding it, we determined to cross by that route, and having descended on the other side, to turn back to meet the caravan which was to pass round the end of the range; in the meantime, until we rejoined our baggage, we would trust to the natives to feed us. Though the chief below assured us that there was no such path, we felt disinclined to trust his word, as our carriers had showed so much fear of the climb that we were uncertain whether they had not influenced him. On arrival at Marko's, however, short work was made of my statement of our belief as to the path over, the chief simply declaring, "The man who told you lied."

After a service in church and some photography, we prepared to come down, and sent messengers on ahead to tell them the time that we should arrive, so that a meal might be ready. Near sunset, after four and a half hours' tramping, we reached the homestead of Zakaliya, who was to be our host (and whose infant I had baptized on my former visit), but no news was to hand of the caravan. Zakaliya sent out messengers to inquire, who returned about 2 a.m. (as we learned next morning), having come upon our sleeping caravan comfortably in camp some hours away. Mr. Sarbis, on arrival there, finding the established camp with its

rest-house, had felt persuaded that that must be the rendezvous, and his attempt to express his belief had been interpreted by the head-man as instructions to put up the tents.

Zakaliya rose to our difficulty nobly and set about preparing to lodge us in his capital round house and feed us on his best. The fowl was delicately cooked, and with the plaintains he served up a sauce made with rancid butter, and esteemed a great delicacy among the native nobility. Thus we fared by no means badly, in the enjoyment of the warm hospitality of this our host just on the Equator.

Next morning we joined up again and came in sight of the Albert Edward, which was to be seen dimly through the haze, and entered Katwe together. It was dreadfully hot, as seems a chronic condition here, and as a result of the march I found myself two or three times drowsily rolling off the little low stool whilst questioning the classes. With only the one night to spare here and with much to see, it was necessary to waste no time, and after a brief rest we were soon up and off again for a peep at the Salt Lake. Its dull, drab surface looked sullen and gloomy under the brazen sky. Little enclosed pools of brine around the margin were caking over with saline crystals which were almost ready for collecting. A bright contrast was formed by the other little lake with its flocks of lovely plumaged flamingoes and ducks and pelicans. Later in the afternoon, having secured a canoe, we paddled across to visit old blind Kakuli's island. The people no longer bolted off to hide under mats, as previously, but came out in numbers to give us a friendly welcome, and we had a pleasant service with them. What much struck us were the remarkable designs on the backs of some of

the Bakonjo women ; the flesh had been drawn up and incisions made with a knife for the insertion of some vegetable material ; the vegetable had afterwards become absorbed, but the elevated pattern remained in the hardened flesh—a fashion of adornment amongst the tribe very like tattooing in our army and navy. We came upon one young girl having the ingredients rubbed into the flesh wounds, and the poor thing's suppressed groans indicated the painfulness of the process.

On the following morning (Saturday) an early start was made with lanterns for the river boundary ; our guides, who had arrived late, came up with us as we were trying to make the best of our way in a beeline across the grass land, having lost all trace of the ill-defined path. The river bank was swarming with mosquitoes (too persistent and numerous to be repulsed), and the task of crossing the swift current by the light of great torches flitting about on the other shore and casting a flickering glare upon the water proved a weird experience. Thus we passed into the Belgian Congo State, formerly called " Free."

It was a pleasant morning's march to Muswaga's our camping-place, and a refreshing thought, as we tramped over the scorching plain, that the next day was for rest. Herds of graceful antelope were grazing on both sides of the road within 150 yards of us, and went bounding away only to pull up a little further on, as though inviting us to try and stalk them.

Arrived at the camp, we were saluted by the headman at " attention," with the strange new greeting " Bojjor." I made a mental note of the new salute word, as I thought it, this " Bojjor," and it did not dawn upon us, till hearing them also hurry one another up with the exhortation " Allons," that this

was an adaptation of their rulers' lingo. It was impossible ever to hear the salutation at the villages along the route for the next two or three weeks without a smile at the grotesqueness of the adaptation in the mouth of half-clad savages.

The Sunday's rest at Muswaga's gave us good opportunity of getting into friendly touch with the natives and learning more about their history. In earlier days (till within a dozen years ago) the whole country had been dominated by Kabarega's chief from the north, who penetrated here at the time when they swept over Toro. In those days it was a country teeming with cattle, especially the large hornless kind, which, from being indigenous here, were named "Nsongora," after the district. Then had come the terrible cattle plague in 1890, sweeping the land clear and reducing the chief, so far as cattle went, to the level of the peasant. In the following year Captain Lugard arrived for the Company, driving out Kabarega's Banyoro chiefs and bringing back the native Toro Royal Family and nobility. With the extension of Belgian influence a few years later, the boundry had for convenience been fixed at the river near Katwe, and the present population at Muswaga's might be found, sometimes on one side of the boundary and sometimes on the other, according to the visits of the respective tax-gatherers.

It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that the population was rather mixed, including the very black, square-featured agricultural Bambuba people and the lighter-skinned, more delicate-featured pastoral class of Baima strain.

The customs in the various tribes are very strangely distinct; for instance, no Muima woman would dream of piercing her upper lip, for the sake of inserting as

ornament (!) a circular wooden disc, as her neighbours the Bambuba had done. I have seen a woman wearing such a disc protruding horizontally in her upper lip and encircled by the skin of it, measuring 3½ by 4 in. across. The reason once given me for the custom, but which I have never been able to verify, was that the men introduced it for their women as a disfigurement, to prevent them from appearing attractive to Arab visitors; if this is so, the origin has evidently long been lost sight of, and the horrid disfigurement seems now to be regarded only in the light of ornament.

We were now right round the southern end of Ruwenzori, and our faces were set north-west to strike the Congo forest. The new week's journeying commenced with a weird adventure. With a long march before us and a good path we got away in the thick darkness soon after three o'clock. One lamp having been disabled, Mr. Geil with Mr. Sarbis led off the caravan with the remaining ones, whilst I waited to see the laggards in the rear tail out of camp before starting off to overtake them. The road lay through a hollow with a line of low hills near at hand on the right, and as we proceeded, one of the porters and my cook boy keeping me company, the harsh, rasping roar of a leopard was heard on the hills alongside of us. Soon afterwards an answering roar sounded out ahead as we advanced; the sound drew nearer and nearer, and at last we instinctively pulled up; the little cluster of bushes which we could just make out against the sky by bending down, and from which the threatening growling was proceeding, was now only about fifteen yards away. The porter was fortunately carrying in his load a zinc bucket, and unloading this and holding it on the danger side, we marched forward, beating upon it

a vigorous tattoo. The leopard was evidently taken aback by the diversion, and, holding his breath to listen, let us by. On arriving in camp at Karimi we were agreeably surprised to find an admirable double-winged rest-house and a neat village lining the two sides of the broad street leading up to it.

Captain S., the courteous Italian officer of the fort of Mbeni, for which we were making, had sent instructions to the village chief to have us well attended to, and wrote saying that he was himself coming out to meet us next day. Lovely bits of parklike woodland lay near the camp, in which guinea fowl abounded, and we were fortunate in making a bag and supplying our table with a fresh delicacy after the rather poor fare of the last few days.

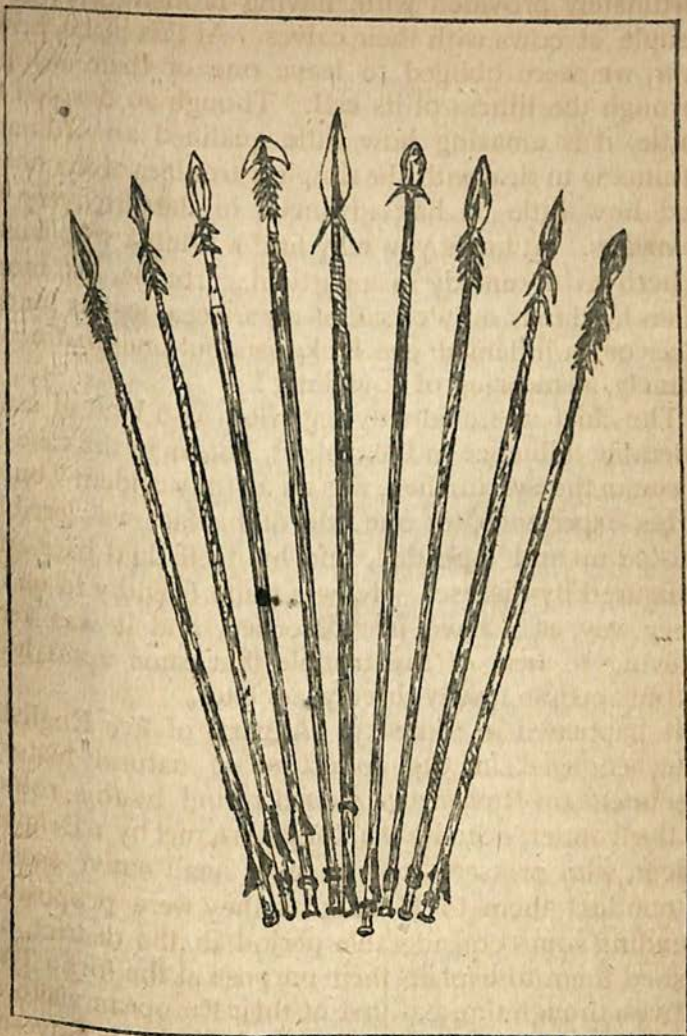
One of our great standbys had been an enormous cabbage kindly sent for the journey by the French priests from their admirable garden at Kabarole before we started. This had been carried by the man with our luncheon things in a light open basket, to be always near at hand, and one of the bright, crisp white leaves, chipped off when we felt a touch of hunger, proved a wonderful pick-me-up. We often had occasion to bless the skilful gardeners who had so kindly provided us with what proved such a valuable addition to our stores during the first ten days, and gladly pass on this testimony to the value of the uncooked vegetable. The choiceness of the specimen, weighing perhaps a stone, and crisp and white all the way through, doubtless had something to do with its attractiveness.

The chief of the village paid us every attention in his power, bringing us a plentiful supply of new-laid eggs and some milk; eggs were always welcome, the supply of flesh food being scanty, but milk we were

fortunately provided with, having brought with us a couple of cows with their calves. At this place, however, we were obliged to leave one of them behind through the illness of its calf. Though so devoted to cattle, it is amazing how little qualified an ordinary Muima is to deal with the simplest troubles of his herd, and how little he has advanced in the discovery of remedies. At times you may find a Muima who trusts a herb as a remedy in a particular trouble, but more often he thinks only of salt as a panacea, just as for an ulcer or an inflamed eye he knows but one treatment, namely, a smearing of cow-dung!

The chief was evidently regarded as a man of considerable influence in the district, but, as in the case of Naaman the Syrian, there was an awfully evident "but" in his experience, for one side of his face was terribly twisted up and lop-sided, and his teeth laid bare and disfigured by disease. He was quite friendly to us in every way, as I have just recorded, and it was very grieving to hear of the trouble that came upon him and his people nearly three years later.

It happened in this way. A party of five Englishmen, engaged in the collection of natural history specimens on Ruwenzori, passed round by this route. At the frontier, near Katwe, they were met by a Belgian officer, who pressed upon them a small native escort to conduct them to Mbeni; as they were proposing spending some considerable period in the district, he wished them to explain their purpose at the fort. The natives, though timid at first of their European visitors, through recent disturbances with the Belgian Government, were encouraged to come to the camp with their food, and all were friendly. At Mbeni, however, the Government officer in charge insisted upon the party taking a large native escort of thirty soldiers with a



FORMIDABLE HERRING-BONE BARBED ARROWS OF BAMBUBA FOREST TRIBE.

Once in—a fixture!

Belgian officer in command. On arrival at the foot of Ruwenzori, two of the Englishmen, anticipating no trouble, set out from camp for a climb; they were, however, soon followed by a messenger with the startling news that the camp had been attacked. Having rejoined their party with all haste, camp was struck, and a running fight carried on all the way back to Mbeni. Two soldiers were killed and five wounded, whilst the Englishmen had some narrow escapes, and Dr. Wollaston (the doctor with the expedition) had a nasty time at the fort, cutting out barbed arrow heads and attending to wounds. The villages were afterwards burned, and the whole district devastated, the natives having fled for refuge to the forest. For the first three or four days' journey between this and the next fort all the Government rest-houses were burned and not a native was to be seen. Some misbehaviour on the part of the soldiery, perhaps, had caused the natives to retaliate, and, with no go-between trusted by both sides to sift matters and find out the offender, there came the inevitable deadlock. The natural sequel, I suppose, must be the punitive expedition, by way, not so much of punishing the offenders, who will be far too difficult to find, but of making an example to the rest; this will be followed by fresh enmity and stored-up hatred on the part of the oppressed, and so feuds linger on. One could not but grieve for the fate of the poor lop-sided chief and his pleasant people who had entertained us so hospitably, and listened to a few words of teaching about Christ and expressed a desire for a teacher. A Medical Mission amongst these poor folk might prove an untold blessing.

It may be mentioned here that, in spite of an expressed desire by many of the native chiefs on the

Belgian side for teachers, the Government of the Congo State has rigidly shut the door against us, causing the gradual withdrawal of the little handful who had at one time gained an entrance on this side through the northern gate. Gradually the Roman Catholics are coming up to occupy, though, at this time, there was no Protestant or Roman Catholic Station within about six weeks' journey down the Congo westward of our work at Kabarole. Since then Mbeni had been occupied by French priests of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and they are endeavouring to push up others along the frontier, whilst barring the way against our repeated applications, in violation of the "open door" clause of the Treaty of Berlin.

Leaving Karimi we set out to meet Captain S., and on arrival at the next camp found an escort from him awaiting us. Shortly after there was a stir and a running together from all sides to stand at the salute. Up the path came swinging along a black-bearded, cheery-looking figure, who made straight up to welcome us as his guests. A very admirable and hospitable host he proved, and, from the moment of meeting him till the time of parting, nothing was lacking that it was in his power to provide for our comfort.

The day following, Wednesday, our tenth on the journey, was to bring us over the last stage, down to the Semiliki river, and across to Mbeni, where I was expecting to part with my company and return to Toro. The day was bright and the march pleasant; chatting was as cheery as the new language into which we were plunged would permit, and all was going happily, till, as we came down towards the banks of the river, I noticed Mr. Sarbis looking very pale and then tottery, and, linking my arm in his, I found him all in a tremble. It was some minutes

before we could get ferried across, by which time the ague fit was over, and we carried him up the steep bank into the little fort above, and got him to bed.

Before telling more of his illness and our other experiences, let me give you some account, as I wrote it down at the time, of this new resting-place in which we found ourselves.

CHAPTER XVII

AT THE BELGIAN FORT OF MBENI

The White Star of the Congo Free State—A rotten system—A fruitful garden—Near the watershed; the backbone of the continent—A quaint Bambuba chief—Women weeding with sleeping children—Anxious nursing—Malaria—Dysentery—Ophthalmia—The problem of a route.

A BEAUTIFUL situation has this fort at Mbeni, lodged up here on the west bank of the Semliki, which can be seen winding its sinuous course about 200 ft. below, between its thickly-wooded banks.

The fort itself is a tiny enclosure only about sixty yards square, within a low brick wall about 5 ft. high; in front, as you enter, stands a comfortable two-roomed guest-house of mud and wattle, neatly thatched and whitened, and, with what adds considerably to its attractiveness, a fine broad verandah affording a grateful shelter against the fierce sunlight.

On the left side of the quadrangle is the Office, and on the right the stores, whilst in the centre a gigantic flagstaff carries the eye up to the dark-blue flag of the Congo State with its single white star in the centre. Doubtless the Congo Government has brought a little starlight by introducing the law and order of a settled

State, superseding with its own methods of administration the slave-raiding expeditions of Tippoo Tib and his Arabs; but it is a sad kind of administration for a European Authority compared with that ideal of our English administration in Uganda. It was quite impossible to discover any effort made to raise the natives as a race, though a certain amount of personal kindness and generosity there may have been in such matters as administering to the sick. When the main duty laid upon a Government officer is merely to secure so much revenue, and his reputation for ability depends upon his success in getting it brought in, there can be little scope for good for the individual administrator. And if the soldiers whom he is given to enable him to enforce the tribute are drawn from the most savage tribes and are cannibals, what wonder if the treatment of the poor defenceless villagers to whom they are sent is brutal! When the six Powers of Europe agreed together that this great territory, which Stanley had explored, should be handed over to the King of the Belgians on certain humane conditions, is it now sufficient for our Government to say that we have nothing to do with the keeping of the conditions? How shall these poor helpless things be saved from their slavery? Do Christian States no longer own a law of chivalry on behalf of the defenceless, or do they fear it may cost them something?

But to return to the description of Mbeni! As you pass out through the earth embankment faced with red brick, and over the moat (dry except after heavy rain), you find yourself on the edge of a broad, bare parade-ground lined with the little low hovels of the soldiers and their wives. Right in front, as far as the eye can reach, runs a broad road, straight as a die, and telling at once of other workmanship than that

guided by the tortuous eye of a native. The road was lined with an avenue of plaintains and papaw-trees, which promised well for the future. Though these young trees will never become so handsome as the timber fringing the river banks, they will have their compensation, for in little more than a year the plaintains will be loaded with one of the favourite foods of the people, and the papaws have already in some cases put out along their stems their delicious fruit, very like a water-melon. Behind the rows of trees on both sides extend broad patches of native sweet potatoes, bright green fields of rice, plantations of manioc, and a few fragrant pineapples with the promise of coming richness, and at one corner is a group of guava-trees laden with their sweet, golden fruit. With such a supply of vegetables and fruit no European at Mbeni need suffer from lack of variety (as is the case sometimes in other localities), and if he will turn vegetarian like the natives he need not look elsewhere for food. On the more fertile land just across the Semliki, whither the sub-officer, M. Friart, took me one morning, I saw also quite an admirable supply of European vegetables, including the cabbage, lettuce, celery, turnip, and cucumbers, besides the more common potatoes, tomatoes, and beans.

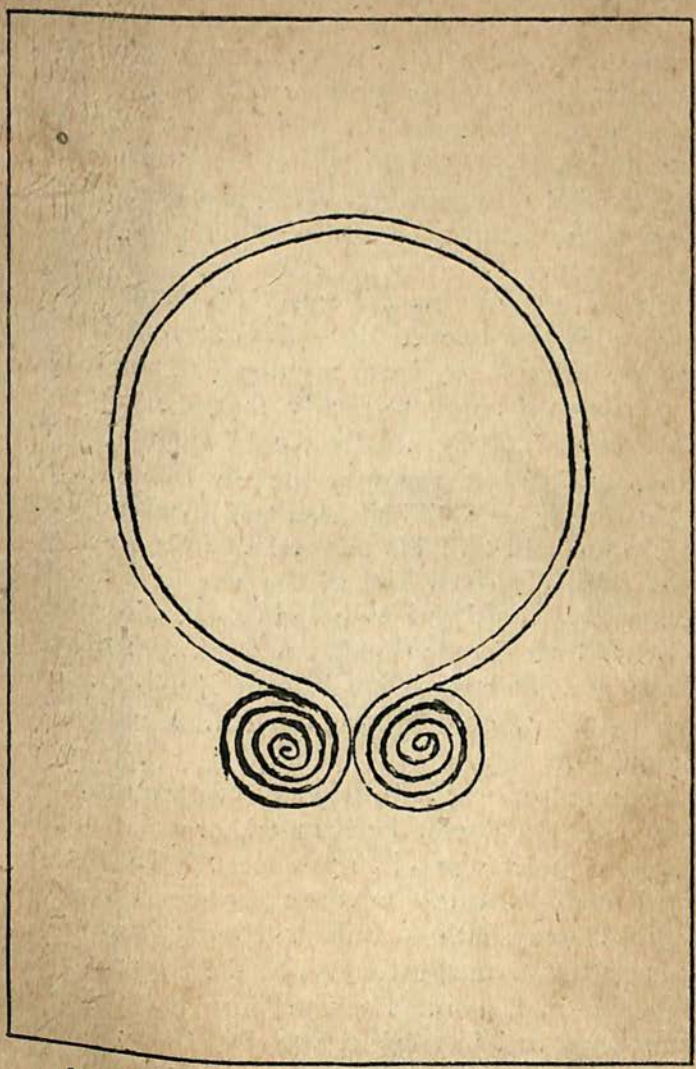
The view from the fort is a fine one. In front, looking away to the west, is the range of the Semliki mountains, black in patches with forest, and forming the narrow barrier between the water of the two greatest rivers of Africa, and contributing impartially from their opposite slopes both to the Semliki (for the Nile) and the Congo. But turning round and looking towards the east the eye rests upon the grandest view of all—if the frequent mist of the rainy season or the perpetual haze of the dry season permit—namely, the

glittering snowfields and giant peaks of Ruwenzori, rearing their heads majestically to heaven. One evening, after the clearing away of a violent storm, the veil was lifted and the whole unbroken outline of the vast range stood out against the sky, picked out in every detail in the light of the sun which had just set behind them. It left us feeling deeply regretful that the failing light made a photograph impossible, for the veil was never so cleared away again during the week of our enforced stay, and the vision might perhaps not reappear for months. In the near foreground below, a deep dark fringe of thick wood shrouds the Semliki in its sinuous course, but affords, just close at hand, a glimpse of its waters.

On the two banks of the Semliki the tribes are markedly different; those on this side are named Wanande, or, as our Batoro people call them, Bakonjo, being like our own mountaineers on the other side of Ruwenzori; those across the stream, with different customs and a different dialect, are Bambuba. The Bambuba chief, Wangite, is a quaint, sociable character, dropping in upon the European officers at any time, and rattling away in ceaseless chatter, as long as he is allowed. One morning at breakfast he came in and kept us laughing incessantly over the droll way in which he mimicked the stout appearance and stalking gait of a giant "Adjutant" formerly stationed here. The greatest friendliness evidently exists between him and the two European officers, and he doubtless makes himself useful to them in keeping his people up to their work in the Government plantations and in various other ways. One afternoon he fetched us across for some photography amongst his people, and brought out his wives to display their elaborate ornaments of heavy brass wire coiled in fold upon fold around their

BAMBUBA WOMEN WEEDING, WITH THEIR CHILDREN ON THEIR BACKS—ASLEEP.

[*To face p.* 221.



IRON NECKLET FROM A WOMAN OF BAMBUBA TRIBE.

Some women may be seen wearing a dozen such of various sorts and sizes, weighing twenty or thirty pounds.

arms, with iron rings around their necks and ankles. What interested us more was a group of women whom we unexpectedly came upon weeding in a potato patch, with infants strapped on their backs. Our sudden appearance frightened them, and they were making off like startled rabbits, when Wangite called them back for a picture, and all the while their poor little mites were asleep.

But to return to our patient. His temperature kept up steadily for two or three days at 103° in spite of quinine or anything else at my disposal, and then went on persistently rising to nearly 107°, causing me very grave concern. Eventually a cold sponging brought relief, and a rapid recovery happily followed.

Meanwhile Mr. Geil had been laid up with dysentery, and in the midst of his internal trouble an attack of ophthalmia deprived him of the use of his left eye. The officers could give no help in the treatment except to lend their French medical book and offer their drugs, and their absolute lack of English, added to their ignorance of medicine, made the situation a very anxious one.

A council of war was held as to future movements. How could a doctor be reached, or what might be ventured under the circumstances? On the route ahead north-west the next doctor was three weeks away. Down south in Ankole ten days away it was believed that a medical man was there on a visit and might be met with. Back in Toro ten days away, whence we had just come, was Dr. Bond, who had already been of so much service. To push along the direct route north-west was felt to mean too long isolation from the possibility of medical help; to strike south to Ankole was almost tantamount to turning back; and to turn back absolutely to Toro and re-

linquish the expedition altogether was for the traveller a thought unbearable. There remained one alternative, namely, to strike directly north for ten days through the forest to the next Belgian fort at Irumu, which was no further from Kabarole than was our present position at Mbeni, for at Irumu we should be just opposite the northern end of Ruwenzori as we were now opposite the southern end. This would furnish an opportunity of testing the eyesight and observing the health of the convalescents before plunging more deeply into the heart of the great Congo Forest. Moreover, at Irumu we were told there was an Armenian officer who spoke English who would be able to render Mr. Geil further assistance and counsel, as I should be quite unable to continue the journey beyond.

This tentative plan was adopted, and the next chapter will furnish some account of this journey through a belt of the Pygmy Forest, which may best be told with the help of a journal jotted down on the road.

CHAPTER XVIII

THROUGH THE PYGMY FOREST; ESCORTED BY OUR HOST

The departure, a transformation scene—The forest: Stanley's long gloom—Cape to Cairo Railway route—Broken-down bridges; the culprits—A village clearing in the forest—Spirit houses—An impromptu pipe—Bewildering languages—Adorned rather than dressed—A Pygmy loaded with rubber—Pygmy huntsman with his poisoned arrows—Houses for the boys—Arrival of the Pygmy chief; a difficult conversation—Religious belief—What they hunt—A precious present.

THIS morning (Thursday, October 8th), after just a week's delay, we left our pleasant quarters in the little fort at Mbeni for the first stage of our tramp amid Pygmy haunts. Our objective is the next Belgian fort northward at Irumu, on the Ituri river, a tributary of the main Congo.

My porters from Kabarole, when I had first explained to them our plans, had expressed much concern about the journey ahead. Where was I going to lead them to? Was it very much forest, and were there many hills? How far was it? What was the pay to be? None of their friends had ever been that way, and they were afraid! But after some encouragement with the fact that my five boys, whom they

knew, were going, and that food would be assured to us along the route by the order of the Government, they agreed to continue; we were thus provided with a little nucleus of friends that was very welcome in a country where all was strange, and each new native language an unfamiliar one. Petero, a gentle young fellow, who had been sent by the King of Toro to attend to Mr. Geil's travelling needs, was also to be relied upon.

This morning they turned up in good time and spirits, glad to be moving after the long delay, and I despatched them with my one remaining cow before going over to breakfast (though the march was only a short one of three hours), so as to give them the benefit of the cool of the morning and get them away clear of other arrangements.

After having been fortified with a comfortable parting breakfast in the captain's mess-room, now so pleasantly associated with the memory of many interesting chats, we strolled back over the few yards dividing it from the fort—passing at the entrance as usual the sentry at the salute. Then came the main departure, arranged by Captain S., rapid as a transformation scene in a play. A long, dark line of figures was to be seen heading up to the courtyard, and in a moment or two they were all drawn up inside under the direction of a capable head-man; at the order each man bent down and attacked the load in front of him, and after a few moments busily spent in adjusting it with a strap round his forehead, there was a heave up and the whole stream filed out.

They belong to the Bambuba people, a short, thick-set forest tribe about 5 ft. in height; but, though so small in stature, they are capable of carrying very heavy loads. Their method, unlike that of our Batoro,

who carry on the head, is to sling the load on to the back by a strap passing round the head, and by bending slightly over the weight is thrown upon the back, and the strain upon the forehead thus somewhat relieved.

By 8.30 we were on the march in the rear down the long, straight road between the bananas and papaws, having, just before starting, caught one tiny parting glimpse, through a rift in the clouds, of the highest peaks of Ruwenzori. M. Friart accompanied us to the limit of the plantation, which towards the latter part was needing fresh attention and replanting; owing to the mischievous depredations of a herd of elephants quite recently, the road was strewn with uprooted tree trunks. At the end of the avenue the bananas and papaws gave place to giant reed grass, towering up 13 or 14 ft., and meeting over our heads, festooned with climbing convolvulus, and thistles such as would delight the heart of a Scotch cow. The hitherto well-kept road soon became a series of pools of water over the boot-tops, or a quagmire of thick black mud, the result of the overnight rain, and Mr. Geil—not yet recovered from the weakening effects of the dysentery—was glad to resort to the hammock.

After passing by a neat little village, and a group of villagers drawn up with their chief at the salute, the path led us into the border of the forest. This is the great forest which stretches right away from the banks of the Semliki westward down the Congo, and which Sir H. M. Stanley has made so famous by his long tramp, when he cut his way with his caravan through its gloom for 166 days. For us there is no need of cutting, for the Government road—at least at this the outset—is good. The route has already been surveyed (about two and a half years ago) for a section

of the Cape to Cairo Railway,[1] which may be pushed through in a very few years, and we are none too soon for visiting the district in its simplicity. What rush of traffic and trade and mixed people the railway may bring, it is impossible to foretell, especially if gold should be found in any quantity by the prospectors who are so busily at work; but Gospel messengers ought, as in Uganda, to be first in the field.

The road was now shaded continuously with trees, conspicuous amongst them being two kinds heavily laden with rich blossom—one the nsambya (so valued for its oak-like timber), with its fine yellow bell-shaped blossom very like nasturtium, and the other the mbina, with its magnificent balls of scarlet bloom. Progress was somewhat delayed by broken-down bridges, for elephants, who gave evidence of being not far off, had evidently been gently experimenting—but with disastrous results—on their bearing powers; whilst we preferred gingerly picking our way over the *débris*, the porters unhesitatingly plodged through the water at the side.

Just at the close of three hours, the specified time of the march according to Captain S.'s estimate, a messenger came bounding along to greet us, with half a dozen followers. It was evident that we were near the camp, and that this must be Kipanga-panga, the chief from whom the village derives its name; his followers readily applied themselves to the hammock, and brought it in at a vigorous trot.

The rest-house, with its neighbouring buildings for the porters, and the cook-house by the side, erected in this small clearing in the forest, form so pretty a picture that I spent one of my few remaining plates over a photograph. The stumps of the felled timber still

[1] This route seems now (1908) to be definitely abandoned.

remain, projecting a foot or two high above the sweet potatoes; a little patch of European potatoes and onions had been planted on the right, and on the left a small strip of rice (interspersed with Indian corn), manioc and papaw, tomatoes and tobacco, the whole being encircled within the shadow of the forest trees never so far as a hundred yards away.

Lunch over and a change and rest, we took a stroll round to explore, and lighted on two tiny grass spirit houses just at the back entrance of the porters' quarters. Petero's account, drawn from the local sources, is to the effect that they have been made by a neighbour in honour of his dead father; to them he brings small offerings to appease the departed spirit, and prevent his returning to kill or bring harm to the son, and in attestation of the practice he produced from the inside three date stones, the remains of a former offering. The little houses are no more than 8 or 9 in. high—not nearly so pretentious as those to be found amongst the neighbouring tribes of the Albert Edward Lake or the Bamba just across the Semliki; there, at a landing creek or outside a dwelling, they may be found up to 2 or 3 ft. high and with much more elaborate offerings.[1]

As we sat refreshing ourselves at the tea-table, one of our porters was evidently of a like mind as to refreshing himself, though in a very different manner. In the hollow stem of a palm frond a yard long, he had cut a round hole and inserted a little bowl made of a twisted leaf; into the bowl thus formed he had pressed a little tobacco, and placed on the top of the tobacco a piece of glowing charcoal; at the other end of the long stem he was now drawing away vigorously, and after a whiff or two passing it on to a

[1] See p. 135.

neighbour. The most approved method is for the man to take a long, long pull till you wonder how much more room there can be left in his body, when out he lets it, with a rush like a volcano in eruption. The Oriental "hubble-bubble" (with its smoke passing through a bottle of water), at which you may draw for twenty minutes without getting much "forrader," is mild indeed and unsatisfying in comparison!

Darkness was upon us before we got our evening meal—a little late when you are to be up and off next morning by sunrise. Just previously I was engaged in one of those bewildering scenes with which one is by now becoming more or less familiar. We were a little party of four. The captain was warning in French that as there might be rain to-night it would be well to set out our beds with care in case of leaks in the thatch of the rest-house. Before I could get it translated, Mr. Geil was breaking in with a description of the sticks, &c., needed for rigging up his mosquito net, which requirements had to be passed on in Lunyoro to the head-man standing by. Just afterwards, I found my boy Erisa looking at me in a droll, bewildered sort of way, and wondered he was not attempting to follow out my instructions. "English I recognise when I hear it," the look seemed to say, "and Lunyoro and Luganda and Kiswahili I know, but what is this?" and I awoke to the fact that I was talking to him in French! It isn't always easy on the spur of the moment to make the mental readjustment necessary to sort the words out of their right pigeon-holes. As the captain arrives at the confines of his district to-morrow, and we shall then be left to go on alone for seven or eight days with the fresh dialect of Kiswahili, we are having a turn at the Grammar in

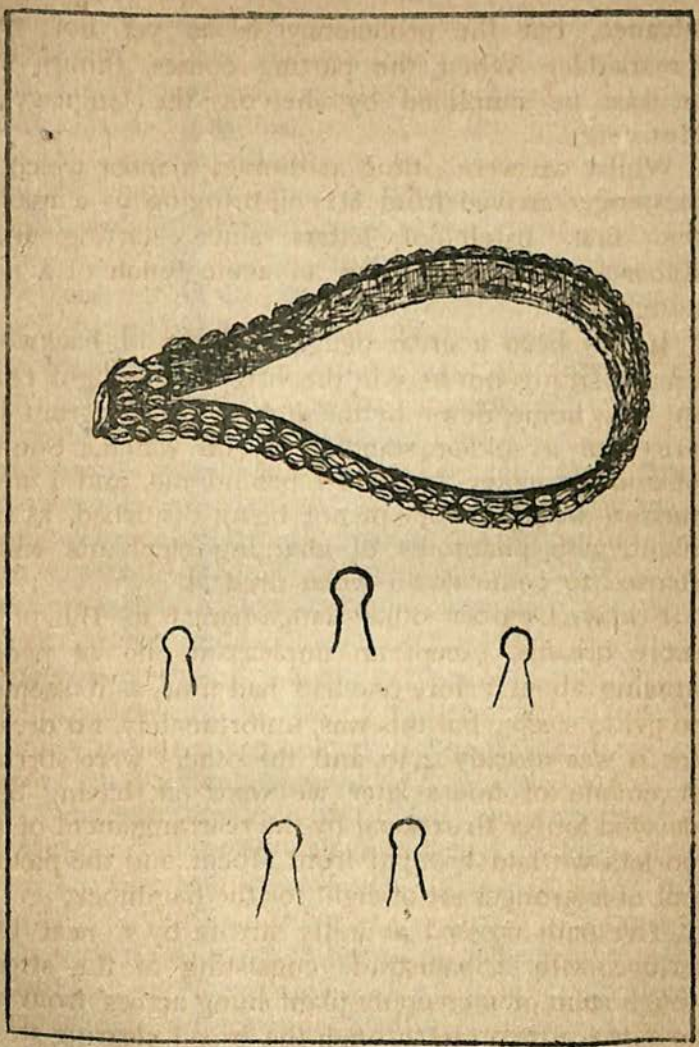
advance, but the proficiency is as yet not very remarkable. When the parting comes, things will at least be simplified by shelving the language of Monsieur.

Whilst we were sitting at dinner, a most welcome messenger arrived from Mbeni, bringing us a mail—the first batch of letters since starting from Kabarole—and giving one an acute touch of a new hunger.

It has been a great delight, a kind of backwood dream, sitting out here in the bright moonlight reading the home news by the light of the fragrant log fire with a soldier standing by on watch. Sounds of snoring come from just behind me, and I must turn in with the hope of not being disturbed, as last night, with phantoms of charging elephants which refused to come down when fired at.

Friday, October 9th.—Panga-panga to Bili. No more dreams, except an unpleasant one of people moving about before one had had time, as it seemed, to get to sleep; but this was, unfortunately, no dream, for it was already 4.30, and the others were stirring. A couple of hours later we were off, having been delayed longer than usual by the rearrangement of the porters we had brought from Mbeni, and the picking out of a stronger set of eight for the hammock.

The path crossed a pretty stream by a neat little bridge with a balustrade consisting of the strong, tough stem of a creeping plant hung across from side to side; it then ran through the broad clearing in the forest made by the prospecting party for the Cape to Cairo Railway. The clearing must often have been grown over since, in this land of thick vegetation, but the path gave evidence of having been redug up about three months ago.



NECK ORNAMENT FROM A MAN OF BABIRA TRIBE, AND LIP RINGS FROM BAMBUBA WOMEN.

The necklet is of cowrie shells sewn on leather.

A little farther on we passed a remarkably neat little village of the Bakonjo, consisting of a score of huts, lining the road, which here broadened out into a clearing to permit of the establishment of the village. It cannot be very many months old, but the new potatoes are already ripe, and fresh rows just dug in the virgin soil of the forest clearing give evidence of still more recent industry.

The people wear no more clothing than their fellow-tribesmen, a few square inches; but several of the women were exceptionally bravely adorned with beads. One woman, sitting on her little log stool nursing a child, had more than twenty rows of varied beads round her neck, and was evidently very proud of them, and a girdle of a triple row of shells sewn on leather round her waist. The child wore a chain of rounded iron links (called "mbuka") on her neck, with several charms attached, and a girdle of beads round her waist together with more mbuka, and a native rattle on her right ankle; though possessing no other clothing, this was a very well-dressed child for the district. One or two women had brass rings in their lips, and so tenaciously tribal are the people in their fashions, that it was evident these rings had been acquired whilst residing among their neighbours the Bambuba, with whom such an adornment is common.

Another feature of the village was the neatly adzed plank doors in place of the more usual reed ones. Their houses, also unlike the usual beehive in shape, were long, rectangular, shed-like buildings, but very low, standing only about 6 ft. at the apex of the roof.

Pursuing our way carefully amid the elephant foot-prints filled with water, over broken-down bridges, and across one or two considerable streams, our ears were

all the while kept on the alert with strange cries. There were parrots in plenty flying over our heads; once a great long-beaked bird passed over, making a startling, whirring sound in its sudden flight; and from the invisible distance, amid the leafy recesses, came the chatter of innumerable monkeys.

But an object of greater interest for us was a little fellow coming along the road, laden with a basket of rubber on his back. The bearer, apart from a little madman at Mbeni, was the first Pygmy we had so far encountered. Watitaru, as he called himself, was of the Batwa tribe, like the baptized boy we had at Kabarole, of fair, smooth, chestnut-coloured skin, and though a fully-grown young man, came only up to the second button from the top of my jacket. The rubber that he was carrying looked, to use a homely comparison, like long strips of potato chips. It is sometimes used by them, he informed us, for burning in strips as torches, but this was more likely needed to make up the quota of tribute required from his village at the Government fort.

Further on we came suddenly upon another of these little folk, who, immediately on perceiving us, flung away his tiny bow and arrows into the bushes and bolted. But a little later we were gratified at the appearance of another and a more sociable specimen. He was somewhat bigger than the other, and of the tribe of larger Wamputti, who people the recesses of the forest all the way down the Congo, a month's journey and more, to Stanleyville. This one, Akwebadu, was a hunter, with his little bow and two iron-shafted arrows ready in his hand, and a wicker basket of food hanging on his shoulder. He also carried a little bundle of more deadly weapons, with the ends carefully bound round

with a leaf, and this was his stock of still wet freshly poisoned arrows. Strangely enough, the poison doesn't seem to affect the wholesomeness for food of the game which falls to them. The bearded little man followed us to the camping-place, where we arrived just at midday; and here the captain, though not raising our hopes very highly as to the prospect of success, kindly sent to search for the chief of these Pygmies in his village several hours away in the depth of the forest.

At this camping-place of Bili is a comfortable rest-house, and behind the rest-house a native village of miniature round huts, thatched, as is usual in the forest, where there is no grass procurable, with large leaves. The dwellings vary in height at the top of the cone from 6 to 9 ft.; the smaller ones were specially erected for the boys of the family, who at six or seven years of age are drafted off into a house of their own, the girls remaining under the parental roof. Apart from the size, it was easy from a peep inside to distinguish the difference; if the cooking-pot stones were found there it was evident that this was the house of the parents, the mother and girls continuing to do the cooking for all. The beds were very simple, though better perhaps than the bare ground used by some tribes, consisting of a row of thick sticks laid across the top of large logs. One would have thought that these Bakonjo, having no covering to take off the sharpness of the ridges, must wake up sometimes with a pain somewhat similar to acute rheumatism; but it is unwise out here to draw conclusions as to others from oneself.

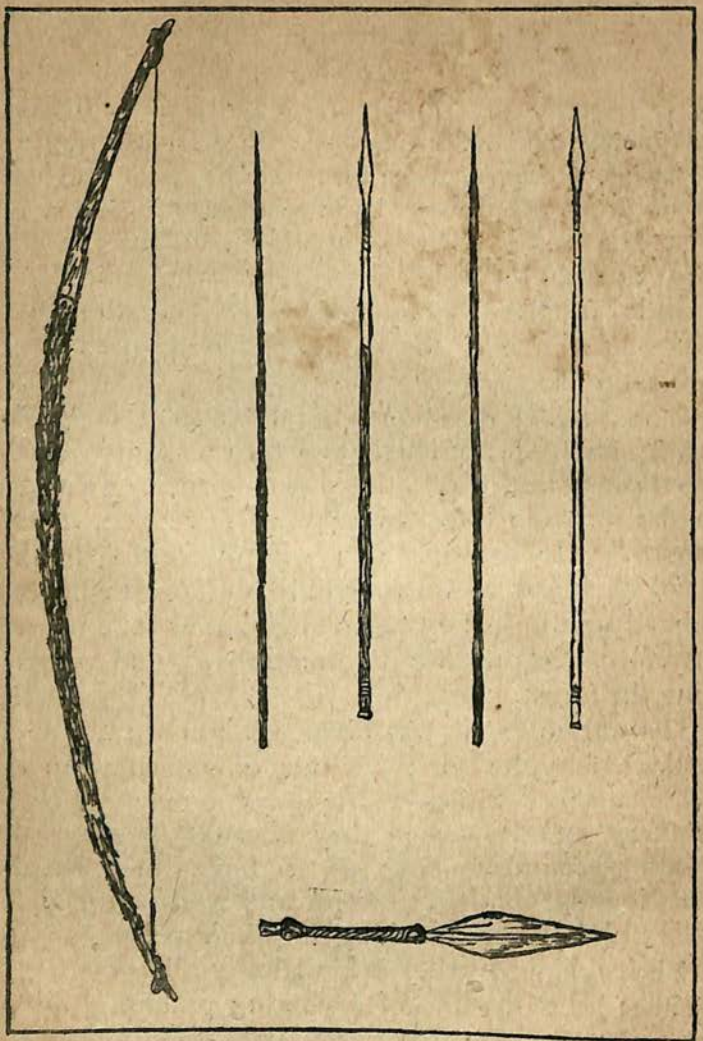
Towards evening the chief of these Wamputti Pygmies arrived, his high-sounding title of "Sultan"

being evidence of the influence in former days of the Arab in the district. In height he stood about 4 ft., looking quite big beside his fellow. The conversation we had with him—passing backwards and forwards between five intermediaries—was inevitably limited. Mr. Geil would put to me a question which I passed on in French to Captain S., and he turned it into Kiswahili for his interpreter who understood a little of the Pygmy language. But though of necessity limited, the conversation elicited some interesting facts.

When asked questions, the little man laughed a timid, simple sort of laugh, and with his hand over his mouth answered in a gentle sing-song voice. In answer to the question how old he was, he replied, "Many moons." He has only one wife (according to their usual practice) and two children (three being considered an unusually large family); it is little wonder, therefore, that they are not multiplying and overrunning the forest.

His encampment was about six hours away, so he explained by the sun; but they only encamp in one place a short while—a few days it may be, or up to three months—when they pass off to seek other hunting-grounds. They never build in trees, but occasionally climb into them and remain for a few hours aloft when watching for their prey.

Their religious belief is practically nil, though they have at least one idea of a charm; pounding up the bark of a tree, they make a red or a black liquid, and, smearing it in certain lines over the face, suppose it will ensure strength for the journey or the hunt. After the death of a member of the tribe, and his burial at a considerable distance from his temporary home, a start is made on a long journey to seek some



THE PYGMY AKWEBADU'S BOW AND ARROWS.

Two of the arrows are iron pointed, and the other two simply hardened wood and poisoned, but so deadly as to bring down an elephant. The bow measures only 26 inches in length. The knife is for cutting up the meat or peeling plantains.

THE PYGMY HUNTSMAN, AKWEBADU, WITH HIS BOW AND POISONED ARROWS.
(The leafy houses belong to the Bambuba tribe, being far too spacious for Pygmies.)

[*To face p.* 236.

new place for sojourning in. After death they believe that the person is absolutely gone, never to return—or, in other words, worn out.

The captain added that they engage in no agriculture, never staying long enough to gather in a crop, but, like some wandering people in Europe, are not above relieving their neighbours of a fowl or two at night. When asked as to the game he shoots, he began to reckon on his fingers (in place of the more familiar way with little bits of stick), buffalo (showing the crushing his shoulder had received from one), antelope, monkeys (but these not very often, because of the loftiness of their leafy haunts), wild pig, and occasionally elephant. When a herd passes through their district they hover on its flanks, and as one of the great beasts lifts his hind leg, they discharge their poisoned arrows into his foot, and after a few hours the poor thing topples down, overpowered by the deadly poison.

Time for the approaching evening meal brought the interview to a close, and both our little friends went off very well pleased with their present of white cloth. Dinner being over—our last dinner with cheery Captain S.—eggs were brought out by him as an additional contribution to the morning meal, and after learning with regret that it was quite impossible for him to accompany us further, we rose to retire to bed.

CHAPTER XIX

THROUGH THE PYGMY FOREST; IN THE HANDS OF THE NATIVES.

In the hands of the natives—Many mouths to feed—Parrots and chattering monkeys—Food for buffaloes—Friendly natives—Daily distribution of potatoes—Short commons for Sunday—Mr. Sarbis with fever—Muddling the distribution of food—A stiff eight-hour day—Elephant tracks—Wealth of thorns—Suggestion for fever patients—A needed rest-day and a welcome letter.

THE most important event to-day has been the parting with the captain. He has been so good a friend to us that we shall miss him much as we go along. His cheery voice aroused me as he called, "Monsieur Johnson, reveillez; quatre heures et demi," and I knew that if we were to be off by six, it was high time to be astir. It is not possible to move before sunrise, for though the brightness of the moonlight just in the clearing of the camp much invites an earlier start, the gloom in the forest immediately the clearing is left makes the treacherous path impracticable.

It was a first-rate parting breakfast that we made, consisting of porridge, eggs, mutton with potatoes, manioc and onions, concluding with bananas and papaws. Whilst with the captain we have certainly been living on the fat of the land, and not least during

PYGMIES OF UGANDA WITH THEIR BISHOP.

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these two days when he has come with us on the march, to combine the courtesy of seeing us off with his work of making provision for the improving of the route. The necessity will be realised of organising villages for the cultivation of food for a passing caravan when I mention that we numbered one hundred all told, who needed to find our food as we went along; and even now that the captain is gone we are still fifty-six, made up as follows: Mr. Geil's porters, with eight for the hammock and two for the goats, come to thirty; in addition to these are Petero and the five boys for personal attendance on us all, who include gun-bearer, cook, &c.; these, together with my porters who had come with us from Kabarole, brought the total up to fifty-one, the five Belgian soldiers (including the good-natured corporal) making up the balance. Not to be omitted from the caravan was the surviving cow and calf and my black and white terrier "Tip."

Starting off in good time, Mr. Geil and his secretary led the way, whilst I lingered behind with the captain over a few local arrangements he needed to make. We then pegged off to catch the others, and overhauled them in three-quarters of an hour, when, with much regret and many thanks for all his care and kindness to us during the week of detention at Mbeni and on the march since, we exchanged addresses and parted. Leaving us with malaria upon him, he unfortunately contracted the deadly blackwater fever, as we learned afterwards, and was invalided home and died.

After we had parted from him the road onward led us through the broad railway clearing, now largely choked up with thicket growth. There was not so much mud as yesterday, but to find bridge after bridge

in decay was not pleasant. All the earth had been washed off the top, and the ribs, laid across the long poles which stretched from side to side of the stream, having become disunited, rolled about as you stepped on them, and threatened to let you through the gaps into the water below.

Up in the lofty trees the grey parrots were sweetly whistling, and one almost expected to hear them saying "Pretty Poll." Numerous other birds were singing—or one should perhaps rather say whistling, as we heard no continuous song—and innumerable monkeys were discussing the latest news. A shot from Mr. Geil's revolver sent a troop of dozens of them crashing through the branches, to clear off to a quieter quarter and chatter over the strange event. The numerous elephant tracks were sometimes crossed with others, indicating that herds of the black Cape buffalo had been roaming through the district; whilst, strewing the path from time to time was an inviting-looking, though hard and fibrous, fruit, resembling a very large apple, which formed one of their favourite foods. Another kind of fruit which we picked up was a triangular pod of bright red colour, which, with its large black stones inside, provides food and fun for the monkeys. A third kind was very like a fine English peach in appearance, but disappointing inside, with only large stones arranged in orange-like divisions.

In about two and three-quarter hours we reached an old deserted rest-house of the railway prospectors, where we laid in a good substantial lunch; at the end of a similar stage, when we were beginning to feel that we had had about enough, the welcome sight of a thatched roof through the trees proclaimed to us that our halting-place was at hand, and a few yards more brought us upon the little village clustered round

the rest-house. The chief, Caponzo, by whose name the village is called, had come out about an hour to meet us with the two soldiers stationed here, and on arrival we found the people already busy, digging the sweet potatoes for the feeding of our caravan.

This clearing and village are the neatest we have yet seen in the forest. It is built on a little knoll above the mud and wattle rest-house, and on going up the few yards which separated the rest-house from their huts we came in sight of two other knolls beyond, similarly surmounted by small villages, comprising about forty houses in all.

The people were employing knives and pointed sticks, as well as hoes, for digging, and brought us, in addition to potatoes, some beans and Indian corn in the cob.

Their round houses, made simply of sticks and thatched with large leaves, are provided with very low projecting porches to protect the interior from the driving in of the heavy rain, of which we are having a taste to-night, with almost continuous lightning flashes and growling thunder.

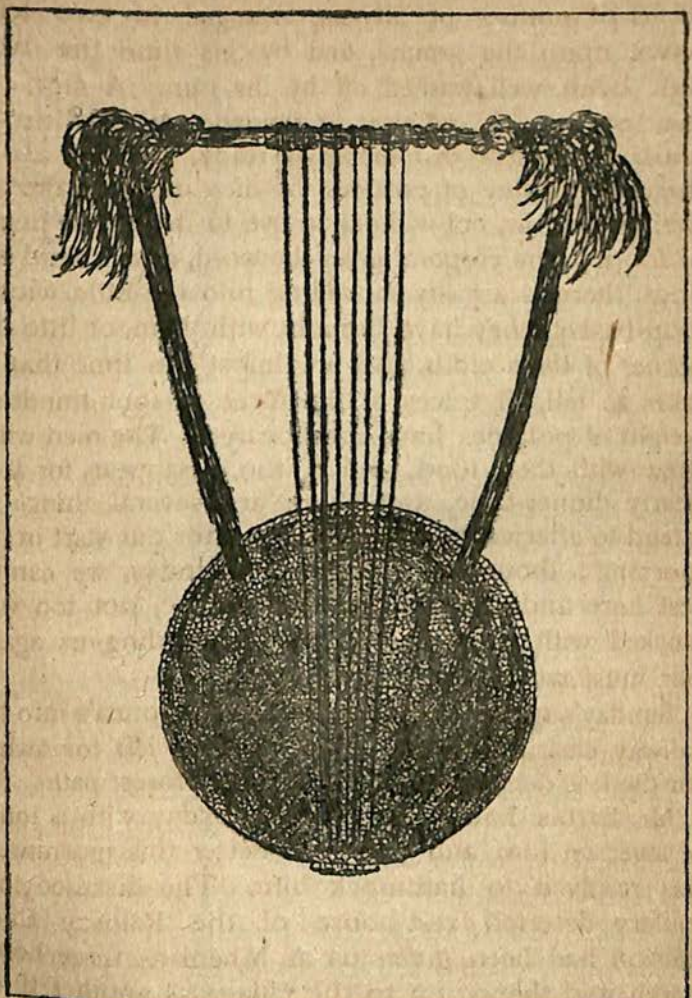
The people are friendly as elsewhere—the mothers sitting outside the huts with their children without withdrawing as we approached ; one little chap, who was amusing himself with a five-stringed zither-like instrument, fled, but after awhile he regained assurance. His mother was sitting on one of the wicker seats, with legs fixed in the ground, which they set up outside their houses. They are evidently a people who like to take their rest comfortably, and don't mind doing a little work to ensure it.

And now that the whole amount of food is ready for distribution to the caravan, let us take a peep at the operation. The potatoes have been divided by

the soldiers into approximately equal little heaps, to the number of fifty-six, arranged in two long rows upon the ground, and by this time the mud has been well washed off by the rain. A sign by the corporal is sufficient to announce to the hungry waiting porters that supper is ready, and all along the double line of potatoes the men quickly take up their positions, not without an eye to the fattest heaps of food. The corporal gives the word, down bend the lines, there is a hasty shovelling into the little wicker food-baskets they have brought with them, or into the corner of their cloth, and, in almost less time than it takes to tell, all traces of the three or four hundredweight of potatoes have disappeared. The men withdraw with their food, and I, too, disappear, for it is nearly dinner-time, and there are several things to attend to afterwards in preparation for our start in the morning; though to-morrow is Sunday, we cannot rest here and bring upon this village, not too well stocked with food, the burden of feeding us again, nor must we keep our men hungry.

Sunday's march brought us from Caponzo's into the railway clearing again, which we had left for awhile for the less dense undergrowth of the forest paths.

Mr. Sarbis, having come in yesterday with a touch of fever on him, and being no better this morning, it was resolved to hammock him. The distance to a solitary deserted rest-house of the Railway Commission had been given us at Mbeni as three hours' march, and thence on to the village as another three. We anticipated managing the second stretch, though fearing that travelling with a hammock along the forest path would be slow and tedious work. To be on the safe side, however, we sent on messengers to the village ahead to bring out food to the rest-



BUSOGA HARP NOW IN USE THROUGHOUT THE PROTECTORATE.

The sounding-board is of lizard's skin, and the tufts, of colobus monkey skin.

house, in case we should be prevented from getting further, and left the corporal behind to bring on a sort of minimum for body and soul from the people who had already fed us one day ; and thus we seemed prepared for emergencies.

The path was a winding one, picking its way after awhile in and out amid the railway clearing, in places wriggling through it, and in places turning off into the forest to avoid the dense undergrowth which had sprung up to choke it. We arrived at the rest-house without adventure in just under three hours, in spite of the hammock, but Mr. Sarbis' increasing fever decided us against going on further. Mr. Geil, who had arrived in advance, already had a blazing fire going in one of the two reekingly damp and clammy rooms, and, the patient having been deposited on a bed in the covered porch, we settled down to occupy.

There was no village and the food was not yet up, but about midday the corporal led in the chief from the last village with a little string of ten of his boys and a slender supply of potatoes. The rain was threatening, and the shelter for the men dilapidated in the extreme from long disuse, so a personal round with the corporal to each hut was necessary in order to insist on the hopelessly improvident men thatching them and gathering in firewood without delay. By this time the tangled growth in front of the rest-house had been cleared away, and the fires in the steaming rooms and porch were beginning to tell, so it was possible to go and lie down inside and humour the fever that was coming on.

No more potatoes turned up, so the men went very short for their Sunday meal—though they usually contrive to have a few stowed away in reserve. I got up for a few minutes to have a glance down the line

to make sure that the number of heaps was complete, but did not go out in the rain to watch the distribution; at the close I learned that by some mishap six men had gone without—just one more proof of the continual need of personal supervision of every detail. After giving the corporal a good talking to for his stupidity (by interpretation through Erisa), and making the mental resolve to remember the hungry ones on the morrow, I called together my own little company of porters and boys (who alone could understand) for a short service, as promised, and dropped into bed.

The next day's march (Monday) to Amusini proved a terribly stiff one. We left the deserted railway clearing by no means regretfully, and under the conviction that it would probably be a good many months before another European came this way. Mr. Sarbis and I were both feeling a bit seedy, and resolved to push on as rapidly as possible, to get to the end of the supposed three hours' march before having time to get tired. But things turned out very differently to what we anticipated, and it was well that we did not know at the start what was before us. Pushing on with a couple of soldiers to guide us, we were very soon away from the railway cutting, which had become more densely overgrown with thicket than the untouched forest. The travelling now became very tedious, for at every hundred yards or so other paths went running off on both sides, exactly resembling the correct route though only made by elephants; at each such fork one guide would start off along one path, and the other remain with us till a shout announced whether he had struck the right way or a track of beasts, when off we would go again, only to repeat the process a little further on. Standing still so much between the brief stretches of marching proved

very tedious, and as hour after hour went by with no signs of a village we began to doubt our guides.

But there was nothing for it but to push on; and it did become very literally a case of *pushing on*, for a little before midday the path seemed to lose itself completely, and we were reduced to poking our heads down as low as possible and shoving on through the thicket along the line where the guides had disappeared just in front. The attitude recalled travelling along a low seam of coal down a mine at home, with thicket in place of darkness! A couple of hours of such going—and it was more than long enough—and we were out again in daylight, in a winding path back in the railway clearing; and yet another hour, and the welcome sight of the chief of the village with a little following told us we had arrived.

This eight hours' march, tedious as it had been, made us appreciate better the more carefully prepared parts of the route, and it was interesting as giving some faint idea of what making a path day after day must mean to a pioneer explorer. It is not much easier to describe the creepers than to penetrate them, hanging in festoons from all the trees, too low to crawl under, often too high to step over, and too tough for anything but a hulking elephant or buffalo to burst through. Many of the creepers were furnished with thorns all along the leafless stems, and the thorns were of endless varieties; some were so minute as not to be noticed till they dragged at your clothes, others quite ostentatiously noticeable, but so close set as to baffle one who would push them aside, whilst others, as long as darning needles, gave a special warning to guard the eyes with care.

It "needed more than ordinary grace," as one of the party remarked, to take it all calmly, but some

of our scrambles could certainly not be called calm, either mentally or physically. This lane, however, like most, had its turning, and we had got through at last, Mr. Sarbis and I ahead, and Mr. Geil not far behind. He had had a good deal of difficulty in following us, in spite of the broken twigs thrown across the many "blind alley" paths, which is the common native method of warning those following at a distance not to go along them. On one occasion, when he thought himself inextricably lost, a rifle-shot had given us an intimation of his difficulty, causing us to send back one of the two soldiers to help him and his party along. But worse than temporarily missing the path was the discovery that his spectacles had been dragged off among the bushes, and though the loss was detected at once and a search had been instituted, no sign of them could be found. And to add to the loss, which was replaced by a reserve pair, a pocket-book with many irrecoverable notes was also found to be missing. From the camp we sent back two soldiers and a porter who had been with him at the spot, with the promise of a big reward if successful in the search; but it was all of no avail, for they turned up at nightfall unsuccessful. The desire to offer a present, by the way, had not been easy to express. What could we give them? They had never seen money in their lives. Of brass or copper wire we had none, nor spare sheep or goats. Cloth, the only thing we possessed which would have appealed to most natives, was to these poor forest tribesmen almost a superfluous luxury.

After having tramped for eight hours, we now understood how it was that our two messengers had failed to return to us yesterday with the food for which we had sent them. Having found it impossible to get

the villagers to bring it, they had started back in the afternoon to rejoin us, but after going two or three hours the rain had come on and darkness fallen; when they showed us the smouldering embers of their fire, under the canopy of a large creeper-roofed tree where they had taken shelter for the night, we wondered that no wild beast had found them out and made off with them. A good supply of food here, with extra portions for the hungry six, made amends for the scanty supply of yesterday, and after seeing it distributed and taking a final look round we were glad to turn in early to bed.

Tuesday brought us another long march from Amusini to Kabali.

"Road good, distance same as yesterday," was the information gathered from the corporal, supported by local evidence. "Same as yesterday" was not very cheering for some of us who felt very little like moving at all, but it was no place for stopping in with a caravan of fifty-six. "Road good" was, however, an improvement in prospect, though to call it a road at all was a sad misnomer.

There was certainly no more pushing through thicket to-day, and we pegged on well for nearly three hours till coming to a fallen-down rest-house, sufficiently far on to justify a rest and a meal. Setting off again, I was at last obliged to cave in, with a temperature of 104°, and to drop into the hammock; it was my first experience of this kind of travelling, and having an aching head and being quite played out, I found it an immense relief and the most delightful of sensations. A humorous incident also helped to relieve some of the more trying feelings. Here was a fever patient longing for something in the way of refreshment for faintness, and a companion, in the absence of the

lunch basket, opening one of his bags of most precious photographic necessaries always kept near at hand, and producing therefrom an unsuspected tin of coffee and milk! The opening being performed with a bowie-knife, the patient proceeded to scoop away at the contents, and to find them so reviving as to prompt the opener to turn to and finish off the remainder.

[N.B. for nurses in hospitals.—If the fever patients can manage nothing else, try them on tinned coffee and milk! How oddly some discoveries are made!]

With a companion at hand for a chat alongside when the path permitted of it, the remaining three hours of the march passed fairly pleasantly and smoothly, except for an occasional collision of the funny-bone with an obtruding tree-stump; the men went well and cheerily, and came in at a trot as we reached within sight of the camp.

This is by far the best rest-house we have had, and after re-thatching with leaves, quickly gathered by the villagers of the encampment, and the making of a good fire inside, it became quite cosy. The food supply was plentiful, and so, with my temperature at 105°, it was resolved to rest for a day and observe here our broken Sabbath. As soon as the house was ready the blankets were piled on, and Mr. Geil's most kind care, in repeatedly getting up in the night to drive away delirious fancies that hovered round, resulted eventually in bringing sleep and refreshment, so that one felt in the morning, if not quite ready to go on, at least a good deal better.

In the afternoon we strolled round on the look-out for curiosities. Behind the huts of the people were quaint little barn-shaped clay houses; some declared that they were mere fowl-houses, whilst others admitted that the little conical grass erections alongside were

put up for the evil spirits. This reticence in admitting the belief in evil spirits, whilst natural enough in Toro or the Bamba country, where the discrediting of the earlier belief would naturally come from intercourse with the Christians, seems very hard to account for here in a district so very little influenced by the outside world.

In the afternoon a letter arrived from Mr. E., the Chef de Poste of the district of Irumu, with a message of greeting written from the next camping-place where he was awaiting us. He wrote perfect English (turning out to be an Armenian and a linguist); and the prospect of meeting one so like a European again on the morrow, and especially one who would be readily intelligible, gave to conversation a fresh animation.

The goodly supply of food for the men was also cheering, in the remembrance of days of "short commons." The Bambuba porters from Mbeni, in spite of the occasional short supplies, had contrived to put by something in their wicker food baskets for the return journey, when the villagers will probably refuse to feed them as they travel back alone.

The day's rest proved a welcome one, and perhaps a good thing for all after the last two trying marches, and not least for these poor heathen porters who have not yet learned of the merciful provision of a Sabbath.

CHAPTER XX

THROUGH THE PYGMY FOREST; IN GOOD HANDS AGAIN

In good hands again for the last stage—Our animated host—A fine dug-out—Easy-going paddling—Sunrise on the water—A wasted shot—Invasion of ants—Biting a sheep to death—"Snakes, snakes!"—Afternoon tea afloat—Cheery paddlers—The last day's tramp in the forest—Daylight again—Arrival at the Fort—A picturesque sight—Comfortable quarters.

NEXT morning the slow transport of the hammock condemned Mr. Sarbis to the rear, as he kindly kept close alongside to chat; and we did not get in till midday. We found our new host, Mr. E., awaiting us, with food ready, and most cheery in his welcome. He is a short, spare man, with small pointed, dark brown beard, and dark, restless, dancing eyes. His expressions of pleasure at meeting visitors from Toro, to which he had often wished to penetrate, were most cordial.

During lunch he was brimming over with pleasant chat, his rapid flow of language struggling to keep pace with the restless activity of thought which expressed itself in his every movement. He had much to say on the customs of the people, in whom he seemed to take a keen interest; his great object, he said, was to secure their trust, asking the chief to look

to him as their "father," and sending them away after interviews with a pleasing gift of cloth. Though so small and spare of figure, his fiery activity and desire for friendliness are doubtless making themselves felt, and with such treatment it was not surprising to learn that his district was gradually settling down peacefully.

The encampment here is a picturesque one; the village is packed closely together on both sides of a narrow street running down to the banks of the river which separates it from a larger, looser village on the opposite shore. The fine stream, about 80 ft. broad, is thickly wooded with beautiful timber close to the water's edge, except where broken by the clearing for the village, and a little lower down it empties itself into the broader, grander Ituri.

As we sat at supper just outside the rest-house, shouting was heard from the water in the darkness as a canoe was brought to the shore, and shortly afterwards two Belgian engineers turned up from Irumu. They had come to prospect for gold, and briefly reported their adventures before going off into the dark to pitch their tent.

Judging from the soundness of our sleeping that night it seems that all must have been making up for lost time, and we were not off from our camping-place to-day (Friday) till 7.30. The start was a busy scene. Whilst our porters were being ferried across in two of the dug-outs, our host was busy arranging chairs for us in the fine, large canoe only just finished three days before. It is made from a section about 50 ft. long of a magnificent forest giant, hollowed out and broad enough for the setting up of our camp chairs. Our boys were a bit disappointed at being condemned to take the road; but with our six

paddlers and four punters with their long poles, the Governor's two big soldiers and his two boys, and our four selves, we were full up enough for comfort and progress. A place was afterwards found, also, for our good guide and gentle helper Petero, of which we were specially glad, as the dampness of the forest had proved very trying to his weakly chest.

For the first few minutes it was very easy going; leaving the broad, open clearing in which stood the little villages on both banks we dropped down the swift stream fringed with its thick wood. But we were near the mouth of the tributary, and round a gentle bend, we saw in front of us a broad, dark stream, into which we shot and sharply turned to head up-stream. This is the river Ituri, which lower down receives the better-known name of the Aruwimi —one of the chief tributaries of the Congo. Right up here, over a month's journey above its junction with the main Congo, it is nearly one hundred yards across, and as it continues to receive so many feeders on its way down, what must the Congo itself be like! It is very beautiful, enveloped in richly wooded banks, low-spreading trees in many places standing well out in the stream and forming graceful bowers of elegant tracery, amid which we gently headed our way. In the early morning light the bank on our left was becoming brightly bathed in golden sunlight, whilst that on the right was still wrapped in thick gloom, unpenetrated in its deep density by a solitary glancing ray of relieving brightness. The water had a strange red, almost blood-like tinge at first, but as the sun rose it assumed a dark ochre.

Let me quote from a description of some glimpses of our adventures—written as we glided along.

Here is the first—which "happened just a few

minutes ago! There was a sudden shout, and a pointing across the water to a bobbing form on the opposite bank, with the cry 'Tambu, tambu!' ('Elephant, elephant!'), and all were at once keenly excited. 'The gun, the gun!' cried the Governor smartly. There was a click—a momentary pause as we held our breath—a sharp report—but no budging—and lo and behold the 'tambu' was seen to be a tree-stump!

"Just now there has been another cry—and this time there was no mistake about the need for it, the only mistake being that we hadn't seen the cause of it earlier: they were punting the canoe close in the bank through a bower of thick, overhanging branches, when the cry arose almost approaching a shriek. In a moment there was amazing activity in every limb and fantastic contortions among the crew; all were frantically engaged in beating off a swarm of tiny red, biting ants, which had been shaken from their nest in the trees."

A little later another nest was observed, just in time to enable us to avoid it, for it was agreed that one such experience was quite sufficient, as stray surviving members of the annihilated horde turned up afterwards to give a sharp reminder. This second nest was a little mud house about 12 in. long, like a tapering cone hanging upside down from a branch. Immediately on its observance, with a deal of splashing, the boat was headed off across the stream, lest the nest should break off and precipitate its inmates upon us. Whilst speaking of ants I may mention an incident that occurred to me one night at the forest camp near Kabarole. I had arrived at the rest-house at night, and was taking a wash in the inner room when I became conscious of a sharp prick-

ing pain on the back of my head. Hastily rubbing the place with my hand I found a large ant fastened there, and at the same moment my whole head seemed perforated all over with pin-pricks; my shoulders were covered with ants and the water in the basin was swarming with them. My boys were in in a moment, and there was a short, sharp struggle of an almost frantic kind with the invaders before they were cleared away. An ant's nest had broken just over my head! I have heard of sheep, when sleeping in a hut alone in the track of a colony of the big, black, fighting ants, being attacked by the colony in the night and being found in the morning bitten to death.

The tiny red kind, which inhabited the nests we encountered in our canoeing, were equally formidable, as they seemed to inject an irritating poison with their bite, so there was good reason to put across the stream in all haste to avoid an encounter.

This process of crossing stream has had to be performed sometimes to get round the inside of the sharp, sweeping bends, or to avoid some fallen giant tree-trunk which we could neither get under, over, nor through. One reason for the density of the fringe of foliage encroaching on the water is that the season of rain has swelled the stream to a breadth half as great again as usual. In the dry season there may be some signs of a shore, but to-day since the start there has been no sign of a square yard of open bank or path leading from it, nor any place where a landing could even be attempted without considerable difficulty. We have just put hastily across again to avoid one of those suspended mud-houses of quite a considerable size, twice as long as the former ones, belonging to biting ants with wings.

It may seem a tedious method to put this heavy

dug-out right across the stream (which is ordinarily sixty yards broad, and in places twice as much) in order to avoid some fallen obstacle; but the boatmen know well enough that there is no middle course for them; they shove off hard from the side with the punting poles, paddling for all they are worth in midstream to keep some "way" on till the poles can be brought into play again. To attempt to turn in the swift current could only mean being caught broadside on and swept down, with little chance of regaining the mastery of the stream, and even as it is we often find ourselves going backwards before the opposite side is reached. When the bank is reached, a course is pushed through the branches which grow down over the water, and at times we are obliged to keep to the one bank at all costs, in the broader places, where the crossing is unsheltered by a friendly bend. The man in the bows with his long, keen thicket-knife has his hands very full, hacking away at the branches, and just now we only advanced three canoe-lengths in half an hour.

We were barely through one of these thick places when the cry "Nyoka, nyoka!" ("Snakes, snakes!") gave us a start, and there, surely enough, were two snakes curled around the branches through which we had come. This put us very much on the alert, and when shortly afterwards another was espied just in time, the quick little Governor was on it in a moment with his eight-chambered "Brownie" revolver, and it dropped into the water and wriggled away wounded.

We are now getting in and I won't attempt to add much more to this account (written, as you will have gathered, in little bits as we came along). There has been much of sameness in this ten hours' paddling, but it has been too beautiful to be monotonous, even

if a little wearying to the limbs. Our genial host has looked most thoughtfully after the needs of the inner man, providing us with a capital lunch concluding with bread—to us most welcome after perpetual biscuits—and jam and delicious French plums. Afternoon tea was never more refreshing, and we are now ready for the good square meal which will be awaiting us on landing. This will not be long, for the men are paddling cheerfully and singing a native boatmen's chorus at the prospect of the goat the Governor has promised them for supper. If they have felt fatigue they haven't shown it, and their endurance has been marvellous.

Mr. Geil having taken a photo, we push in and land. It is a little clearing, the first of any kind since we started in the morning, with a most unusually neat little village of huts like miniature Swiss châlets, and a fringe of folk in variously coloured fragments of cloth. The guard of soldiers under a corporal is drawn up at the salute, and some of the boys are waiting to welcome us with "Webale!" ("Well done!"). Under the clump of trees, almost into the midst of which the end of the canoe ran, was a group of little spirit-houses, evidently erected for the protection of those that "travel by water." Being of both kinds —the conical and the Noah's ark shape—the purpose of the latter seems unquestionable. To coop up fowls in them, as they have at times wished to persuade us was their use, if done here, away from the houses, would be but to invite the prowling beasts to a feast; so that their purpose would seem to be one and the same with their "candle extinguisher" shaped neighbours. The village, to which a few steps brought us, had been made only about six months ago to provide a camping-place and food for

Europeans on the caravan route; it is very closely packed together; on one side of the street are houses for porters, Mr. E. has had his tent pitched with mine on the other side, between some more little huts, and the rest-house for Mr. Geil closes up the end. Dinner over, and the difficulty of keeping one's eyes open during the process having been great, it didn't take long to fall sound asleep.

The following day, Saturday, the last of our long tramp in the forest gloom, and the day for getting into Irumu, found us full of eager interest and curious expectation.

After the ferrying across to the opposite bank, the journey for an hour was cool, in the shade of the forest, but when we suddenly emerged it was as though we had come from a very long tunnel, and it was necessary to shade the eyes for a moment in the unaccustomed brightness of the open plain and sky. Turning to look back from a hill a little further on, there stretched the deep, dark mass of timber right away to the horizon, with here and there a hill raising its head like a great billow in the ocean, but no trace of a break or of a bright green patch of grass or plantation, in the great rolling stretch of forest. But now we were at last beyond its tenacious envelopment; the clammy mist and perpetual damp which had penetrated every crevice were gone; it was like lifting a veil off one's spirits, and exhilaration returned. As we went along we encountered group after group of people "cultivating" the road (as digging up the weeds and bigger growth is commonly called), and they lined up to salute the officer as we approached; but another and most picturesque sight was in store for us as we entered Irumu itself.

As we came along the straight road up the slight

incline, it was evident that there was something astir ahead, and I slipped out of the hammock to line up with the others and fully enjoy the sight. On the left, as we emerged from the avenue on to the parade-ground, was a company of sixty native soldiers drawn up, in their neat dress of dark blue with bright scarlet facings and girdle, and fez of an almost equally bright hue; a European officer in spotless white stood at their head with drawn sword at the salute. They are a fine set of picked men as compared with the ordinary dwarfed native of about 5 ft. and an inch or two. On the right was the whole remaining population that could be mustered in decent clothing, also at the salute, the men in white and the women at the far end in clothes of every imaginable shade and design of red. It was an animated sight, fit to charm the eye of an artist, and one would have liked to linger a little longer before being marched off by our host. Just beyond lay the fort, a Moorish-looking erection of low, brownish-red brick with offices inside the courtyard.

Passing along the spacious, sweeping parade-ground, the Governor led us at once to our quarters, along a broad road between fields of sweet potatoes and with little lemon bushes set in a double row down its length—giving promise of a future avenue and refreshing drinks in days to come. With European influence so recent, one often feels that these countries are in many respects but "lands of promise" as yet. The first house we reached on the right was assigned to me—a comfortable, square apartment of brick (used as an officer's house), leading through a curtained archway into an oblong annexe for bedroom. The appearance of the spacious, stone-bordered platform around the house, and deep but lofty Baraza sur-

"THE STONE-BORDERED PLATFORM AROUND THE HOUSE, AND DEEP BUT LOFTY BARAZA . . . RISING INTO A CUPOLA GAVE QUITE A VENETIAN TOUCH."

(The seated figure is the big chief of Irumu with his wives around him.)

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mounted with thatch rising into a cupola, gave quite a Venetian touch.

Mr. Geil's quarters further on consist of a two-roomed bungalow with an open space between the wings for a Baraza, he himself occupying the room on the one side and Mr. Sarbis the other. Thus we were very comfortably housed.

Across the broad road facing us is a great gabled châlet occupied by the engineers of a mining "mission" prospecting for gold, who work round from this as their headquarters, partly under the direction of the State. They number a little company of four, of whom one is very low in health after two months' illness and is desirous of going shortly for treatment to Dr. Bond in Toro (of whom he has heard) in the absence of a doctor here.

Recalling our last Sunday in the forest, and the enforced and disagreeable march, we were thankful for such comfortable quarters for the morrow, and the prospect of living on the fat of the land. The cooking, done by just a young savage picked up haphazard and taught by the European officers little by little, is most excellent and he has just turned out cutlets and a macaroni cheese like a Frenchman or Goanese.

Mr. Sarbis brought me horse-clippers with instructions to spare nothing—in a desire to look respectable at the dinner which Mr. E. was giving to all the Europeans in honour of his guests; whilst giving him a clean crop as instructed, I myself preferred to look respectable (as I hoped) without their application.

The company was a strangely mixed one at night. Of the Government officers, the captain was Italian and the collector Belgian, and, like the two engineers, they spoke only French. The English-speaking Greek

trader, named Karigeorge, with Mr. E., acted as connecting links, and the lively Armenian's wonderful volubility kept us all together, making it a very pleasant gathering.

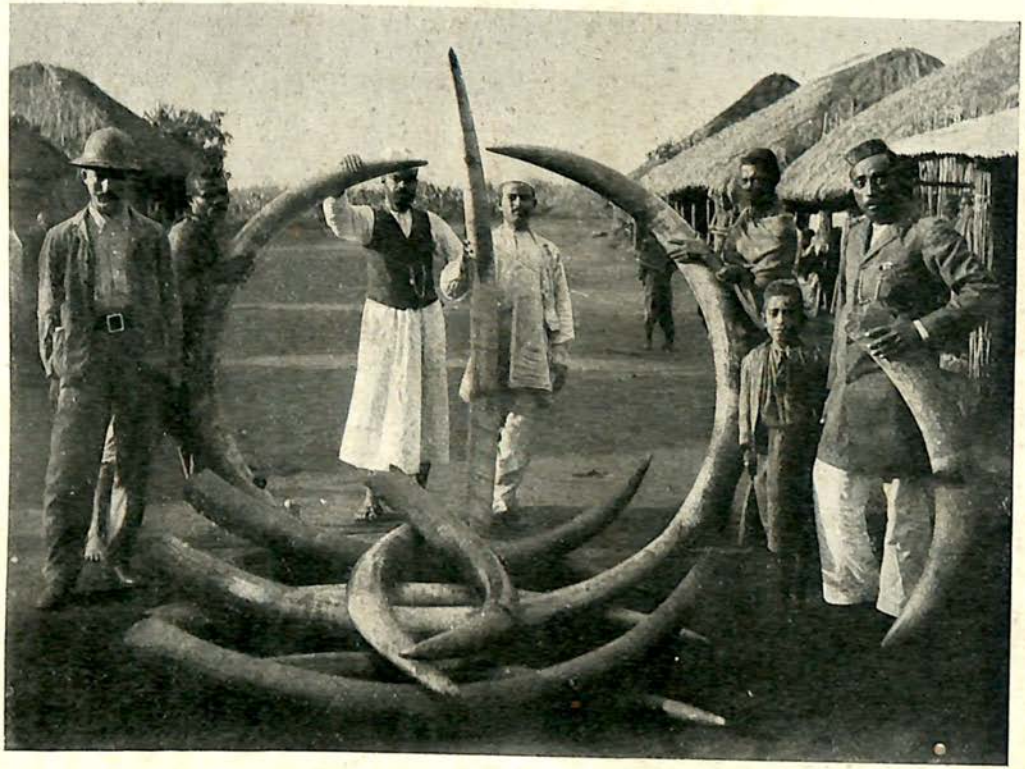
Thus closed the last day of a sufficiently eventful and interesting tramp of ten days from Mbeni through this stretch of Pygmy forest on the far side from Toro of the "Mountains of the Moon."

CHAPTER XXI

IRUMU—AND A VISIT TO THE GOLD-SEEKERS AND CANNIBALS

Sunday wood market—Primitive bartering at the store—Expulsion of the trader—Controversy with the caravan—"Won't they eat us?"—Off to the gold-seekers—Sad mortality—Stanley, the Christian African smith—A cannibal contrast—Poisoned arrows—Colonel Harrison's Pygmies—Searching for elephant-meat—Humane beasts.

THE Sunday at Irumu recalls a strange scene. One of the great necessaries of life is firewood for the cooking of food, and the soldiers, either being too lazy, or regarding it beneath their dignity to go and seek it, have made an arrangement with the women of the villages around to bring in a stock for sale every Sunday morning. As we strolled out to watch the proceedings, we found a group of soldiers and their wives awaiting the arrival of the supply. Soon there was a stir amongst them as a string of women, wearing simply improvised girdles of leaves to meet the requirements of official civilisation, were seen advancing up the road bearing their burdens of firewood on their heads. In the open space in front of the fort the loads were thrown down, and then began an almost frantic scene of bargaining, such as may be



NEARLY 1000 LBS. OF IVORY FROM THE CONGO.

(The three erected tusks weigh 105, 103, and 101 lbs. respectively. That in the centre measures 7ft. 6in. The European is the expelled Greek trader Karigeorge.)

[*To face p.* 263.

seen on a civilised English racecourse as the horses come down the straight. Food was offered in exchange for the wood, and in a very few minutes every particle had been snatched up and the market was over.

A visit to the Greek trader Karigeorge's[1] store also furnished a strange experience. Needing one or two small things for replenishing my stores, I dropped in there to make my purchases. Prices were what one might truly call a little stiff. A three-pound bar of mottled soap cost me 4s. 8d., and one was not encouraged to do more than supply one's bare needs. Whilst I was engaged in making the purchases and chatting, several natives came in, for it was pay-day, and business was at its briskest. One man wanted some candles, and, picking up a packet, threw down his pay for the month in the shape of four yards of dark-blue calico; the trader nodded assent, and the man went off with his purchase. Another man needed salt, and brought a small tusk of ivory; though the ivory was many times greater in value than the salt, no change in kind was offered, nor any attempt made to make up the quantity to the value; the poor native got what he wanted and went off satisfied.

Later on gold was discovered in the district by agents prospecting for the Government, and the officials at headquarters, thinking, perhaps, that the presence of a trader might provide an awkward medium for the leakage of nuggets, required him to withdraw. He had bad debts with the native chiefs to the value of £1,000, he pleaded; but his protests were quite unavailing. A few weeks' grace were allowed him, and then he and his brother (who kept a store

[1] Mr. Karigeorge, the European in the picture, has since confined himself to British territory.

some fortnight away) had to clear out. Thus passed the only trader within a month's journey, from the State which has been called "Free"! When one of their officers who was responsible for the eviction came over to Toro on a visit, and I asked him if the trader's story were true, he assented with a shrug of the shoulders, admitting how hard it was, and pleading in answer, "What could I do? They were my orders!"

Three years later I was again through at Irumu with Dr. and Mrs. Bond, on our way from Kabarole to pay a visit to Australian friends (who had passed through Toro) in charge of the Congo Government gold workings, some four days away to the north. They had a sick blacksmith and others for whom they were most anxious to get the doctor's help.

On arrival at Irumu an incident occurred, giving some indication of the reputation of the district into which we were going. Two or three of our porters, who had been rather unwell on the road, came forward in a very dejected frame of mind with their companions belonging to the Bakonjo tribe, whom I had brought in the hope of getting into closer touch with them through the journey. Their complaint was that they were quite too ill to go on, or, in their more exaggerated way of putting it, they declared "Tufire" ("We are dead"). It was a matter of some urgency for us that they should accompany us, and it was quite obvious that the sudden onset of the symptoms was mental rather than physical. The situation was rendered more involved from the fact that their language was very difficult to understand, and their talk had to be construed with the help of a Mutoro medium. They would rest and wait for us till we came back, they said. This was far too likely to lead to trouble

locally, and could not be thought of; and for them to go back alone to Toro also had its objections. For the two who were really unwell we promised to provide substitutes as before, and if any others needed help on the road they should have it. Still the little group held out. At last, after an hour's argument with them, I appealed to their leader. "Now, Nangka, what is the real objection? If we thought you were ill we wouldn't press you; but we know you haven't told us the truth, and you haven't told us the real trouble. What is it?"

After some hesitation he answered—

"Well! Won't they eat us?"

There is a little chorus that I caught my boy droning one day in the midst of a string of porters that was hardly likely to encourage them. The boy sang "Manyema" (the name of a tribe with a bad reputation), and the chorus chimed in "Alya abantu" ("He eats people"). This was done three times, in a very minor key, when the whole company broke out vigorously with the concluding refrain: "Quick, quick, quick, let's away."

The chorus had its origin, he explained, in an incident in a district some distance away a few years before. A Swahili caravan had been taken amongst these Manyema people and never came back, and a grim report got about as to their fate.

When we had got to the bottom of the difficulty in the mind of our Bakonjo porters, it was not difficult to reassure them. No laggard should be left by himself on the road if tired, and they should only go where we went, and we were coming back with them. A few such assurances set their minds at rest and the difficulty was over. They were a good-humoured set of men and laughingly took the banter administered

when we found only the usual couple turning up that evening for medicine. Thus our caravan remained intact for the rest of the journey to the prospectors at Kilo.

Gold had been discovered there in the bed of a creek, and, after some experimental working, was found to be present in sufficient quantities to make it worth while to exploit it.

Implements were therefore got up, a new channel cut for the stream, and the whole of the stony bed shovelled up on to a framework upon which the diverted stream was then turned by means of a narrow trough. The stones were carried down a chute by the force of the water, the little particles of gold dropping through a fine grating into a tank below, which was cleared out periodically.

One of the staff, a Swedish blacksmith, was seriously ill. They had been very sadly bereft of their former workman, a light-hearted, sunny-faced, brawny young giant from Denmark, who had contracted an illness on arrival after his long journey, and never lived to start his work. And now this man's successor was lying ill.

He had passed through Toro on his way, the discovery of the gold having considerably stimulated commercial activity, and brought our route with its great advantages into prominence. For instance, a load of 65 lbs. could be deposited at its destination by our route from the East Coast in less than a couple of months from home, at the cost of less than £2, whereas by the Congo Government route from the West Coast all the way up the river it cost double the price and more than double the time; hence they are learning, with precious lives at stake, to send their men up by the more expeditious and healthy route, so

that a greater proportion may be enabled to serve their time out after arrival at their posts, and be encouraged to come back for a second term.

The blacksmith now lying ill had had the advantages of the shorter, healthier route, but seems to have suffered sunstroke on the way, and on arrival had been obliged to take to his bed. There was no Belgian medical man within weeks, so that Dr. Bond's visit was specially opportune. On arrival, however, it seemed already too late, the man's exhausted condition promising little hope, and every effort to save him proved unavailing. On a little piece of enclosed ground, where his predecessor had been interred, we laid the body to rest, and read the committal service for both. The native boy who had come through from Mombasa in attendance had been faithfully watching by him, endeavouring to interpret all his needs, and the poor young fellow now seemed quite broken down.

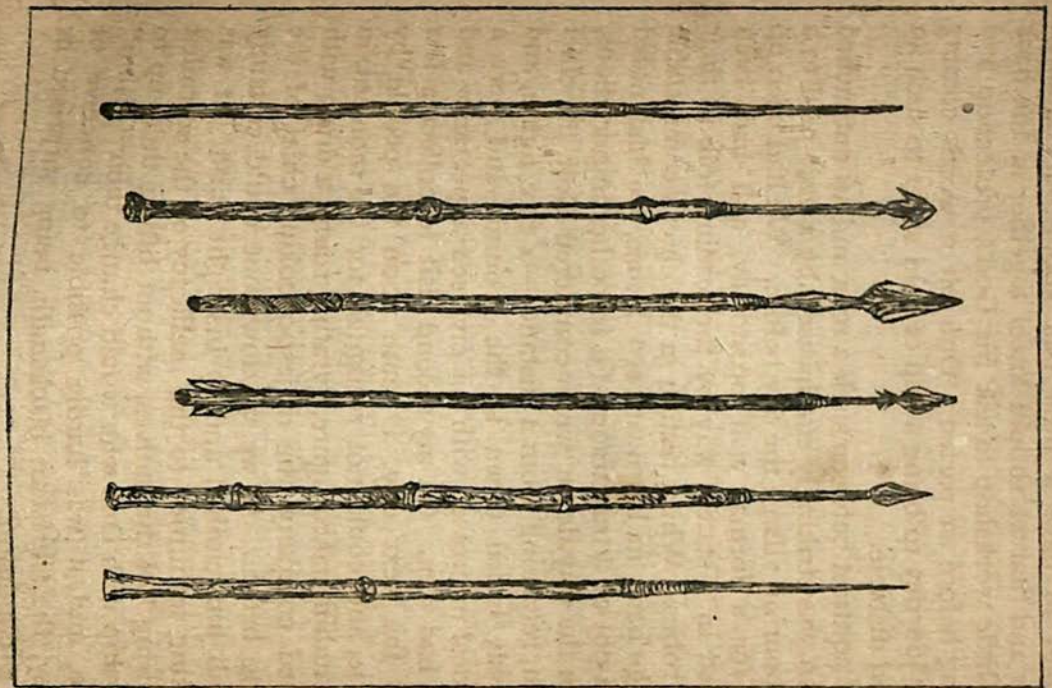
In the blacksmith's shed, in the absence of European supervision, work was going on under a young African smith. It was deeply interesting to find that he spoke some English, was named Stanley, and had been brought by the Congo Government from Sierra Leone, and all the way up-country, a journey of over four thousand miles, for this work. He produced an English Bible that had been given him by the missionary through whom he had been taught about Christ and been baptized. There, alone and isolated, with the last Mission Station left five weeks behind as he came up-country, he was trying with his wife to live a Christian life, and tell others something of a Saviour.

It was very little he could do among strangers whose language he was quite unfamiliar with, and who

were continually being drafted off in relays; but he was glad to have a little talk about our common Master and that we should kneel together at the back of his little workshop to ask for God's protection and blessing before we parted. One felt it worth coming a long journey to bring a cup of cold water to such an isolated disciple.

The contrast between such a man and an untouched heathen was strikingly emphasised by a visit paid to a neighbouring village the day before. We had been up there for a formal visit previously, and had been received in a stately way by the leading folk in their white robes. Whilst resting in the chief's comfortable folding-chairs in his neat reed house, we had noted his tea-pot on a tray amongst a few other importations, and on the way down we encountered Goli, the chief himself, returning from a distance—a fine figure, and spotlessly robed down to the ground—and were a good deal impressed with his civilised appearance and all we had seen. On my second visit to collect a few curios the next day, I came upon the people by surprise, and could not recognise for the moment, in the maudlin, naked figure, gyrating round a drum with a mixed company, the majestic-looking chief of the evening before. As we sat down one could certainly not call him clothed and in his right mind. It was a striking testimony to the inefficacy of the so-called "civilising" of the natives, without lifting them up to fellowship with One who would change their "vision" of life, and it was hardly possible to conceive of Stanley, the Christian blacksmith, being surprised in such a condition.

Goli produced some of their poisoned arrows for me to select from, and nasty things they looked; the point consisted of a squared piece of iron, very slight, but six



POISONED ARROWS OF BANYALI (CANNIBAL) TRIBE.

The iron shoe is sometimes 6 inches long and unbarbed, depending on its poison for effect.

or even more inches in length; as they penetrate without laceration and can easily be withdrawn, having no barb, or only a very slight one, they are evidently relied upon more for the poison they introduce than the wound they make. Several that I procured were quite new and freshly poisoned.

The tribes of the district are very much mixed, Banyali and Bakumu, living in close connection with one another, and both enjoying the unpleasant reputation of having cannibalistic tastes, in common with many of their neighbours.

The forest for many days westward from Irumu is the home of the Pygmies, and it was round about Irumu that Colonel Harrison spent much time searching for a live specimen of the Okapi with the help of Pygmy huntsmen, and from there he brought home the little band of them for exhibition in England.

As we came to our camp about an hour from Irumu on our return journey, we were met by a long string of natives making their way in to the fort, armed with bows and arrows, and one or two with guns. They had just come from an elephant hunt and were carrying the trunk to the Government officer. Never having tasted elephant-meat, there seemed now a special opportunity of going out and procuring a snack. The only difficulty was that no one would volunteer to guide me, all declaring that it was far away, two hours or more, and it was now just on sunset. Not believing their word, I sent out some of our Bakonjo porters to look for a track where the long grass had recently been beaten down, and not very long afterwards news came in that they had hit upon one. So off I started at the trot with a Mukonjo and Mutoro porter, to the evident interest

of the villagers, who were watching to see the direction we took. At a little group of huts the path branched out into several, and being unable to get any information we tried the most likely-looking one. When well away, there was an animated sound in the village behind; we had evidently struck the track, for the villagers were up and following us. Three-quarters of an hour's steady trot brought us upon a little clump of wood in a hollow from which was rising a small wreath of smoke, and as we dropped down into it in the gloom we came upon the fallen monarch. With his last expiring effort he had slid down the slope and fallen against a tree and died. Four naked savages were weirdly hacking away still at the carcase, though it seemed that an agreement had been come to by the rest to leave it for the night. Working from the head, they had only as yet bared the shoulder, for it was a huge beast. Only one tusk remained, about 5 ft. long, the other having perhaps decayed in youth. We were soon joined by the party of villagers who had been following us, and the scene at once became most animated. All gathered round and set about with their sharp knives, as thick as they could pack, to the number of about forty, hacking away in hopeless confusion in the gloom, and shouting became so spirited and quarrelsome at one point, that it was necessary to intervene between two of the company. My Mukonjo having procured a slice for himself (the Batoro not fancying elephant-meat any more than wild pig) and a piece for me off the cheek, we appealed to the villagers to desist for the night, and left them to make their own agreement.

The meat proved very tasty, more like beefsteak than most passing by that name in the country. It is not always so delicate, however, as an Italian officer

assured me that some elephant trotter of his had required three weeks' stewing to reduce it to tenderness!

Wild pig is another dainty one is sometimes fortunate enough to come across, and though it lacks the rich lusciousness of Charles Lamb's kind, it has reminded me of a blend between sweetbread and whitebait. One reason for the keen desire of the villagers to put us off the search had evidently been that we might not swoop down like vultures upon the carcase and annex it.

There is something very pathetic about a fallen elephant; one thinks of the gentle acquaintance that will accept a bun and do you no harm if he is disappointed, rather than the fiercely trumpeting, charging beast before whom the earth trembles. The remembrance of the sagacity of the animal saddens one at the sight of its fall, with the sense of the world being the poorer. Mr. F. A. Knowles tells the story, quite human in its pathos, of a big tusker which he fetched down in one of his shooting expeditions. When the rest of the herd saw him fall, some of them at once drew round, and shoving with their shoulders and lifting with their trunks, they raised him on to his feet and gathering around him, supported him over the hill and safely off the scene.

To return to Irumu. The political history of this region, and its development since it came under Belgian influence are so full of interest as to be deserving of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XXII

THE PASSING OF THE ARAB SLAVE DEALERS AND THE COMING OF THE NEW OPPRESSORS.

Tippoo Tib, the Arab slave-master—Belgian advance—The new serfdom; its hopelessness—The problem to be faced—Social reform—Spiritual enlightenment—Official prohibition—The system rotten—Our responsibility—Present opportunity.

BEFORE the arrival of the Belgian Power, all the tribes (which were very largely cannibal) peopling this eastern edge of the Congo State, were dominated by the great slave dealer Tippoo Tib, with his Arab adherents. The Belgian forces, in advancing up from the west, in 1894, to subdue and administer the territory which was theirs in name, came into conflict with the Arabs under Tippoo Tib's son, Sefu, at his headquarters at Stanleyville, and with the help of a large section that deserted under the great chief Congo-Lutete, they broke the Arab power, and the leaders fled down to the coast. Congo-Lutete's men, after the execution of their chief on the charge of treachery by his new allies, received back, as a sop to their anger, the country around their old southern stronghold at Nyangwe to administer for the Belgians.

Nyangwe may be remembered as the furthest point north to which Livingstone penetrated, and the spot

where he witnessed so heartless a massacre of the helpless natives by the Arabs in the crowded market. Quite unexpectedly a relentless rifle fire had been opened upon them, and hundreds, to escape from falling into the hands of their enemies, had thrown themselves into the broad, swift stream, where their bobbing heads were used as targets by the fiendish marksmen on the banks, and many were shot or drowned.

In 1896, two years after Sefu's defeat, the Nyangwe Mohammedans, aroused perhaps by the ferment among their co-religionists under the Mahdi in the Soudan, rose against their European rulers and swept the whole district, leaving to their cannibal allies among the natives the bodies of the massacred officers.... The suppression of the revolt, owing to the extreme difficulties of the forest country, was no light task, but it was at length accomplished, since when there has been comparative peace—only broken at intervals by smouldering revolt. But the subduing has only been a material one, unaccompanied by any change of desires or any more hopeful ideal of life, and the withdrawal of the overawing Belgian rulers would leave the people just as inclined as ever to the practice of their old covetous raiding expeditions and the satisfying of their taste for the flesh of their neighbours.

No trace can be seen of any attempt on the part of the Congo Government, at least in this region, to raise them above the condition of serfs of the State by the encouragement of independent industries, which would give them a reasonable interest in life, and would lead them to contribute their share to the needs of the world. There was just the isolated exception (if exception it could really be called) of the gold working started between my two visits, which

may indeed help under generously thoughtful supervision in some measure to transform the situation; but here, too, there is an opposite danger from the possibility of going too fast.

Apart from this industry there is just one way in which the natives can be worked by the State, which seems to regard itself as divinely appointed to enrich itself out of the lives of these poor toilers. In their forest are vast quantities of rubber—the rubber that hungry industries in Europe are clamouring for; the presence of the natives constitutes a means ready to hand of procuring it, and so the order goes forth from this Power that rubber shall be brought in! How much? How long shall they labour over the paying of this tribute? Shall they labour for some fixed period—say a month—as is found practicable under another Government? Shall they be led to plant seed and make plantations for themselves, such as would, in six or seven years, provide them with a continuous supply for the satisfaction of the Government and something for their own independent handling as well, and would raise their lives on to a higher plane than that of State serfdom?

No! All the year round, it seems, the rubber is being required or the food being cultivated for the support of the soldiers and dependents at the forts; and as one goes through the villages and looks for any resulting benefits to the poor peasants themselves, one finds in village after village no trace of any outside interest in life, no private possession of sheep or goats, nothing beyond the bare necessities of life, except a few metal ornaments and beads for bare bodies. And as one's heart goes out in compassion towards them in their human helplessness the question persists in thrusting itself up—the question, "O Lord, how long?"

What can be done for the relieving of the oppressed? What can be done for the raising of their lives?

The answer must be a complex one. With regard to the physical liberation, there is a power in combined Christian effort that can compel the loosening of the slave's bonds, as was seen in the case of the Slave War in America. The situation is not nearly so difficult as it was in the case of Armenia or Bulgaria, where the oppressed ones were listening for the voices of those in authority in Europe, from which they might draw the promise of support in revolt. The echoes of voices in Europe are not likely to penetrate to the poor natives of the Congo forest and complicate the situation. The heart of England has long been aroused, through the overwhelming evidence of the wrong, and England is surely looking to its leaders in authority in the Government for some bolder, truer statement than that we have no special responsibility, but will follow if others will lead. Though our own hands are not clean, as we must humbly acknowledge, and the task before the Belgians, with their enormous territory and their unorganised, rude tribes, is a stiffer one than that which confronted the British in Uganda, it is surely not unreasonable of us to demand that the Congo Government should at least attempt something for the elevation of the people and not simply and openly grind them down for gain. And it is not unreasonable to expect that our leaders in Parliament should speak in a tone that insists upon being listened to, instead of being held up to ridicule, as so pithily hit off in *Punch's* famous cartoon of the Sultan and the King of the Belgians enjoying a good laugh together over "Ces moralistes—comme drôles!"

Because we have more influence than any other nation upon earth, and because perhaps we alone

of all nations have exactly that influence which can unite the Powers of Europe with America overwhelmingly in requiring reform, the responsibility especially rests upon us to make a manly, earnest effort instead of standing on one side and waiting for something to turn up. Reforms do not turn up of themselves in the Congo State any more than elsewhere where vested interests are at stake. Diplomacy has no doubt been going on, but public opinion that has been agitating and waiting so long and earnestly, more keenly, indeed, than over any other question during this generation, needs to be encouraged by the assurance of a more unwavering resolution than that expressed lately in the Speech from the Throne and in the Houses of Parliament since, and public opinion in other countries will be stimulated by the assurance. Very little has yet been done in spite of all the protests made, though it is something that Mr. Stannard, of the Congo Balolo Mission, has been acquitted of the charge of libel with which the Congo Government endeavoured to gag him; it is an eloquent testimony to the strength of his case that he has been allowed to resume his work in his old district; but it is one thing to accept evidence and another thing to be moved by it, and it is *action* that is looked for from the Congo Government now that it is changing hands, that *bonâ fide* proof may be given of its righteous intentions.

And besides release from material physical bondage to the State there is the possibility of a spiritual enfranchisement, from which many would hope for results corresponding to those remarkable ones wrought amongst neighbouring peoples. But even this spiritual enfranchisement is forbidden, and the doors are barred against its entry from Uganda by the Congo Govern-

ment, who have gradually made it impossible for our teachers to remain, whilst the nearest evangelists of any branch of the Christian Church westward are several weeks' journey away. Our nearest Protestant neighbours to the west—the Baptist missionaries at Yakusa, near to the Stanley Falls—have indeed for years been struggling, under their veteran pioneer, Dr. Grenfell, to push up the river in face of all obstacles and opposition. Some three or four years ago it seemed as though there was a prospect of advance. A new site had been granted, but only to be taken away that French priests might be brought up to occupy and bar the way. The sorrow of the disappointment helped to break the old leader's heart.

The official answer of the Congo Government to our own protest from Toro is that they are making arrangements for the evangelisation of the people through their *own religious orders*. What human possibility would such emissaries have of really translating to the people the meaning of the love of God? What more effect is it likely to produce than to gain a mere fearful, mechanical assent to the religious observances of the emissaries of their oppressors. The conviction of a Heavenly Father's care and pity—such a conviction as would really draw hearts out in loving service—could hardly be brought about except through teachers independent of a Power from which so little beneficence has been experienced.

One added word in conclusion. If hard things have been said, let me correct one possible misapprehension that might arise. Anything that I have said is intended only to apply to the region that I have been into on the eastern border of the Congo State up in the heart of the continent. Elsewhere there are, doubtless, even

much worse conditions existing, but it is not my purpose to refer to them, nor to such things at all, except in so far as the responsibility of having seen them compels me to speak. The fault, and truly fault there is, rests, it seems to me very emphatically, not with the individual officers, but with those responsible for the system under which the State is administered. From individual officers I have received nothing but courtesy, and, indeed, courtesy extending to self-sacrifice, and it would be a pleasure to meet any of them again. Where hardship was inflicted, so far as any indications came under my notice, I can well believe that it was due to the system rather than to the individual. For, set a representative of the Government down in an isolated spot, with only a companion or two, several days away from the observation of a neighbouring post or a superior officer; require him to bring in a quantity of tribute sadly taxing the strength of the people in his district; make his credit with the Government depend upon his securing the full quota of tribute, even when it becomes increasingly scarce and the people have to go further afield to seek it; give him arbitrary authority and a company of cannibal troops, drawn from a stronger tribe than the local inhabitants, for the enforcing of the requirements in the villages around, and what can be expected? If such a man is able to treat his people with any humanity it is surely not because of the system which he administers, but in spite of it; a very perilous position it must be for any human being from whatever nationality he may be drawn, and it must remain so until there is some revolution in the administration of the State which was once called "Free." And just now in the period of transition, when the King of the Belgians has relaxed his hold and the Belgian

State is hesitatingly accepting the proffered task, is an opportunity that will not occur again when our nation may speak with effect for the alleviation of the bondage of the oppressed.

Deus sapientiam det.

CHAPTER XXIII

BACK FROM THE CONGO STATE—COMPLETING THE CIRCUIT

Parting with the travellers—My escort—Malabu and his Babira—Dodoi; an unexpected Gospel reader—Camping amid the mountains—Negotiating for charms—Bomera and his Baima and Balega, an awkward mixture—A hospitable Muima presents milk!—Marching on tenterhooks—Ingenious archery—The strange boundary—Kwezi's Balega—An enterprising teacher—Three gallant letter-carriers; living on credit—An uncomfortable night in warm quarters—Completing the circuit.

BUT to return to Irumu. Our stay there was a very pleasant but brief one, terminating as it did on Tuesday morning.

The perpetual shade of the forest had furnished just the rest for Mr. Geil's eye that it had needed, so that it was now quite restored, and he resolved to push on boldly with his venture of crossing the continent. It was with some regret that we parted, after the month of varying fortunes and hardships shared together.

Having sent off our porters, we gathered for our farewell breakfast on the broad verandah of the pleasant mess-house. Mr. E. very kindly gave me a couple of sheep and also a pair of his stock of

ducks, a treasure unknown in Toro in the domestic state, and a most precious gift where the ordinary hen gives an egg little bigger than that of a pigeon and seems to have no more ambition than her peasant master.

At last the rain cleared away and we were obliged to rise from the pleasant verandah and take a final farewell. One could not but feel that it was no light task before these men of crossing the continent westward to the ocean, and one wished them a hearty "Godspeed" in taking farewell of them to turn eastward for Mboga and Toro.

A sterling-looking corporal and three soldiers had been told off for my escort, that I would gladly have dispensed with but for the wish of my host. A year ago there had been an outbreak among the natives in the district through which I was going, and it was now thought safer that a European should not go without two or three guns.

A fine road, 15 ft. broad, led through grass over a plain, with a low line of rocky hills coming nearer on our right, but no far view of Ruwenzori, towards which our faces were set, and which could not be more than one hundred miles away in the direct line. A short three hours' march brought us to the village where we were to camp, and we were promptly welcomed on arrival by the intelligent young chief, Malabu, at the salute. His first attempt to bring us food resulted in some very dry, jaw-breaking Indian corn cobs, but on being warned that such poor fare would mean no present he sent off and well earned his cloth and shells, and my men enjoyed the added luxury of a sheep. The village itself is worth a few words, as belonging to the large tribe of Babira, and being different in character

from any hitherto encountered in the Congo State. There were about eighty beehive grass huts, neatly arranged on both sides of a broad street like a Bamba village; in the middle was the rest-house, watched over at the side by a large spirit shrine just like one of the inhabited dwellings. The villagers' huts had tiny spirit shrines in front of them about a foot high, in which were placed the offerings for the spirits of the departed, to keep them well disposed and disinclined to plague the living.

Whilst Malabu's people were finishing gathering up the food I had prayers with the porters, who had been joined by four young men, including Dodoi, the son of Stanley's old friend, Kavalli, from his village overlooking the Albert Lake. Their arrival had been a source of great interest amongst our Christians, who came eagerly to tell me that these fresh arrivals knew the Gospel; they were some of those who had had our teachers amongst them, though in the villages all around them the Name of Christ was still unknown. They were on the way to Irumu with their tribute. After the service I had a few words with the intelligent young head-man, Malabu, who had been listening near by to the singing. He had heard of our teachers being elsewhere, and expressed the hope that he might have one too. [Dodoi's teachers were afterwards required to withdraw by the Congo Government, but he himself was baptized at the close of 1907.] Before retiring to bed I despatched letters to Paulo Tabaro and his teacher, Azaliya, to let them know of my approach. The letter-carrier was under the charge of a soldier, who was to secure fresh messengers at the next camp to carry the letters on ahead of us without delay. [The ludicrous fate of the messengers will be seen later.]

From Malabu's we made an early start with torches at 3.30 for a long march. A strong wind from the hills which we were facing extinguished the torches after an hour, and we advanced along the narrow jungle path in the dim starlight. Shortly after leaving the village we had had to turn out of the main road, and there bade farewell to Malabu, who had come to see us off. An hour before sunrise we passed through a long village consisting of a single street similar to our resting-place of last night, but larger—also of the Babira tribe—and learned that their villages were populous and extended for a long week's journey along the road in the direction from which we had come. After four hours' going we approached a village where there were signs of abundance of food. As we had been informed that our objective for the day was a place of hunger, a soldier was despatched to this chief to ask him for food to take on with us, and assure him of a good present. Meanwhile the sound of guinea fowl clucking in the long grass drew my boys off for a scramble, and we were rewarded, after an hour's beating about, with a bird as a contribution to the pot.

The mountain air blew so chill from the slopes amongst which we had been climbing, that as I sat down for a meal in an open grass shelter I was glad of a couple of blankets for warmth, though it was surprising to find that the temperature was, as a matter of fact, no lower than 70°; still it was a great drop from the 86° we had been having at Irumu. In an hour and a half we climbed a good deal more, getting well up in among the mountains before arriving. Our camping-place had a fine situation, and presented a beautiful sight as the setting sun cast dark shadows in the deep green recesses of the hills, whilst the projecting

shoulders caught the sunlight and showed up all the more brightly by contrast. All round were enclosing slopes rugged and lofty, which form the highland home of the warlike Balega people, and which warned us to prepare for a tedious march on the morrow.

The chief of the village we had passed turned up with thirty of his people and plenty of food—always a pleasing feature in the day's operations. I gave the boy bearers twenty shells each for carrying, and the chief one hundred, and four yards of cloth for the food, with which he was very well pleased. Some of them were wearing charms on their necks, but the offer of thirty more shells induced several of them to come forward one by one and exchange them. The charms were of the usual kind—two or three pieces of smooth wood strung on a grass string fastened round the neck, and in some cases round the ankles, sometimes having been put on in time of sickness, and worn ever since against a recurrence.

The Muima chief of the district, named Bomera, was absent at his other homestead down nearer the Lake at the time of our visit.

His special interest for us was that he had formerly been included in British territory, and had come under the influence of Christianity through having had a teacher for awhile, and one of the boys in his household had been baptized in Toro; amongst the Baima portion of his mixed people, therefore, old ideas about evil spirits were becoming discredited.

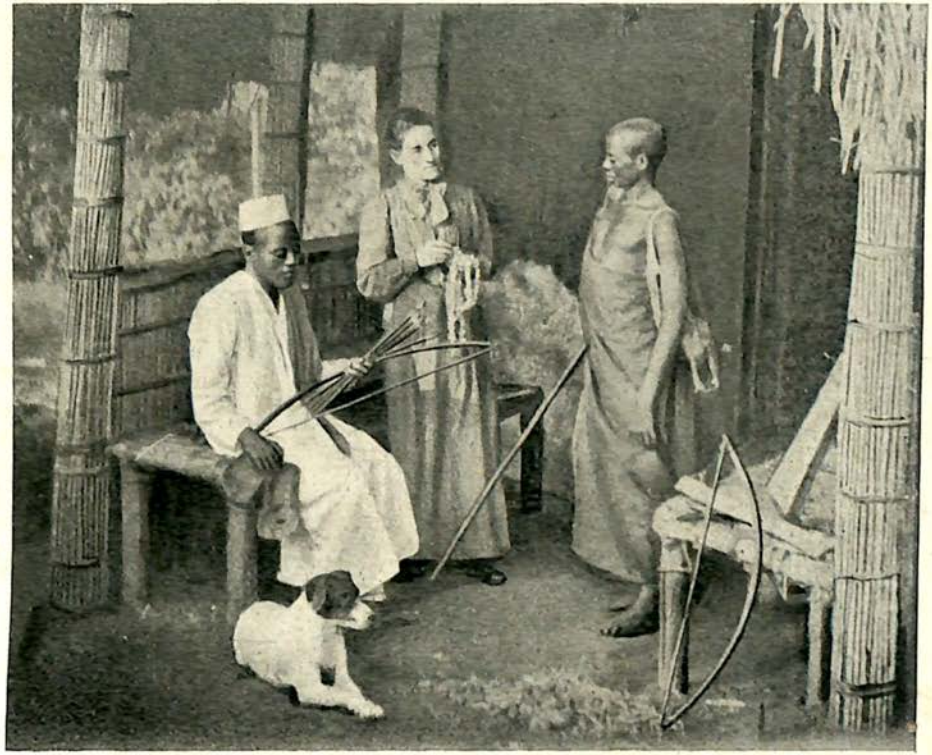
A large number of the troublesome Balega were included in his chieftainship, but they were rather like snails that he would gladly have thrown over into a neighbour's garden to feed there. They had lately raided the homestead where he was now staying, and burnt the village, and these people with whom we

were lodging were in daily dread of a visit from the marauders with their deadly bows and arrows and spears.

Just last year, in coming through again with Dr. and Mrs. Bond as already mentioned, there had been similar trouble. Bomera had sent an under-chief to see us safely provided for in his district, and saying that, as he had been ill, he would like to come down and see the doctor on our return journey. As we came back we were met by the under-chief, but no Bomera. He had, indeed, started out that morning to come, they told us, but after leaving his village he had noticed bands of Balega gathering on the hills and signalling with their warcry, and feared mischief. They had attacked him two months before, killing two of his uncles, and capturing twelve of his women and twenty-four of his fine cattle, and he was obliged to return for the sake of protecting his people.

Before I turned in, Bomera's steward brought me a welcome present of fresh butter, but strangely enough could not procure any eggs; he brought also a small goat, but in the impoverished condition of the people I did not care to accept it. What was more remarkable was a bowl of milk courteously sent by the chief's wife—an unexpected condescension on the part of a true Muima!

Before leaving in the morning I called in upon her to say "goodbye" and leave a little present in thanks for her courtesy as our hostess. Noticing on her head a simple head-dress, characteristic of the devotees of a particular evil spirit named Dwakaikara, such as I had long wanted to get hold of, I offered her some cloth in exchange; her objection to parting with it, however, was quite decided on the ground that it belonged to the child she was nursing, and had been given to it by the father at its birth. This ornament had been purchased from



CONGO BOWS AND ARROWS IN KABAROLE—FOR SALE.
(An arrow for 50 cowrie shells.)

[*To face p.* 287.

a medicine-man in league with Dwakaikara, and was to secure the evil spirit's protection of the child. The poor father should have known a surer way of blessing!

This morning, acting on the advice of the corporal, we had dropped our usual practice of an early start, and waited till daylight. In the uncertain state of the district, it was explained, we might encounter spearmen lurking in the long grass, and having a cow and calf with us it was desirable to be on the alert. And so we marched along the little path keeping a sharp look-out on the long grass on both sides of it, with a soldier in front with the cattle and a soldier in the rear, and all keeping up close.

These Balega, in the use of their bows and arrows, employ a subtle device. At the sound of the twang of a bow-string an opponent would at once drop flat to escape the shaft, without waiting to see where it was coming from. So the Balega carry strapped on their wrist a little bag of skin filled with grass, and a man having fitted an arrow to the bow ready for discharge, smartly taps the bag. Down drops the opponent, thinking it is the twang of a bow-string, and as he recovers himself the actual arrow flies for its mark. [See illustration, p. 159.]

The point of chief interest in the day's march was the fact that we were to recross the boundary into British territory. An hour and a half from the start the valiant corporal pulled up in the middle of a potato patch at the salute with his men, and intimated that the boundary was reached and the escort must proceed no further. I sat down, therefore, to write a note of thanks to Mr. E., when a strange change came over the corporal, who expressed some anxiety to accompany us further, but not wishing to take him beyond his own sphere I refused his offer. On com-

menting to my boys that evening on the oddness of the boundary in the middle of a potato-patch, I noticed signs of amusement, and one of them laughingly told how he had learned that the boundary was not there at all but a long way further on; but the people of the next village not being friendly the soldiers didn't want to go back through them alone. We soon felt the loss of the corporal, for at the next village it proved no easy matter to get a guide to take us on in this country of ideas as unsettled as the tracks through it. We appealed to the head-man of the village, who told off a follower for the task; but the man was suddenly taken very ill, and could on no account come; the one who eventually came gave us the slip at the next village, turning a deaf ear to the shouts of my boy that there would be some shells for him for his trouble. The village was found quite deserted on our arrival, but after some delay an old man was found, who professed to have seen and to know his slippery neighbour, and willingly took charge of some shells for him. The sight of the shells made the old man very friendly, and a present for himself, after he had procured us a couple of boys to take us on, drew from him quite effusive thanks.

The thought of a possible future visit and work amongst these people in days to come made one very anxious to leave no misunderstandings behind.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Kwezi's compound, and my boys expressed themselves right glad to feel that we were now camping again in country that owned itself as British, where our Lumyoro language was understood. The two Toro teachers whom we found at work here were the first gospel messengers of any kind that we had encountered since leaving Katwe, just a month ago.

Kwezi himself is a Mutoro, and had a few of his own people around him, and a few Babira, but the great majority in his chieftainship, to the number of about three thousand, were Balega, and he was finding them just as intractable as Bomera and Paulo.

He had learned to read the Gospel, and gathered with his household and the few others who were under instruction for a service in the little church and a talk about the "Prince of Peace." Afterwards I paid a visit to his round house, in which he chatted over the fire about some of his recent difficulties with his people. In a dark corner were squatting two Balega warriors—resplendent in full war costume—decked with feather head-dresses and bright bead ornaments and leather aprons, and armed with spear and shield and bow and arrows; an apparition of such folk crouching in the long grass and on mischief bent seems to have been the cause of our corporal's caution in the morning; and they must certainly be pleasanter to meet as friends than foes. They impress one as worth making a big effort to win.

Our objective the next morning (Friday) was Mboga. This is our most extreme station on the west, the only place of any importance in our territory this side of the Semliki, and the natural jumping-off point from Toro for fresh gospel work in the Congo State westward, as it had advanced into Toro itself from Uganda less than ten years before.

From Kwezi's a path through the jungle grass brought us past an old heathen chief's enclosure to our own Church plantation. Here an energetic young teacher named Lazaro had built a church. On his first arrival among the people he found that none of them were anxious to read or willing to help, so he simply set to, alone, and cut down the trees and planted

the posts in the ground, putting on the roof and thatch and plaiting the reeds inside with practically no assistance. Amongst the little congregation that assembled from the plantation was one of the Balega, a very intelligent-looking fellow, and the only one I have come across of his tribe who understands the gospel.

Leaving here, we expected soon to be overwhelmed with greetings from warm-hearted Mboga friends coming out to meet us, but mile after mile passed, and eventually the big church came in sight crowning its little knoll, with still no sign of the fluttering white robe of a messenger from Paulo Tabaro, the chief, or the capable young teacher Azaliya.

On arrival the reason soon became plain. The armed messengers, sent off three days before, had only just arrived, and I promptly called them up for explanation. They marched up at the salute, combining with it their quaint "Bojjor." And how came it that they hadn't arrived long ago? They had made a long, roundabout circuit down in the Semiliki plain, through fear of encountering the Balega. But weren't there three of them, and hadn't they guns? Yes, but what use were their guns? They hadn't a grain of powder between them! They had, however, been faithful in delivering the letters, and one felt they deserved their reward.

The batch of letters awaiting me proved most welcome after the long interval without news, and amongst them came the intimation that the Bishop was on his way to Toro for a confirmation.

Urgent business was awaiting attention at Mboga, which needed going into very carefully before leaving, so a long letter was sent off to Apolo, our native pastor at Kabarole, to make all preparations, and, as it was

now Friday afternoon, it was impracticable to move again till Monday morning.

Saturday was spent in questioning candidates for baptism (none of whom, however, could be accepted), and in a conference with their Church Council on certain grave irregularities as to the treatment of former wives, which had crept into their local customs, and which were causing the most earnest of them much concern. We also paid a visit of inspection to their large new mud church—a work undertaken and led by Paulo Tabaro, the former persecutor and now earnest Christian leader of his people.

The journey across the Semliki plain has already been described. On this occasion, as there was need of pushing on as quickly as possible, I left my caravan at the ferry, and crossing, with a porter to carry my blankets and a boy for company, we pushed on, and arrived by moonlight at a village off the road, through the long grass, to spend the night. The head-man, Wamara, though only a stranger and not expecting our coming, gave us a most hospitable welcome, and literally fulfilled the proverb he quoted—"When a friend arrives at night you pull down your fence to make him a fire." The hut proved uncomfortably warm, and the thickness of the atmosphere prevented much sleep, and so one had ample opportunity of observing the interior of one's new quarters. It consisted of but one main apartment, the reed framework of which rose from the circumference into a domed roof, like a great beehive, and supported the grass thatch. The bamboo bedstead of the head of the household was partially divided off by a reed partition, the rest of the apartment being unbroken, and the household spread their sleeping-mats at night on a heap of grass amid the goats and fowls.

It was an interesting experience, and it is in going about in these informal ways, and throwing oneself unreservedly on the people, that one tastes of their real hospitality, and gets to understand their home life and thought in a new way. Round the wood fire in the middle of the hut they squat on low stones chatting away after the evening meal, talking over the events of the day and the circumstances of which their life is made up. In the flickering of the firelight may be seen the faces of the goats or sheep peering at you from their corners in the darkness, and a fowl, perhaps, causes a flutter by changing its place on the top of one of the reed partitions. After chatting awhile round the fire with cheery Wamara and his household that night, I turned in to my little apartment, leaving them to continue their conversation in audible undertones. As the fire died down I could hear them groping their way to their sleeping-places, but what with the thickness of the atmosphere, the goats stamping at intervals, and the prospect of being astir so early next morning, sleep was slow in coming.

The early start was necessitated by the big climb of nearly 3,000 ft. before us, the foot of which was several hours away. At the outset, therefore, we were anxious to do as much as possible before the morning heat. Soon after sunrise we were overtaken by rain, when fortunately just near the village of a friendly head-man, so that we could turn in for shelter and use the opportunity for a second breakfast and a good sleep till the rain cleared. By the time we started again it was hot, and hour after hour we toiled along up the ravine, and climbed on to the plateau above. Once up there the last half-dozen miles were soon over, with the stimulating prospect of entering Kabarole and

meeting friends again. It was only just turned five weeks ago since I started, but in looking back it seemed an age, but one had, as a reward for the toil, the satisfaction of bringing back to them the news of the unknown regions and people beyond and of the route round the Mountains of the Moon.

CHAPTER XXIV

DISJECTA MEMBRA AND TRANSFORMED LIVES

The fascination of Ruwenzori—Stanley's discovery—Sir Harry Johnston's challenge—Later efforts—Our expedition—Bakonjo porters—Hauled up the rock—Escape of the head-man—"King Edward Rock"—The Duke of the Abruzzi's splendid achievement—Sleeping-sickness scourge—Trypanosome and tsetse fly—The great struggle—Rabeka—"What are they born for?"—Coming down on the medicine-men—A praying Parliament—A faithful servant—"Ye have done it unto Me."

IT has only been possible, in the course of so brief a volume, to touch on some of the chief tramps round about the mountains that it has fallen to my lot to undertake in the course of five years' work.

There remain, however, some incidents and problems of more than ordinary interest, such as the ascent of the peaks and, in particular, the scourge of sleeping-sickness, which, through having laid hold upon the interest of so many, may not be passed over altogether. These I will throw together (as *disjecta membra*) into a closing chapter.

Since Stanley first raised the veil of mystery from the range in his third expedition in May, 1888, to find Emin Pasha, the question of the ascent has caused much heart-burning amongst enterprising

spirits who have won laurels in climbing exploits. His book, with its wonderful accounts of the country and its hostile cannibals and treacherous Pygmies, had fired the imagination of Europe; but the closing chapter on the discovery of Ruwenzori had specially stirred the hearts of Alpine climbers with the thought that out there on the African Equator were glaciers and giant snow-peaks unexplored, waiting to be conquered, waiting to be named.

Many were the speculations as to the possibility of finding a route to the far-away summits. In 1901 Sir Harry Johnston, as High Commissioner of Uganda, succeeded in adventurously climbing on to the foot of the Mubuku glacier and, looking up at ice precipices and rugged peaks rising out of broad snowfields, he estimated their altitude at not less than 20,000 ft., and pronounced them to be, in his belief, unscaleable. His statement was a kind of challenge to those interested in the problem, and attempts were planned to disprove it.

Some three years later[1] Mr. Freshfield, the President, and Mr. Mumm, the Secretary of the English Alpine Club, came out in a most enterprising way with a Swiss guide for a venture. Mr. Freshfield, unfortunately, suffered a disabling accident on the road, but Mr. Mumm with the guide made the attempt. Continuous bad weather at an unfavourable time of year went sadly against their chances, and they were obliged to give up the enterprise after having made a new record on the Mubuku glacier of 14,500 ft.

In January, 1906, two C.M.S. missionaries located on this western edge of the Protectorate, the Rev.

[1] In the meantime, in 1903, Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Fisher (the only lady ever to achieve the distinction) had climbed to the glacier in company with Rev. A. L. Kitching.

H. W. Tegart and Mr. H. E. Maddox (having already succeeded, in a previous holiday expedition, in passing Sir Harry Johnston's landmark), were joined by Herr Rudolf Grauer, of the Austrian Alpine Club, who had come with equipment for three from Europe, and the present writer was glad of the offer to accompany them.

The ascent to the Mubuku glacier, through bamboo and moss-covered forests, has been so fully and graphically described by Sir Harry Johnston, that I will not here attempt to add to the description. On arriving at the highest point of human habitation, the usual difficulty had to be encountered of procuring a new set of porters from among the mountaineering Bakonjo, our Batoro being disinclined (and perhaps rightly so, considering the climate up there) to venture up the mountain to the altitude of frost. It was not an easy task to come to an agreement with them, owing to their having been paid rather heavily by our predecessors, and so being led to expect that each party would advance on the one before.

They are a hardy set of men, enduring the freezing-point temperature of the higher camp in spite of complete lack of covering, night as well as day. Their nights were spent for the most part huddled in circles round the fires to keep one another warm. The highest camp, at over 12,000 ft., was quite an ideal spot for them, being sheltered by an overhanging cliff tilted over at an angle, with small underground caverns in the rocky floor below in which they could make their fires and toast themselves quite heedless of the atmosphere outside. They presented a weird picture down amongst the crannies when the glare of a fire gleamed up and showed through the smoke strange contorted figures, suggesting a witch's cave and cauldron.

A few hundred feet above this spot at a distance of three-quarters of an hour, up the mouth of the valley on the way to the glacier, we were fortunate in finding another leaning rock giving a small degree of shelter, and here, at an altitude of 13,000 ft., we pitched several hundred feet higher than had been done previously, sending back our porters to their crannies and caverns at the lower camp for a few days to await our return.

From this advanced starting-point during the first day's climb when I accompanied the party, we encountered many awkward barriers of precipitous rock, in face of which advance was impossible, and it was necessary to retrace our steps and seek a passage some other way. Coming to one such place at the top of a steep rocky gully we found our way barred by a smooth, precipitous rock, nearly 30 ft. high, overhanging on our right, whilst in front and round on our left was the steep side of the glacier alongside of which we had been climbing, it being too steep to climb on to. Here, then, was a deadlock. Mr. Grauer and Mr. Maddox therefore slid very carefully down the gully and returned some distance to seek another way round, whilst Mr. Tegart and I tried to cut a way up the face of the ice, but found it too precipitous. After awhile there was a shouting above the rock at our side, and we learned that our friends had succeeded in finding a way round. They assured us that it was a long and awkward scramble, and offered, instead of our following them, to let down their rope to us and with the help of ours to haul us up. There was a good rock up there against which to sit, with another in front to rest the feet against, and when both ropes had been carefully fixed round my armpits they began to haul. When half-way up, there was a pause for rest,

whilst the victim was dangling anxiously like a criminal in mid-air, and then the hauling began again. The overhanging ledge proved somewhat awkward to surmount, but with nothing worse than the loss of a little skin from the fingers I was safely landed. Then came Mr. Tegart's turn. As he neared the ledge the rope, unfortunately, slipped round with him, so that he was caught under a projecting ledge of ice where the glacier joined the rock, and it was necessary to let him down and start the process again, the second time successfully. By this time we were hungry and glad to get our refreshment out of our knapsacks for a meal, before turning back. We had reached an altitude of 13,900 ft. on the Mubuku glacier—a point higher than that of any previous expedition except Mr. Mumm's the year before.

In the next attempt, with adequate equipment, I remained behind, but the others made a most adventurous ascent to a rocky peak never before reached at an altitude of 15,030 ft., which the King has been graciously pleased to approve should be called "King Edward Rock."

Whilst they were gone I took along my boy with a camera and the head-man of the Bakonjo up another valley to prospect for another route. He had been with Sir Harry Johnston, and I thought he might have some information to give us. As we turned into this new valley, the head-man slipped behind a rock and we awaited his reappearance. Several minutes passed by, and as he showed no signs of returning, we called and eventually followed, but found only the traces of his stick in the deep moss. When we reached the camp we heard of his having been seen rushing through without uttering a word as one out of his mind, and we never saw him again. The people

have a great superstition about the snow as the abode of evil spirits, only pointing to it with a closed fist; and it would seem as though he must have feared that he was going to be taken there, and rather than go he preferred to cut himself adrift from us and fling away his prospect of pay.

The few days spent up within the reach of frost had quite a wonderful effect upon our health and reinvigorated us amazingly, and we came clambering down with surprising energy. It would be well if many in Uganda could make the expedition.

Later on this record was surpassed by the party of scientists (already mentioned) collecting specimens for the British Museum. The most memorable achievement of all, however, was that attained a few months later by the Duke of the Abruzzi, who came out with a perfectly equipped caravan and accompanied by a party of scientists and Italian guides. As he came through Toro I had the great pleasure of getting some interesting talks. It was evident he had made up his mind to win the honour of having surmounted the highest peaks, and the blue ribbon of African mountaineering. With his little tent for pitching on the ice or under a rock, and the many other conveniences with which he came provided, through experience gained in his adventurous Polar expedition, and with his trusty Italians, he was able to do what had never been attempted before; when he came down, after a month spent in hardy endurance and enterprising exploits in the highest altitudes, he had completely mastered and named all the highest peaks of the range, and he came home to be warmly applauded on telling of his achievements before a gathering of some of the most famous men in England, presided over by H.M. King Edward himself. Thus one more

ancient problem of Africa has been solved, and the Mountains of the Moon, till twenty years ago veiled in deep mystery, have not only been unveiled, but have yielded an entrance to their innermost recesses and access to their topmost peaks.

There is another problem of the country of a very different nature awaiting solution, quite recent, deeply saddening, and spreading its dread corruption like a cancer, namely, the dreaded sleeping-sickness. Like the irritating little "jigger" and other troubles in the country, it has been attributed to the West Coast, but how it came has not been made clear; but the practical problem facing those in authority is how to get rid of it, and it is a problem which has been taxing the ingenuity and resourcefulness of medical skill to the utmost. In about eight years it is estimated that it has carried off two hundred thousand victims, or probably more than 10 per cent. of the population of the regions affected. Tens of thousands more are known to be infected with the trypanosome, and indeed, from specimens of the blood examined under a microscope, it has been computed that the majority of the population are so suffering, and the germ is lurking in the system, merely awaiting its full development before producing the drowsy symptoms of the disease.

Meanwhile the causes of the disease have been under very careful study. In 1902 Colonel Bruce, the Government doctor in charge of the Commission for investigation, definitely traced the trypanosome to a species of the tsetse fly as the carrier of the disease. Further details of the habitat and conditions of existence of the fly were added by a Commission of eminent bacteriologists including Doctors Castellani and Christie, of the London School of Tropical

Medicine. It was ascertained that shade was needed for a breeding-place, which must be within 150 yards or so of a broad expanse of water like the lake or a running stream. Further than this the fly was never found from its home, unless brought on some vehicle like the greenstuff put in to steady a pail of water for carrying. Its rate of multiplication was very slow, and good hopes were held out of the possibility of exterminating it by cutting down its breeding-places. The latest information to hand only a few weeks ago, from Professor Koch, to the effect that it gains nourishment from the blood of the crocodile, has also suggested a crusade against these already well-hated beasts. But besides dealing with the cause of the disease and the habits of the microbe, which is the chief work of the bacteriologist, there was also the urgent question of dealing with the disease itself and treating those already affected. Segregation camps have been formed, now comprising some sixty thousand infected ones. Dr. A. R. Cook and his brother, Dr. J. H. Cook, of the Church Missionary Society, with their unique opportunity in their hospital at Mengo, together with Government doctors, have long been busy experimenting with an injection called "atoxyl," a preparation of arsenic, which has also been under trial at home by the Schools of Tropical Medicine at London and Liverpool. A Commission, under Professor Koch, was also sent out by the German Colonial Office for experimental purposes, and for many months they were occupied on one of the Sese Islands in the Victoria Nyanza treating all who came.[1] The effect of the careful scientific treatment

[1] The absence of any mention of the disease in the "tramps" recorded (which may have seemed strange) is explained by the fact that it was not encountered, not having penetrated to Toro.

was very marked, and those who had been paddled over by friends were soon back home again demonstrating their restoration to health. As the news spread crowds began to gather, and such a traffic in canoes from the mainland sprang up as had never before been witnessed on the island. But a warning voice was raised amongst the English doctors against too sanguine a view of the cure as yet, on the ground that it had been found that infection had been incurred in some cases two years before the appearance of symptoms, and that though the trypanosomes might seem to have disappeared from the blood when examined, they might still be in the system, and a two-year test was necessary before it might with any certainty be said that the patient was cured. The warning proved, unhappily, all too true, and it was soon found that in some of the supposedly cured ones the symptoms were returning. The possible explanation was that some of the germs must have been untouched through being secreted in tissues not reached by the atoxyl, and therefore were able to appear in the general blood-stream later, after the passage of the drug. A further theory put forward was that, as in the case of other germs, what affected the mature specimen sometimes failed to affect the embryo, so, whilst the atoxyl destroyed the fully developed trypanosomes, the embryos in the system, by coming to maturity later, were able to bring back the symptoms of the disease. Experiments have therefore been made with a new injection which may act upon the embryo, so that the whole family, in all its stages of development, may be cleared out, and Sir R. Bryce assures us that he has met with success in his treatment. With the application of such keen vigilance and trained skill we may well

A UNIQUE SALE—THE FIRST AUCTION IN TORO, TO DISPOSE OF EXHIBITS OF NATIVE WORK.
(The king, under the dark umbrella, is amongst the most interested of the bidders.)

[*To face p.* 303.

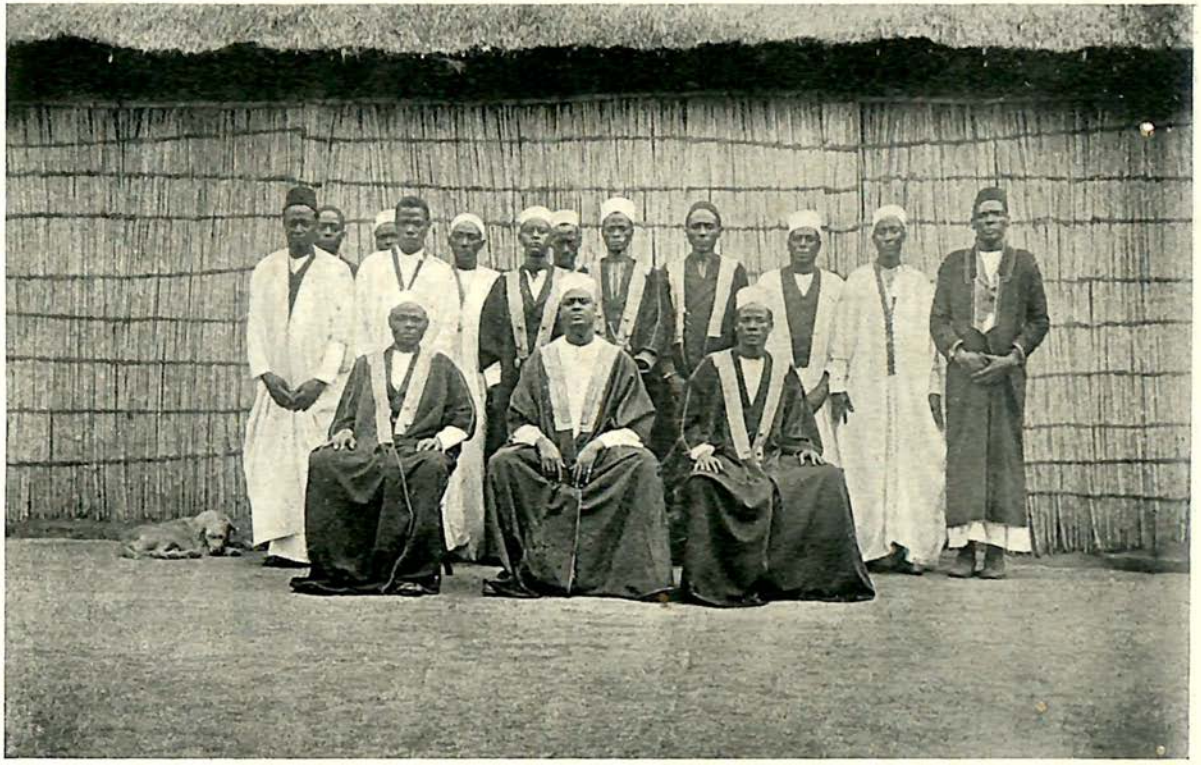
hope that, as in the case of the disappearance of small-pox as an epidemic in this country since the discovery of vaccination, so a true remedy may be found for the combating of this scourge of sleeping-sickness; and we may well pray that the dark forecast of its sweeping down from Uganda as a desolating blight over the whole of South Africa may be averted.

The trouble has revealed, in the desertion of friends, how heartless the heathen may become when left alone, but it has brought out also some bright contrasts. A Muganda woman named Rebeka came to the missionaries one day in grave trouble over the unenlightenment of women in an infected region and asked that she might be sent there to tell them about Christ. The danger was explained, and she was well aware of it, but still she pressed her offer, and a companion of like mind was found to go with her. Lovingly they worked away to tell the people of the love of Him who had prompted them to come, and then Rebeka was laid low. She had offered her life to the Master and He had accepted it and taken it, for His own purpose, it may be, of sowing it as a "corn of wheat" in the hearts of others, that it may "bring forth much fruit."

The title of "Transformed Lives" might indeed be written over many of those out in Central Africa and Toro, as will have been gathered from many an instance recorded in the foregoing pages. The hopelessness of the simple paganism, unenlightened by any direct gleam from above, such as till only a dozen years ago enshrouded the vast majority of those dwelling at the foot of the "Mountains of the Moon" and such as still overshadows a majority of the villages in the country districts, seemed to me strikingly expressed in the name of a little child

that I once heard. I was out visiting in one of those dark districts between Kabarole and the Uganda border, and at the close of the little address to a handful of villagers I heard a mother call, "Ija hanu, Baza'rwaki!" ("Come here, Baza'rwaki?"). As the little girl approached I could not but feel compassion for the child with such a name, the meaning of which was "What are they born for?" The mother explained it as follows: "There had been great trouble in our district. Our goats had died and pigs had dug up our potatoes, and we were destitute; and then the little one was born, and the father cried out 'Baza'rwaki!' and so we called her by that name." And so, as they called poor little gentle "What are they born for?," they had been, as it were, unconsciously asking for an answer ever since. One could not but mentally compare their blank ignorance with that of our least enlightened so-called heathen at home. But a new day is dawning, and it is a precious thing to see lives of faith and acts of self-sacrifice and service springing up as fragrant flowers where once flourished but a rank wilderness of self.

It has not come about without effort and self-sacrifice in the Church at home, in sending out into these dark "regions beyond," but is it not worth the effort and the self-sacrifice? And it is not coming without a conflict in the land itself and in the hearts of its people. Just lately I have been receiving letters from Toro telling how the practice of the so-called "medicine-man," by witchcraft, has been pronounced illegal by the native parliament, and this has been done quite on the initiative of the natives themselves, apart from Government influence. Henceforth, if a man is found with the stock-in-trade of a witch-doctor, he is to be imprisoned. The decree resulted in the capture of over



KING DAUDI KASAGAMA, WITH THE KATIKIRO ON HIS RIGHT (*p.* 55), KIMBUGWE ON LEFT (*p.* 125), AND COUNCIL OF CHIEFS.

[*To face p.* 305.

two hundred of these dark practitioners. When they were brought up into the Court and pressed as to why they practised this pretended intercourse with evil spirits, some of them evidently felt that the game was up, and answered "Tukabiha abantu kwonka" ("We were just deceiving people").

And so the old order is passing away, but not without a conflict with the Evil One; and another scene, illustrating the struggle, comes before my mind. It is the same native parliament some ten years before; most of the characters are the same, but they pass by different names, for Christianity has only been in the country two or three years, and very few are baptized. There is an earnest discussion going on about the affairs of State. Political difficulties have been encountered, such as are causing them grave anxiety, and the heathen are casting it up against the Christians that it is all the fault of the new religion, and that it would be well to fling it away; the hearts of the Christians also are fearful, for they too had been hoping for better things from their God, and their hearts are burning within them. In the midst of it all the King rises and says, "Let us pray and ask God's help." Down on their knees went the Council, and prayer after prayer was offered up, and as they rose they felt that the crisis was over and hearts were strong again.

There is but one instance more that I would gratefully place on record from amongst my boys of the new power of self-sacrifice. My five years of service were nearly up, berth on board ship was planned, my successor, the Rev. H. T. Wright, was on his way out that we might spend the few remaining weeks together, and I had gone out to meet him and bring him in, when a sudden attack of blackwater fever laid me on

my back. Being still nearly forty miles from our Station at Butiti, we decided to stop a day to rest, and my boy, Gamalyeri, came to me, with malarial fever, for medicine. In spite of his fever, he did not wish any one else to attend on me, and slept in my tent to be ready for any need. The next day we made an early start with a hammock, and on the second day arrived at the camp, about half an hour away from the Mission-house at Butiti, whither Dr. Bond had kindly come out to look after me, and take me in the next day to the central Station at Kabarole. When the camp had been fixed up, I called Gamalyeri, who had now suffered three days from fever, and told him that he now had an opportunity of going and resting, and he must send up another boy, Ezeroni, to go through to Kabarole with me in his place. As he didn't answer, I repeated it, and noticing how he was looking down in a hesitating sort of way, I reminded him how ill he was. His simple answer was, "I don't want to go; I want to come and look after you," and as he stuck to it in spite of my protest, I felt obliged to assent, and hoped I might be able to look after him better through his coming. For three weeks he slept in my room, getting up repeatedly in the night to attend to me, and in the mornings when I felt too low to lead in our little devotions together he would find a Psalm or some passage to read and kneel by the bedside for prayer.

It is an inspiration and a joy to think of him and others, though the work is, as it were, only just begun. But it is a glimpse of a vision and the promise of a coming day, when throughout all this Central Africa, and in the darkest regions of the Congo, there shall be a great multitude gathered out, united in the worship of the Saviour who redeemed them.

"I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." . . .

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

. . . . . .

And the King shall say,
"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat;
I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink;
I was a stranger, and ye took me in;
naked and ye clothed me;
I was sick, and ye visited me;
I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

. . . . . .

"When saw we thee?"

. . . . . .

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it UNTO ME."

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